THE TWO PORTRAITS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

"En quelque lieu que soit cette figure adorable, quelque corps qui la porte, quelque main qui l'ait faite, elle aura tous vœux de mon cœur. Oui, ma seule folie est de discerner la beauté; mon seule crime est d'y etre sensible. Il n'y a rien la dont je doive rougir."—(*Pigmalion*) J. J. Rousseau.

In the Rue Saint Lazare, at the corner of the Rue Larochefoucald, there is a large, very fine-looking house, with its upper apartments so arranged, as to be admirably suited for the studio of a painter. It was at the gate of this very house that toward the middle of March in the past year, an elegant carriage was observed to draw up. The carriage door opened, and a young lady instantly descended from it. You could tell by the first glance that she was in second mourning. Her robe was of pearlish grey, and over it she wore a satin pelisse of the same color, bordered with chinchilla. There was, too, a black veil over her *chapeau de soie blanche.* In short, her dress displayed her wealth and her taste. Before quitting her carriage she had sent her footman to enquire if the painter M. Alfred Louval was at home, and if so to announce her. She was told that he was in his studio, at the top of the house. She proceeded thither, and as the Countess de Lucy was not much accustomed to this species of exercise, she mounted slowly, either to take breath, or to reflect upon the course that she should adopt. The lady was twenty-four years of age, she had a large fortune in her own right, and she was the widow of a Ministre Plenipotentiare.

While she was deliberating, she encountered the artist upon the stairs. He had descended to meet her, and stuttered out excuses that his profession compelled him to seek the best light. Surprised at this meeting, and still more surprised when she beheld the features of the gentleman, the Countess de Lucy remained perfectly silent, and mechanically followed the young gentleman, who seemed to be still more surprised, and even still more agitated, than the lady.

It is not, however, for any considerable length of time, that a woman can be deprived of her presence of mind, and thus it happened that no sooner was the Countess in the sitting-room of the artist, than she recovered her self-possession, and thus explained the object of her visit.

"The motive, sir," she said, "that has induced me to visit you is one that would very probably induce many other women to keep away from you. I have seen your works at the exhibition. You are, I perceive, the pupil of M. Ingres, and you tread in the footsteps of your master. I have seen your portraits of the Duchess de O——s, and the Countess N——, both of whom I know very well, and I was able to remark in their likenesses, even the minutest defects of the originals."

"I do not know, Madam, whether I am to interpret your words into an epigram or an eulogium."

"Do not take me, sir, as saying any thing else but what I think. In my eyes, a perfect resemblance constitutes the first merit of a portrait. You smile, and perhaps it is a heresy in the Catholic creed of painting. But then remember, that I speak as a woman, and do not pretend to judge as an artist. In fine, I am particularly glad to see my own features copied without any flattery, and with—all their imperfections."

"Imperfections! Madam I shall find it very difficult to discover them."

"A truce to compliments, sir; tell me, will your numerous occupations allow you to give me a few sittings?"

Louval replied that he was completely at the service of the Countess de Lucy; and that he would see her at her hotel any day she should choose to name. She then expressed a desire to see some of his pictures that had not been yet exhibited; and that she observed had all their canvas backs turned to the spectator. He turned the surface of them all *but one.* She praised all that she did see—and what delicious flattery was this for their author? At length she observed that there was *the one* not turned. She asked why it was not, and he seemed to be greatly embarrassed by the question.

"Is it," said she, "such a picture as that a lady ought not to look at it?"

"Not at all."

"Why, then, have you it so carefully concealed?"

"It is a mere study—a study that I made for myself—for myself alone."

"That is to say, that no one else is worthy of looking at it."

"Ah! Madam do not think me guilty of such vanity."

During this short dialogue her servant, thinking it would gratify his mistress to see the picture, turned it round; but on seeing it, the Countess shrieked with amazement, and then in an angry tone she said to the painter—

"Tell me, sir, how come you to be the possessor of that portrait—a portrait of me, for which I never sat?"

"It is not your portrait," replied Louval, greatly agitated.

"You blush, sir. For pity sake tell me—explain to me—how or by what means it is you have caught my resemblance so exactly—you, that I believe, have never, until now, in all your life, seen me."

"It is perfectly true, Madam, that until this day, I never had the honor of knowing you."

"Cease, I pray you, this dissimulation. It does not very well become a man of honor, and, I trust, a gentleman."

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"I have said, and I still tell you the truth. It is not at all a portrait. It is the study of a Madonna, that I have made after a picture of the Italian school."

"But the costume is modern."

"It is pure invention."

There appeared to be such perfect candor in the manner of Louval, that the Countess began to think she had wronged him when she thought of asking, where the original of *his* study was to be found.

"In Paris itself," answered Louval. "It is in the museum of M. Aguado; and you can yourself ascertain the truth of my assertion."

The young portrait painter then assured the lady, that this museum, now one of the finest in the world, was open to the public every Wednesday and Friday, and that as she had expressed a doubt of his assertion, he would be happy in waiting on her next day, in order that he might see, that with her own eyes she could be convinced of the truth of his assertion. Now, there would be some rashness in affirming that this pretext for paying a visit, appeared to the Countess a very plausible one, but this it is sufficient to know, that the offer of M. Louval was not rejected. She seemed ill at ease, and soon left the artist's studio followed by her servant. Upon her return to her hotel she directed the strictest inquiries to be made as to the conduct, morals, manners, and family of Louval, and the result was that she learned he was a young man universally respected, that he was admitted into the best society in Paris, that his family were respectable, and many of its members had acquired a high name in different professions. Why did the Countess make these inquiries? Was it because she had promised to go to a museum in company with an artist?

Then, on the other hand, Louval was so taken up with the visit that he had just received, and particularly with his appointment for the next day, that he left his studio in haste, and immediately set on foot inquiries respecting the Countess de Lucy. He learned that she was the daughter of an old general of the Emperor's —that she was now more than a year left a widow, by the Count de Lucy, who had died in a foreign country, where he filled a high diplomatic office—that the Countess had passed the entire time of her mourning in retirement. These facts explained to the young painter why he had never seen the Countess de Lucy; but there were a great many other facts that he did not know, and that he was destined to be acquainted with.

We might dilate, if we chose, upon the visit paid by the Countess and the painter to the Museum of M. Aguado. It is sufficient to say that there the Countess saw the Madonna of Andrea del Sarte; she saw enough of resemblance in features to herself, to prove that the artist had been telling her truth. After some interviews she told him, that she desired a proof of his skill in making ancient saints look like persons now living, and to his astonishment she showed him the portrait of a Spanish monk, in an attitude of the most fervent prayer, and the Spanish saint he at once saw had some resemblance to himself.

"Draw for me," said she, "from this, your own likeness; and if success crown your efforts, then I will be convinced, that you have not invented a fable for the purpose of justifying, in my eyes, your illegitimate possession of my portrait."

"I submit myself to your will, Madam," replied M. Louval,—"and may my obedience be to me as if it were inspiration."

When the work was finished, it obtained the approbation, without the slightest reserve, of the Countess de Lucy. "He may know his own face thoroughly well," said the Countess, "from having so often looked at it—but how could he have divined mine. There is certainly predestination in it." And this suggestion made the Countess think a great deal. As to Louval he did not know how to speak or to be silent. In his perplexity, he retained a declaration that was on his lips, and to take him from his embarrassments, he eagerly pressed upon the lady permission to commence her portrait. But, notwithstanding, she declined doing so for a fortnight to come.

During that interval love was making rapid progress in the heart of Louval, and the Countess felt that the artist was not indifferent to her. Such were their mutual feelings when the lady's portrait was begun—but never yet was painter slower in his work. He had always something to alter—something to amend—something to change—and, at length, the Countess somewhat maliciously said to him—

"You are going on very well; but still you do not surpass—perhaps you do not equal, that *study picture* of yours, which you began and finished as if it were at a glance."

"I agree with you, Madam. The work that I then regarded as the mere production of chance, I am now disposed to attribute to destiny. Know, then, that when I first saw the Madonna of Andrea del Sarte, I was seized with an involuntary trembling, and I cried out—'Here is the very type of the female who is to decide my fate,' and never did I enjoy repose but until my hand had traced, after the same manner, that delicious head, the portrait that you considered as yours. A new Pygmalion, I became enchanted with my own work—and, like him, I have, too, seen it animated with the breath of life, when *you* appeared before me. But this thought disturbs my reason—pardon, Madam, pardon an unhappy——"

"I excuse you, and I thoroughly comprehend you," replied the Countess with emotion. "All is now

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explained—and I do not see in it any thing more strange than that which has happened to myself."

"What do you mean, Madam?"

"It is, really, a most extraordinary coincidence."

"Speak—I beseech of you to speak."

"Well, then—as to that Spanish painting, from which you have made your own portrait—"

"Go on."

"My father brought it from Andalusia, where he had been a long time with the army, and it was placed in the chamber where I was born. As I grew up, it attracted my observation; and it was before that head, so animated as it seems, with a lively faith, that my parents made me say my prayers every day. Little by little I took pleasure in gazing upon it; and at a later period, in my girlish illusions, I accustomed myself to think that Heaven would send me a husband whose face would be like to that in the picture."

"Well?"

"Alas! I was very much deceived. The man to whom my hand was given had neither the youth, nor the features of the holy monk, under whose patronage I had, in some manner, placed myself. My father, finding that his death was approaching, and having but a small patrimony to leave me, wished, before he died, to see me married. I was just eighteen when he proposed to unite me to his best friend, who was a man of high rank, and had an annual income of a hundred thousand francs. Ought I—could I refuse? I obeyed—I accepted the husband, as if he were my second father, and soon the only one. For six years we lived together, and his affection to me was paternal. Even in his last moments, it did not abandon him. 'Amelia,' said he to me, 'you made a great sacrifice when you espoused a man who was more than twice your age—whose youth had long departed from him, and whose constitution was broken down by the cares and anxieties inseparable from a political life. By your angelic sweetness, you spread a charm over a most ill-assorted union. Permit me, then, to give you a proof of my gratitude. I leave to you the entire disposition of my fortune, and I also engage you to divide it with a husband worthy of your choice. You are still young—you can still be happy, and you require a protector. When, then, the time of your mourning is passed, follow my advice—my last advice, and never forget your old friend.'"

Louval threw himself on his knees before the Countess, who told him that was not the precise moment for fulfilling the wishes of her husband.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "it is not for a poor artist that such bliss is reserved."

"Do not so express yourself, Louval," she replied, "for great talents are on a level with the very highest position in society."

In a few weeks afterward "the Spanish Monk," and "the Italian Madonna" might be seen together in the collection of M. Aguado, where they still remain. As to those who so strongly resembled them, they were about the same time married, and never since have they wished to be separated from each other.

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THE TWO SISTERS;

OR, DOMESTIC DUTIES.

BY C. P. HALL.

NOT more than five miles from the city of Philadelphia, on the banks of the Schuylkill, stands a princely mansion; and the traveller, as he approaches it, is immediately struck with the regularity and beauty of its outward appearance, and the taste that has been displayed by some fair hand, in the admirable arrangement of the flowers and various kinds of shrubbery, with which the space in front is ornamented.

It was one of those delicious mornings with which we are often blessed in early spring, that I was induced to take a walk along the bank of the Schuylkill. As I strolled onward, I was lured to proceed by the continued variety that presented itself to my view. At one side was Fairmount, the river laving its base—on the other side were the wooded slopes that skirt the western bank of the stream. One moment my attention would be drawn to some sail that moved majestically on the still waters: the next it would be called to the wood, where the many harbingers of spring were warbling their melodious notes. With such incentives I was led along, until I found myself in sight of the mansion that I have had occasion to mention. My curiosity became excited and I resolved to proceed. A few minutes walk brought me in front of the house, when my attention was drawn to a voice which I knew to be that of a lady singing. Looking up, I saw a face so lovely, that, for a moment, I almost believed myself dreaming. The features were nearly hid from view, by the rich auburn hair which hung in graceful ringlets, and nearly covered her neck of snowy whiteness. Her cheek was slightly tinged with a roseate hue, while her rich, dark eye did not diminish her beauty. I saw, by a small watering pot which she held in her hand, that she was watering the plants. When she looked up, the second time, her eye caught mine. As soon as she saw that I was observing her she silenced her voice, and continued her occupation. At this instant a gentleman, whom I took to be her parent, approached; and imagine my surprise when I recognised in him an old friend, who had been extensively engaged in mercantile pursuits, and had now retired from the busy scenes of life to enjoy himself in the bosom of his family. I shall introduce him to my readers under the assumed name of Richardson. After the usual salutations, and an introduction to his daughter—for my conjecture had been right—I entered into conversation with him. A half hour was agreeably spent, when I took my leave, highly gratified with my visit. I soon became, as it were, a constant visiter at his house. The family consisted of himself, wife, and two daughters, Mary and Julia; and at the time of my story they were at that age when woman's charms appear most brilliant. My readers have learned ere this that one was handsome; the other, if possible, exceeded her sister in point of beauty, but the qualities that were possessed by Julia, although she was not as handsome as Mary, made her seem more brilliant in the society in which they were both known. Being the children of wealthy parents, we should suppose, at least, that the mother would not choose to teach them domestic duties. Not so. This important female knowledge, she endeavored to instill into them. In the case of Julia she succeeded, but in that of Mary she failed. The delight of the latter was in popular music, in dancing, and in all the lighter and more ephemeral accomplishments. Julia, on the contrary, early became acquainted with those household duties which tend, more than all the fashionable accomplishments of the day, to educate woman for the province of a wife and mother. In vain the mother argued to Mary that riches sometimes take wings and fly away! Mary always replied, "I shall not learn, for I shall never marry a man, unless he is able to support me, and support me too without work, and what use is there in making a domestic of myself, when there are always plenty to be had. What! descend to the kitchen."

A few years passed, and suitors had offered and sued often the hand of each of the sisters, and had as often been rejected; until a person was introduced to Mary as Mr. Augustus Hamilton, a man possessed of considerable beauty, no small amount of information, extravagantly fond of every kind of amusement, and withal possessed of a fortune—in fact he was what the world generally term a gentleman, and such a person as Mary had long been endeavoring to become acquainted with. After a courtship of about two years, he led to the altar the lovely Mary Richardson. All remarked what a happy couple they were, and how well matched, for both were handsome, both possessed of wealth. In a month they were settled in a splendid mansion on Chesnut street, and as the views of Mrs. Hamilton were what is called aristocratic, every thing must be in keeping with the house in which they lived, and also with the society in which they moved. The house was accordingly furnished in magnificent style; and large parties followed each other in quick succession. Mr. Hamilton, although possessed of ample means for their present enjoyment, was in a mercantile business, and subject, therefore, to all the fluctuations of commerce. He was little aware that the cloud of adversity was so soon to shroud him and the happy partner of his bosom in gloom. After living in the enjoyment of all that heart could wish for several years, it was ascertained that the liabilities of the house of Hamilton and Dresden were more than they could meet, and the feelings of Mr. Hamilton can be better imagined than described on the evening that

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he related to his wife their circumstances, and added that they should have to leave the house where they then resided, and take up their abode in some more humble dwelling in a more retired part of the city. Accordingly a house was procured, in the district called Kensington, and Mrs. Hamilton left, although with great reluctance, her magnificent mansion where, a few months before, wealth and affluence had held unbridled sway. But she did leave it, and when she came, as it were, into a new sphere, and had personally to provide for her own house, she then saw the great advantage of knowing how to superintend it. But, as she could not do this, Mr. Hamilton was obliged to procure a servant, much against his own inclination; but it could not be avoided, and accordingly one was obtained. Mrs. Hamilton tried, in every way in her power, to contribute to her husband's happiness; but it appeared to her that she could not; for he would come home and appear depressed in spirits; and very seldom (as he thought) did he find his wife ready to greet him with a smile. Her sullen and morose disposition, coupled with the idea that she was not competent to take charge of her own house, made him feel unhappy. Often when he came home hurried, dinner would not be ready. It went on in this manner for some time; until, coming home one day, after having had more to trouble him than usual, and not finding dinner ready at the usual time, he broke out into a violent passion, and left the house. The first blow had been struck, and with it had gone their happiness. Alas! Hamilton could not enjoy himself in his wife's society, for he believed that she did not try to contribute to his happiness. He soon began to resort to the haunts of vice, and thence to the intoxicating bowl, for the purpose of drowning previous sorrow. The consequences soon followed. His crime was visited on his family, and they were discarded by their former friends and relatives. Here, we will leave them, and go back to the house of Richardson.

The hand of Julia, meantime, had been sought and gained, by a person who possessed the real qualities of a gentleman. He did not enjoy wealth, beauty, nor accomplishments, yet his good sense, sound mind, and forgiving disposition won him the good-will and esteem of all who knew him. About a year after the wedding of Mary, Julia was led to the altar by Mr. Charles Sebring. He moved, with his lovely wife, to a small town in the state of New Jersey, and entered upon a mercantile life. He procured a small, but neat house, and, as his wife was well acquainted with all domestic duties, his expenses were consequently quite small. When his daily labor was over, sweet would be his thoughts of meeting his lovely wife at the door, with a smile to greet him. His home was of all places the most dear to him—for it ever wore a neat and cheerful aspect. In the course of time his business increased, and he had accumulated property. Then he resolved to remove to Philadelphia, and enter into a more extensive business. Accordingly, the following spring found them in a neat, and handsome residence in that commercial mart. By economy Charles Sebring became a wealthy man. For years, however, they had heard nothing of Mary or her husband, for after he had been discarded by his friends in consequence of his dissolute habits, Hamilton had disappeared, leaving no clue to his residence. Mr. and Mrs. Sebring had often endeavored to discover his retreat and that of his family, but in vain. At length, one night, as Charles was returning from his store, he saw a number of boys collected around some object, and, on approaching, he observed a person very much intoxicated. At first sight, he thought he would leave him, at the next moment he thought he might possibly render him some assistance; and accordingly approached him. Imagine his surprise on finding that it was his own brother-in-law, Augustus Hamilton. Yes! although that cheek had lost its roseate hue, although that voice had become harsh and brutal, there was still enough to tell that the inebriate was the once wealthy suitor of Mary. Charles raised him up, and conveyed him to his home, if home it might be called, which was a small hovel in a narrow, dirty alley in the suburbs of the city. But what a sight met his eye! The furniture of the room consisted of two old chairs, one or two wooden stools, a part of a bed, and scarcely covering enough to shelter them; while on the hearth there lay a few expiring embers. The inmates of the room were a woman about half clothed, with one small child earnestly imploring its mother to give it something to eat. In that wan frame he recognised his wife's sister. He could not refrain, but bursting into tears, turned and left the house. But the entreaties of that child still sounded in his ear; he stopped and purchased some necessaries, ordered them sent around; and then hastened home, for he was somewhat later than usual, His wife sat at the window, watching his return, and as he entered, and she pressed her lips to his, he thanked God that he had shown his mercy and loving kindness to him in providing him such a partner for life! He appeared solemn and melancholy, and as his lovely wife sat down beside him, she looked up, and, with a smile upon her face, said,

"Charles what is the matter? have I done any thing to offend you?"

He said "no," and promised that soon she should know all. When morning came he requested her to take a walk! She consented, and he bent his steps immediately to the place where he had been the evening before, resolved to know the worst. As they entered the alley, Julia remarked,

"Why, Charles, where are you going? there cannot certainly be any body here that you want to see!"

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"Yes, there is," he replied, "I always want to help the poor and needy."

"Pardon me, Charles, pardon me," said she, "how glad I am that we have come." By this time they had reached the door. He resolved to enter without knocking, and accordingly taking his wife by the hand he walked in. As Julia entered she cast her eyes around her, and what a sight met her gaze! She stood for a moment, as it were, motionless; throwing her eyes on the woman, she exclaimed, "Charles—my sister—my sister—my only sister," and the next moment they were in each others arms. Many and bitter were the tears that were shed upon each others bosom. In a short time they relaxed their grasp; when it was found that Mary had fainted. Charles instantly procured assistance, had her and her daughter conveyed to his own home, where she had all the attention that was required. She soon regained her health. His next purpose was to find her husband. This, with some difficulty, he succeeded in doing, after which he brought him to his own home.

By the blessing of Providence Mr. Hamilton, in a few months, reformed. He then related to us, as far as memory served him, the sufferings of his family, and the history of his own career in vice since we left him in our story. In a short time after these events had transpired, Mr. Hamilton, now the husband of a happy wife, associated himself in business with his brother, and in a few years was blessed again with wealth.

Mrs. Hamilton will never bring up her lovely daughter except in habits of industry and economy, though she will not forget to instil into her those graces which shine so brilliant in woman, for a knowledge of domestic duties and all the graces of a lady are not incompatible. "Had I not neglected my household cares," Mrs. Hamilton was wont to say, "I should never have passed through what I have, and now I am thankful that I have a kind brother, a kind sister, and a kind husband. I have learnt this lesson—always bring up a daughter in such a manner that she may be competent to take charge of her own house, regardless of what may be her situation in life."

AGNES WALTHAM.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"Put on your thick shoes, my love, when you go out," said Mrs. Waltham to her daughter, as the latter rose to dress for a promenade.

"Oh! mamma, they are so clumsy," was the reply of Agnes.

"But, my dear, the pavements are yet damp from yesterday's rain, and you know you are peculiarly susceptible to cold."

"But I will walk on the sunny side, and not stop a minute to talk. Indeed, indeed there is no danger. Miss Beresford, who is to call for me, always wears so neat a shoe—I should be ashamed to go with her if I had on those thick boots."

The discussion continued for some time longer, but ended, as discussions between fond mothers and pleading daughters too often do, in the surrender of the parent. Agnes tripped off to array herself for the walk, and soon departed, all radiant with smiles. She was absent until twilight.

"How fine a color you have to-night," said her doting father, "exercise has called a bloom to your cheek—ah!" he continued teasingly, "Edward ought to be here now—he would be charmed with the brilliancy of your complexion."

Agnes turned away blushing, for Edward was her affianced lover, and their marriage was to take place the ensuing spring.

In the evening Edward came, and he too remarked the high bloom in the cheek of Agnes.

"I have been taking a walk," she answered, in reply to an allusion he made to it, "and the bracing air has called an unwonted color to my cheek. You know you have often told me that we American ladies never take sufficient exercise, and that therefore, as a class, we are wan and sickly looking."

"True—but your bloom seems almost unnaturally high, and I would have attributed it to a fever were you not in such a flow of spirits. Have you not been walking out again with thin shoes?"

Agnes looked down, and said nothing.

"Dear Agnes," said her lover, after a pause, "why will you be so imprudent? You know your constitution is none of the strongest, and a slight cold, caught by such thoughtlessness as this, often ends in consumption."

"But none of our family are consumptive," quickly retorted Agnes, looking up; and laying her hand on Edward's arm, she continued smiling with bewitching sweetness, "there, now, dismiss your fears—I never felt better in my life, and as for colds, why, I have had them a thousand times."

There was a look of deep seriousness on the lover's face as he replied,

"A cold, Agnes, from its very slightness, is our most insidious enemy. If we are attacked with any serious disease—a fever, the pleurisy, an inflammation of the throat—we ask the advice of a physician at once, or at least apply those remedies which we know to be efficient in the case. The consequence is that we combat the disorder before it has become firmly seated, and, in nine cases out of ten, save our life. But with a cold we pursue a different treatment. It seems so slight a thing that we laugh at it and leave it to cure itself, nor do we awake from our delusion, although the cough, attending the cold, may continue for a month. By and bye, however, we begin to feel a pain in the breast, and our cough increases until it racks our frame by day, and deprives us of that rest which is so necessary at night. Now perhaps we begin to think there may be something serious in our cold, and we proceed at once to use severe remedies. Perhaps we are cured, and, if so, we grow ten times more careless, because we have experienced, in our case, that it is possible to neglect a cold, and yet eventually cure it. We become fool-hardy, until finally we take cold again, neglect it as we did before, and fall victims to consumption, in spite of our desperate efforts, when it is too late, to shake off our cold. How many of both sexes—the talented, the beautiful, the young—have we seen thus go down to the grave! How many a young man and blooming maiden, if asked, on their death-bed, why 'they were so early hurried to the tomb?' might answer, 'because we neglected a slight cold!' Look over the records of the Health offices of our cities, and you will find that nearly one third of the adults die of consumption—and nine-tenths of the victims to this death fall a prey to the insidious approach of a slight cold. How often have we conversed on this subject, and yet, dear Agnes, you are still imprudent."

He ceased, for the sound of sobbing met his ear, and bending over Agnes—for she had turned away her head—he saw that she was weeping. The lover was melted. He felt that he was right, but he could not resist those tears. He drew her tenderly toward him.

"Forgive me, dearest," he said soothingly, "I spoke, perhaps, too harshly; but I did not mean to hurt your feelings. Come, let us forget what has past; and I will hear you play that new march I brought you the other evening."

Alas! that the giving so needful a lesson should be a thing for which pardon should be asked.

The following morning Agnes had a slight head-ache, but it was attributed by her fond mother to what her lover had said the evening before, and to a sleepless night passed in consequence of it.

"Agnes, you have a slight cold," said her father, at the tea-table, "don't you think so?"

"Oh! no, pa," she answered gaily, "I only coughed because I foolishly ran down stairs."

"Well I hope not," was the parent's reply.

That evening Edward did not come, as he was engaged in transacting important business; but the ensuing day brought him to Mr. Waltham's parlor. He noticed that Agnes had a slight cough, but remembering the events of his last visit, he said nothing. Nor, on a second visit, when the cold still continued, did he venture to expostulate by words, though he could not restrain a look.

"You *must* do something for that cold," said her father, on the ensuing morning, "I heard you coughing violently after you retired, and, when I awoke in the night, you were still coughing. It may become a serious matter. I would advise you to remain in for a few days, and commit yourself to your mother as a nurse. These colds ought not to be trifled with."

"Oh! papa, it is nothing," replied Agnes, "and will soon cure itself. Besides it is impossible for me to stay at home—you know I am to be bridesmaid for Miss Henrickson, and she will be married to-morrow—how could you have forgotten it?"

"We often forget such things, important as they are to young ladies," answered her father, smiling, "but since you can't remain at home, you must take extraordinary care of yourself."

"Oh! that I will do—never fear. And don't alarm yourself about my cold, dear papa," said Agnes, throwing her arms about his neck, and fondly kissing him, "I declare you and Edward are enough to frighten one."

The wedding of her friend took place, and was followed by a round of parties, for the winter was unusually gay, and the friends of the married couple vied with each other in the splendor and number of their entertainments. Night after night Agnes was out until one and two o'clock at these assemblages. Her parents no longer took notice of her cold, and nothing, therefore, was said about it, but could they have heard, in the night, the efforts of their daughter to stifle a cough, lest it should awaken them, they would have been seriously alarmed. Even Edward was scarcely aware that she had a cough, so perseveringly did she check every manifestation of it in his presence. And thus two fatal months passed on.

One night she had been dancing in a crowded room, and, when she ceased. the heat was so excessive that she ran to a window for a moment's breath of air. Her partner was a thoughtless young man, who, like herself, saw no imprudence in the act, but remained talking with her, while the refreshments were handed, and until the next set was called. Unfortunately her lover was not present, having been detained by imperative business. She often sought the window during the evening, but

the consequences began to show themselves as soon as she left the room to retire. Before she reached home a violent shivering seized her, and she went to bed really ill; but, conscious of her imprudence, and hoping to feel better in the morning, she did not awake her parents.

In the morning she had a violent head-ache, attended with pain; and was forced to confess herself really ill. She was now penitent, and willing to submit to the application of any remedy.

Medicines were immediately resorted to, and apparently with success, for her fever was broken, and before long she was able to resume her ordinary duties in the house, though it was not deemed prudent, as yet, to suffer her to go out in the evenings. Edward was an anxious attendant at her side, while she remained a prisoner in the house, and nothing could exceed the delicacy with which he anticipated her every wish. He never alluded to her imprudence, but his mournful look of unavoidable reproach when he first heard of her thoughtlessness, haunted her memory, and she resolved never again to disregard his advice. But alas! the opportunity to shew her obedience to his wishes was deferred from day to day; for a violent cough had made its appearance, simultaneously with her fever, and though the latter had been broken, the former still remained. Remedy after remedy was tried, but in vain. At length the family began to be alarmed. Physicians were now called in, though secretly, lest Agnes should be frightened, and their opinions listened to with beating hearts. They recommended various remedies, which were eagerly tried; but all failed. Winter was now fast approaching, and a warmer climate was hinted at, though the physicians still said they hoped it was not a case of consumption. To Cuba accordingly Mr. and Mrs. Waltham took their only child. Edward could not accompany them, but he promised to write by every packet, and parted from them with a heavy heart.

The winter months dragged slowly away, during which Edward received weekly letters from Cuba, sometimes holding out hope and sometimes breathing almost despair. His spirits begun to fall. Spring was now at hand—that spring in which he and Agnes were to have been married—and gloomy forebodings took possession of his heart. One evening he suddenly received a message that the Walthams had returned and wished to see him. With a trembling heart he hastened to their dwelling, and rushed, mad with fears, into Agnes' sick room, almost without being announced. Oh! the sight that met his eyes. Pale, and worn to a skeleton, yet with the lustrous eye and crimson cheek of the consumption, Agnes Waltham met the eye of her lover, who had parted with her, when she wore at least the appearance of health. The change was too much for him, he staggered to a chair, and for some minutes could not speak. Her parents wept aloud.

Edward at length found courage to look on Agnes again. She was deeply affected, and seemed also unable to speak. But oh! the look of earnest pleading, of deep, unchanging love with which she regarded her lover.

"Edward," at length said Agnes, speaking with difficulty, and extending her wan hand, "I am dying, and I have long known it. To my fate I am resigned. My only wish has been to reach home, and ask your forgiveness ere I go hence. Had I followed your counsels; had I been less careless of my health, I would now have been well, and we would all have been happy. But the deed is done. I hope my heavenly father," she continued, raising her meek eyes above, "has forgiven me, and now I seek your pardon——"

"Oh! do not speak of it. God knows I have nothing to forgive," and he sobbed like a child.

"Yes! I have been sinful—vanity forebade me to do as you wished, and now I reap as I have sown. Oh! that fatal pride of dress. What matters it in the grave to which I am going in what I have been decked while here. But do not weep for me," here a violent fit of coughing seized her, and for some minutes she could not speak. All wept. At length she gained strength to say,

"May God bless you, dear, dear Edward! You will sometimes think of me when I am gone?"

"Yes! yes! day and night, my own Agnes!" and he sobbed aloud.

She smiled—and it was an angel's smile—as she replied,

"Father, Edward—give me your hands—mother, dear mother, kiss me! I can now die happy. Farewell," and, almost before they were aware of it, her gentle spirit had departed.

Reader! my tale has a moral. May you, with God's blessing, profit by it.

AMBITION;

OR, THE HEART OVERTASKED.

BY JOHN S. JENKINS.

CHAPTER I.

The hour was evening. The last lingering rays of sunset fell in a rich flood of silver light over the bright and gorgeous landscape. From every nook and corner of the earth; from the tall dark mountain, the forest of pines and maples, the thicket of the sheltering grove, and the deep glen where the purling brook echoed its gentle murmurs; from the sunny hill-side, the grassy glade, and gay parterre, there came swelling the melody of Nature's unwritten music; that melody which fills the heart to overflowing with gladness; which causes the eye to sparkle, the cheek to glow, the bosom to throb, and the soul to feel that the hand is good which fashioned these things for erring man; that we do not live altogether in vain; and that, despite the petty annoyances which harass and perplex us, there are here ten thousand sources of enjoyment, to which we can always turn when the cares of the world press heavily upon us. It causes us to know in our hearts, that we have a mission to perform, a high behest to fulfil, a destiny, for good or for evil, to accomplish; and it forces from us the often unwilling acknowledgment that in the *far beyond* there is a future life, of which the present is but the hopeful promise!

Beneath the shade of a lofty elm, which reared itself conspicuously on the summit of a verdant knoll, at whose base flowed the clear waters of one of our fairest rivers, and carelessly leaning against its heavy trunk, stood a young man, whose lithe form and easy attitude, gave evidence that he was yet in the fulness and vigor of early manhood. He was not what some would have called handsome; there was but little mere beauty in the high and massive forehead, which, so cold and still in its repose, seemed as if hewn out of the rugged marble; but there was something in the fixedness of his look, and the half-concealed air of hauteur, which gave his finely chiselled lip the least perceptible curl—in the free expansion of his nostrils, and the swelling of his broad chest, as he inhaled the freshening breeze, that forcibly attracted the attention. Yet no one could have looked on him as he stood there, with his arms folded over his breast, and his pale, stern brow bared to the winds of heaven, which played so wantonly with the long masses of his rich, raven hair, and have failed to observe the wild, fierce play of his features, the lines which thought and passion had traced on his countenance, or the fire of genius which glowed so brightly in his sunken eye. The homage due to a superior intellect would have been involuntarily rendered to him, but as involuntarily suc-

ceeded by an emotion of fear—a thrilling fear for one, in whose bosom was evidently pent a slumbering volcano, which, when its dormant fires were once aroused, could only be quenched in the death or destruction of him who cherished it.

"These are indeed beautiful!" he spake in a deep, spirit-like tone, and over his face there passed a glorious flush of enthusiasm—"the handiwork alone of a Power, in whose ineffable presence, we poor, weak mortals, are but as nothing! I love them well—the scenes and voices of my native land! They waken in my breast emotions akin to those the patriot countryman of Tell may feel, as he hears the joyous notes of the *Kühreihen* echoed among the frowning cliffs and dark forests of Underwalden, or along the banks of the sweet Lucerne. My feet have trodden many a more storied spot, and prouder clime. My hand has brushed the climbing ivy from the Coliseum, and the collected dust of ages from the tombs of the Pharaohs. From the summit of St. Bernard, I have seen the lightning playing beneath my feet; and from the Appenines I have looked down on the wrecks of empires. I have stood upon the heights of the Sierra Morena, and feelings of delight have stolen over me, as I witnessed the graceful movements of the dark-eyed and dark-browed Spanish maidens, when they mingled in the gay Bolero; or listened to the merry sounds of castanet and guitar, rising sweetly from the smiling vallies of Andalusia. From the 'Bridge of Sighs'—

'A palace and a prison on each hand'—

I have heard the wild improvisations of the happy, light-hearted gondoliers, on the canals of Venice:—yet have I *never* felt as now! Nor is it wonderful this should be so: I have been where Liberty *was*; I am where Liberty *is*—where man is free to indulge the high and lofty aspirations of his nature—where genuine merit and sterling intellect give not place to entailed reputation, titled ignorance, or hereditary arrogance. Here are no *privileged* competitors for place and station. All start *equal*—the palm is for the humblest, as well as the proudest—he who wins may wear it! *It is a bright thought*—that palm may yet be *mine!* It cannot be in vain that I have, owl-like, shut myself out from the world, and buried myself amid the musty relics and philosophic lore of olden time; that I have preferred the companionship of books to the society of the pleasure-seeking crowd; not all in vain that I have wooed science with the ardor and devotion of a lover, and perilled health and happiness to win applause from the many! Are all the imaginings of my boyhood to be but shadows?—and may I never grasp the reality of the bright visions which flit before me in the solitude of my chamber? As for *Rosalie*—ah! there is yet too much of tenderness in that word!—I pity her, from my heart

I pity her! I doubt not the strength or fervor of her affection. My heart is unchanged toward her. She may, I trust, be happy—*with another!*—for, though it rack my brain and wither my heart forever, I will not ask her to be *mine!* Rosalie is dear to me—but Fame is dearer still! Love has been the *Episode* of the past—Ambition shall be the *History* of the future!"

A light footstep sounded near him—a soft hand was gently laid upon his arm—and the sweet voice of her whom he had once loved, deeply and passionately loved, started him from his reverie.

"You here, Clement?—I know not why it was, but I hoped not to find you at our trysting-place. Nay! chide me not," she continued, half playfully, and half in earnest, as she put her hand to his lips—"a strange fear has seized me to-day. I have feared that our happiness was soon to be clouded for ever!"

"Rosalie has ceased to love me?"

"Oh, no!—her love ends only with her life!"

"She doubts me, then?"

"She cannot!—She sees you, and forgetting all, is happy!"

"Between those who love there should be nothing *to forget!* You confide in me or your heart is no longer mine!" he spake harshly and bitterly.

"Unsay those words—in mercy unsay them! Pain me not by a denial. You wrong me much—indeed you wrong me—I could never prove faithless to the one I love!"

"And yet your hand trembles in my own—your eye regards not mine—you shudder as I look upon you!"

"Speak not harshly to me, Clement! If I shudder, it is only when you frown on me. I have not sought to give offence in look, word, or tone. I cherish no thought of fear for you. I am but a weak, timid girl; no wonder I should sometimes give way to the vague forebodings my imagination will, spite of my better judgment, often conjure up. They have all vanished now in the sunlight of your presence; and if you but smile on me, I ask no other joy—I know no other happiness! Rosalie loves not idly—she is all, *all your own!*"—and the warm-hearted, high-souled maiden, in her unselfish abandonment to the love she bore for him who would have vexed and slighted her, threw herself into his arms, and sobbed long and loudly.

For one moment Clement Lee was the lover. Large, burning tears dimmed his eye; his bosom throbbed madly and wildly, as he felt that warm, confiding heart, beating against his own; and, while he pressed her fondly to his breast, he murmured in those accents she dearly loved to hear—"*Rosalie—I love thee!*" That answering emotion was but evanescent. His whole soul was bent on one object, and he hesitated not to thrust aside every thing which interfered with its attainment. His mind was wrought up to the determination of taking one decided step, and he faltered not in his resolve. A shadow passed over his countenance—his lips were joined firmly together—and he was again the cold, scheming, ambitious man, ready to venture all on the high stake for which he played.

But for the tender one who hung on his neck—she knew not that he had already changed toward her—she had only heard those glad words which spoke peace to her troubled heart, and those sweet tones of affection to which she had listened with so much rapture in hours that were past; and with a brow of light, and a cheek tinged with the rich vermil of her mantling blush, she raised those soft, gazelle-like eyes, glistening with tears, all too fondly trusting that the smile of joy would once more greet and bless her. That smile rewarded not her devotion; a withering frown fell darkly upon her, and sent back the warm life-blood chilled to her heart. Her cheek was blanched to a deadly whiteness; her frame trembled like the young aspen; and her voice was choked and hollow as she wildly uttered:

"Clement, you are ill!—You look strangely! Your hand is cold, and your brow hot and feverish! My heart tells me you are ill—forgive me that I spake unkindly—let me be your physician—I will, heaven knows I will, gladly minister to you!"

"I know you would—but it is useless! My illness was only momentary, and I am calmer, firmer, now!" He took her hand in his as he concluded, with a strange and unwonted energy, and in a broken and hurried tone—"Rosalie—dost thou love me?"

"And can you doubt it?" she spake warmly and enthusiastically—"Have I not often told you how fondly and sincerely I love you? I have kept nothing back from you. I have given you my heart wholly and forever—over that heart yours' is 'no divided empire'—I live and breathe but in your presence. With you I am most happy—away from you I can be but miserable. My love is not of hasty growth—it has been fostered for years. It is a part of my nature, and I could not live without it! No vestal ever cherished with more unceasing devotion the fires which glowed in the temple of her worship, than have I, that flame which burns so brightly and so intensely on the altar of my heart: the Hindoo maiden may, it is true, watch long and well the taper-light of love and hope, as her incense-freighted bark is borne down the waters of the Ganges; but her love is clouded with the dark rites of superstition—mine has a more sacred, a more hallowed origin! It springs from the purest and holiest impulses of woman's character; and it brings her nearer to life, and light, and happiness, and heaven!"

"Tell me not this!" he passionately uttered, "I cannot bear it. There is madness in the thought that such love should ever meet with disappointment! Say only that

you love me, and would see me prosperous, fortunate, and happy!"

"Indeed I would! How could I wish to see you otherwise?—is not your happiness mine own?"

"You will listen to me, then, when I tell you—start not, for I speak soberly and seriously, though sadly—*this must be our last meeting!*"

"Surely, Clement, you jest with me—you would not wrong me thus," and she clung fondly to his arm, "you cannot be so cruel! Why should we *never* meet again? Is there aught should make us blush, or fear, to own our love?"

"I jest not, Rosalie!—never spake I truer word. Love is to me like the tree in the garden; I am forbidden to taste of its fruit! I have placed my hopes upon a prize more valued than the wealth of untold mines, I despise the world, and contemn its cold selfishness, its hollow heartedness, and its base servility; yet would I have it fawn upon and flatter me. I would gain a name among men; I would hear my praise on their lips, and see them awed and abashed in my presence. Long, long years, must pass ere this can be: thought, soul, mind, body, every thing, must be directed to this end. My heart will not acknowledge fealty to two masters; it serves but one; it follows only one! I have not time to love; another destiny is before me—a brighter, and it may be——"

"*Happier?* would'st thou say? No; believe me, Clement Lee, it is but an empty bubble which you would grasp; it has lured many a one to misery and bitterness! Beware how you trample on the heart that loves you!"

"Hear me, Rosalie, hear me!—I cannot love you if I would—henceforth we can be only as *friends*—we part *forever!*—and wilt thou not say me farewell?'"

"I may not—I could not speak that word—not even to you who cast me from you as a thing of little worth! The time shall come when you will repent that you had trifled with the love I gave you—but you will not leave me?—say that you will not, and I will forget that you had thought to part from me—oh! say it, and I will pray for you—I will bless you—aye, worship you!"

Long and earnestly she pleaded. By all his hopes of happiness in this world, and peace in another, she besought him not to leave her thus. By the memory of the many happy hours they had spent together; by the vows they had plighted to each other, she implored him not to slight her love. She did not upbraid him—no word of reproach passed her lips. She would follow him through the world; make any sacrifice for his sake; be his, and his only, through weal and through woe. In sickness she would watch over him; in adversity she would comfort him; in prosperity she would rejoice with him. She would not be a burthen to him; she would work for him—toil for him—and be happy, so that he gave her one tender word, or one approving smile!

Her entreaties moved him not; his resolution could not be shaken. With a sudden effort, he tore himself from her, and murmuring a parting benediction in her ear, he left her—heart-stricken—desolate!

Slowly, though surely, the conviction that she was deserted, fastened itself upon her mind. She knew that she was alone—still she could not curse the destroyer of her peace. She felt, oh, how keenly! the bitterness of unrequited love—yet she repined not. It was hard for her to feel that she had "loved not wisely, but too well;" nevertheless, she bowed in submission to the stroke which had visited her. Bitter and many were the tears she shed.

> "Big, bright, and fast, unknown to her they fell—
> But still her lips refused to send 'farewell!'"

From that hour Rosalie Herbert was a changed woman—the barbed arrow had penetrated deep into her soul—*she never smiled again!*

CHAPTER II.

Reclining upon a splendid ottoman, in a chamber whose tapestried hangings, and the rich paintings on its walls, bespoke the opulence and taste which in our own sunny clime have reared villas, that may well vie in beauty with those which are interspersed among the vineyards and olive-groves of the far-famed vale of Arno, lay the form of a fair invalid. Through the open casements, "half-hidden by clematis and rose," came the evening breeze, laden with the fragrance of the magnolia and the orange. The music of the water plashing in the fountain, was enlivening and refreshing; and the soft notes of the nightingale fell on the ear like the remembered voice of an early friend. Vases of flowers, both native and exotic, filled the apartment with perfume. In one corner stood an unstrung harp—silent and listless as that "which hung in Taras' hall;" the soul which had once animated it, no longer woke from its strings the wild and unpassioned strains of the Tyrol, or the softer numbers of the lays of Provence. The toilet of rose-wood was richly inlaid with mother of pearl, and decorated with Psyche glasses, and costly ornaments of Sevre's China. Books, poetry, and music were scattered profusely over the marble table which occupied the centre of the room:—yet were all these (to most persons, evidences of happiness and contentment) unheeded by the stricken maiden on whom sickness had laid its hand so heavily. They brought no smile upon her countenance; no hue of health flushed the fair cheek now rivalling the unsunned snow in whiteness and purity. Her long, glossy ringlets hung listlessly over her moistened brow, and the pale jewelled hand which seemed scarce able to sustain the weight of the head it supported. Her eyes

were large and lustrous, and the veined lids partially closed over them, as if to shut out their unearthly beauty. Her form was strangely attenuated; and no one would have readily recognized there, the fair proportions which had charmed so many eyes, and won so many hearts in the happier hours that had smiled on Rosalie Herbert.

Five years had gone by since she had parted from Clement Lee—five years, in which had been concentrated to her, the misery and woe of ages. For a time she had proudly and nobly endeavored to bear up against her fate. It was fruitless all. Her love had grown with her growth, and had become too deeply rooted ever to be eradicated. It was a part—nay, the *better* part of her existence—life had no charms without it.

"Pierced, they might disjoin them;
But perfect, *never!*"

She saw her hopes prostrated, her affections crushed, and the fond desires of her heart blighted at once and forever. Danger, care, trouble, penury and misfortune, she could have borne; the world might have mocked at her truth, and sneered at her devotion; no matter, they would have been "like the idle wind which she regarded not." She would have felt amply repaid for any suffering, any reproach, if the star of love but rested over and lighted her path. No obstacles would have dismayed—no dangers daunted her, had she only been assured that there was one being in the wide world who appreciated and returned her affection. But he on whom she had trusted with such firm and implicit reliance, had deserted her. Disappointment, bitter, unyielding disappointment, was her portion. The future, once all joy and sunshine, presented but a dark and gloomy vista. She had nothing left to live for—nothing to hope for—one thing, and one alone, to die for—and that embraced her all of felicity, both here and hereafter—for it was *Peace!*

"Clara—sister!" her voice was low and plaintive as that of the dying zephyr, and the person whom she addressed, a young and beautiful, though care-worn female, sprang hastily from the embrasure of the window in which she had been seated—"I cannot—I dare not—sleep. These wild dreams haunt my fancy, and disturb my mind. Grim monsters start up ever and anon before me; and tall, sheeted spectres point their long, bony fingers at me in scorn! Oh! it is horrible—dreadful—that fearful shudder!"

"Rosalie?"

"Who calls 'Rosalie?'—it is a forbidden word."

"Say not so!—Do we not all love you dearly?" and the speaker bent over her sister's form, and imprinted a warm kiss on her pale cheek—"You know not how gladly we would see you once more well and happy!"

"I do know it—I feel it!—but I fear me I shall never live to requite your kindness! Do I speak wildly? My brain is hot—scorching hot—and my throat is parched with thirst!"

"Drink of this goblet—it will revive you. You need rest—compose youself!"

"The letter, Clara!—has it been sent?"

"It has!"

"And is there no answer?"

"The messenger has not returned. Clement Lee has been successful in the canvass—and he is to address his fellow-citizens this evening; perhaps he——"

"No! no! He cannot refuse me—it is a last request—I have told him so. He knows that I am dying, and he will come—I am sure he will!"

"Talk not of dying, Rosalie, we cannot part with you!"

"Why should I not? it is but truth! Like the flower plucked from its parent stem, and deprived of the quickening influence of sunlight and shower, I am fast fading away. The hand of death is on me, I feel it *here!*" she pressed her hand emphatically to her heart.

"Oh, no! You are better—much better now—the bloom again freshens on your cheek!"

"Ah! you must not deceive me!" she said, raising her head faintly, and surveying her reflected image in the pier-glass before her. "'T is the startling premonition of the last change—the seal of the destroyer! Gaily he decks his victims for the sacrifice—ha! this *is* the 'bloom' of the grave!"

Overpowered with the effort, she sank back into the arms of her sister, and for a few moments lay motionless and senseless as a statue. Suddenly her eyes were opened—she missed some one, and murmured softly,

"My mother? where is she?"

"Here, Rosalie!" said the mother, as she entered the room. "Cheer up, love! here is a message for you; Clement Lee is engaged with his friends to-night, he will call to-morrow."

"A 'message?' then indeed he has forgotten me! 'to-morrow?' that will be too late! Be still, still, my poor heart!" she exclaimed. "I could bear all—all—but this! to know he would not see me, even *now!* Do not weep, my mother! Come near me, speak to me, pray for me!"

Thus entreated, she knelt beside her child, and though the sobs she could not suppress, almost impeded her speech, she poured forth at the throne of grace, the petition of a heart overflowing with gratitude, yet rent by the keenest and most poignant anguish. She had just concluded as the words—"*mother—sister—Clement—Heaven!*" came faintly articulated from the lips of Rosalie. A feeble smile lighted up the countenance of the dying girl—her eyes sparkled with a supernatural brightness—a gentle tremor stole over her frame—and,

lovely even in death, she passed "like the anthem of a breeze away!"

The gifted and the beautiful, whom no one hated, and on whose head old and young hourly invoked the blessings of heaven to descend; whose step was light as the young fawn's on the green turf; whose merry laugh once rang so joyously amid the old trees which grew around the home of her fathers, and whose voice was musical as the tones of the wind-harp, at length slept that sleep which knows no waking, this side the untried hereafter!

The fortunes of Clement Lee had all been bright and prosperous. Untiring zeal, care, labor, and incessant devotion of time, had raised him to the front rank in his profession. His hopes were fulfilled, his wishes gratified —he had won his way to distinction! Profoundly versed in the attainments of science, deeply read in the black-letter of the law, talented, accomplished, and, withal, possessing that commanding eloquence which never fails to arrest attention and compel conviction, he could not but secure a strong hold upon the affections of his fellow-citizens. His society was courted by the gay and the noble; and they were proud of him—proud of his talents and his growing reputation. They respected him, for, honorable and just in all his dealings, and stern and inflexible in the cause of right, envy dared not malign, nor calumny assail him. They reverenced him, because, to all outward seeming, he was the friend of justice, virtue, and morality. They worshipped him for the burning and thrilling words which hung on his lips, and the genius which kindled in his eye, or sat enthroned in its god-like majesty on his brow. Their suffrages were gladly bestowed on him, when he appeared before them as a candidate at the hustings; and their shouts of triumph were loud and cheering, when the contest was decided in his favor, and he was returned as their representative in the councils of the nation.

Was he happy? He would have said so, as he sat alone at midnight, in the privacy of his study, surrounded by the treasured volumes, from whose pages he had gathered the knowledge which men wondered at and admired. The arrangement of the books in their mahogany cases was admirable; marble statues and antique busts were placed around the apartment with the taste of a connoisseur. A pair of fencing foils and masks hung over the mantel; and from the ceiling depended an argand lamp, which threw a soft and mellow light over his wide, expansive forehead, as he sat beneath it, almost buried in the cushions of a high-backed, old-fashioned arm-chair, apparently intent on the volume of Rochefoucault he was perusing. On the table before him, amid numerous manuscripts, and fanciful ink-fountains, and paper cases, was a collection which might furnish an index to the character of his studies, and the bent of his mind. Poets and philosophers, divines and scoffers, monarchists and republicans, appeared to have forgotten the warfare they have waged against each other since the foundation of the world. Massillon and Voltaire lay together as cozily as brethren; Bulwer and Schiller, Byron and Shelley, were carelessly thrown side by side with Montesquieu and Bentham, Junius and Jefferson.

"There is little consolation here!—it is bitter as the waters of Marah!"—he threw the book from him in disgust—"I would that I had seen Rosalie to-night—she says she is very ill! It may be a trick of her's to bring me to her—peradventure she is still anxious for an alliance with me—but I will not believe it!—she was ever true, and good, and pure!" He sat for a moment in deep thought, and then continued—"I have a strange presentiment of ill!—why is it? My nerves are firm—my pulse beats regularly—I feel no pain! It cannot be that now when I am nearly happy, when fortune smiles on me so kindly, and the path of honor and preferment lies open before me, the star of my destiny is to set for ever! Must mine be the fate of yon meteor, which illumined the deep azure of heaven for a moment, and then vanished in the darkness of midnight? Shall 'earth's fruits always turn to ashes in my mouth?' Now, when the prize for which I have so long panted is within my reach, shall I be compelled to resign it? Rosalie may yet be mine—I love her, why may I not one day be happy in that love? It is idle to doubt it—these thoughts are foolish—I will drive them from me," thus speaking, he rose and advanced to the beaufet at the side of the room, and after tossing off a copious libation from one of the curiously-wrought decanters which stood upon it, he slowly paced across the floor.

A light knock at the door interrupted his walk, and a servant, with a note in his hand, entered at his bidding. There was no mistaking the contents of that dark-edged paper—Clement Lee eagerly caught and opened it. Had an adder stung him he could not have started more wildly than when one word, one fatal word, met his eye—"*Rosalie!*—oh! my God—the fame for which I have so madly striven is at length won—but *all beside, is lost!* Is this—*death?*" The servant hastened forward as he was falling, and received him in his extended arms. The sufferer gave one deep groan —the blood gushed from his mouth and choked his utterance—he shuddered convulsively—his features relaxed—and he was—dead!

With all his faults and follies, his virtues and his crimes—for it cannot be less than crime, to wrong the high and holy love of woman—Clement Lee stood before his Maker!

AMBITION!—thou art a fearful master!

ANNETTE.

BY HARRIET BOWLES.

It was in the year 1806, on the road from Bretagne, that a post-chaise enveloped in a cloud of dust, was observed to make a sudden halt, and two gentlemen, in the garb of military officers, descended therefrom; one of them addressed a few words to the postillion who had accompanied them, in which he desired him to return to the town from whence he had started, as farther progress was impracticable to a carriage of this description, and the travellers proposed to accomplish the remainder of the journey on foot. They were proceeding to the Château de Kerlay, and the officer, previous to commencing the route, with which he was but little acquainted, made the necessary inquiries of their conductor.

"Yes, worthy Colonel," replied the man of the thong, in a tone of respectful familiarity, "I will proceed to enlighten thee on the subject, the task is easy—you see yonder village so thickly studded with white cottages; well, then, thou must proceed through it, my Colonel, then onward half a league in advance, and you will encounter a second village, and rising before thee will be seen the Château de Kerlay. If, by any chance," added this loquacious guide, "thou should'st mistake the way, forget not to inquire, and you will find the country people very glad to set thee right, for two grand gentlemen as you are."

"Ah! my friend," replied one of the travellers, "you are but a sample of your honest class, ever ready to give the fullest information for value received. Well, here my good fellow, here is a noble for thee—begone. The postillion tendered his *congé*, remounted his sorry horse, exclaiming familiarly,

"Good day, my princes!" and turning the heads of he animals homeward, the neighboring wood echoed with the crack! crack! of his whip, and the rattle of the wheels soon died away in the distance.

Neither of our travellers had the distinguished rank which their late guide, in his exalted idea of their nobility, was pleased to bestow; but one, the taller and handsomest one of the two, held the rank of Colonel, and it may be truly said the dignity sat well upon him, for his exterior was at once commanding and noble. This officer we shall name Ludovic, and his companion Dorlay, who was his junior. Both were charged with a commission of importance from the Emperor Napoleon.

"Perhaps you do not entirely comprehend," said Ludovic to the other, "my proper reason for dismissing the chaise so soon."

"Why," replied his companion, "for the very reason which you assigned, I suppose."

"No, no, my friend; he might have conducted us by another more circuitous route if I had pleased, but the fact is I have an uncontrollable desire to tramp on foot these places rendered so dear to my memory by associations of no ordinary kind."

"Associations," replied his friend, "connected, I suppose, with some of those ugly wounds which you received in the Vendean war."

"Yes, true; a war in which I lost my best friends, and two brothers, who would have been by this time an ornament to the service. I lost, too, my old father; veteran that he was—I think I see his grey locks straying in the wind, and his noble face lighted up with a smile of quenchless patriotism, on the fatal morning that made many a happy wife a widow ere night. And I, too—I should certainly have fallen a sacrifice to the insatiable thirst for blood displayed by our enemies; had it not been for the intercession of a beautiful young girl—an angel I might say—for, truly, never did I see so much virtue and heavenly intrepidity shown before for mortal man."

"A woman, eh! Now, my friend, am I wrapt body and soul in thy story; let's have it—by Jove! a woman—a charming young girl—an angel! proceed, my friend, proceed—all interest—all attention—oh, how I love to hear of female heroism!"

"Yes! but, unhappily, this lovely young creature was a native of La Vendée."

"What matters!—prejudice, man, prejudice—talk not of national distinctions when a lovely young woman is in the case. Under any government, in any country, a woman should be equally respected; but come, tell us how this angel saved thee—a republican soldier."

"Well, then, I'll tell thee. You are aware that it was a war of extermination, when both parties were prodigal of their courage and daring. No prisoners were made, no quarter given, it was a fight for death; and I, with some others, during a skirmish, was desperately wounded, and left to the mercy or disposition of our captors. Mercy they had none; I was faint, miserable, apparently dying, and the officer commanding the company into whose hands I had fallen, in a cool relentless tone, ordered me to make my preparations for death in five minutes, at the same time turning round to his soldiers, gave the word for a file of men to advance twelve paces, and to put as many shots as they were able into my head; which order the men proceeded to obey, with a *sang froid* equal to that of their commander. I had but one care at that moment on my mind, and that was to think of the effect my miserable death was likely to have on the already shattered nerves of an aged parent. I uttered the name of my mother; and offered up a short prayer to heaven for her support, under the severe trial she might be expected to undergo in the loss of an only son. God bless her! she is now in heaven, I trust! (here the soldier dashed a large tear from his eye which he found it impossible to suppress.)

Ah!—well, my friend, I was about to tell thee—just at this critical moment, when I beheld the dark muzzles of the guns slowly rising to the proper level, and in another moment a dozen shots would have whistled through my brain—to the surprise of myself and every one else, a young girl ran forward, and breaking through the ranks of the stern soldiery, grasped the officer convulsively round the waist, and besought him to spare my life; these were her words—'Brother! oh, my brother!—pardon him—oh, for mercy sake do not take his life—did you not hear him say, Mother!—yes, he has a mother—you too, have a mother. What would thy mother feel, if she were thus to lose thee? She would die; and would you kill his mother? Look!—see! he is bleeding—fainting; there, I see you relent, good brother!—dear brother! heaven has moved thy heart—go, he can no longer harm any of our people. Oh! how he bleeds!—mercy—mercy! Leave him—oh, leave him to die!'—*Mon* brave! excuse these tears, they are the first I have shed since that memorable morning. Well—you should have seen the dark looks of the soldiery—the grim smile—the knitted brows relax—the convulsive clutching at the muskets—aye! men who had never shed a tear, perhaps, before, shed them then—I shan't easily forget it, comrade; so, to cut short the story, the girl melted her brother's heart, which, being of iron, I'll leave you to guess was no easy task, and which feat nothing but a woman's tears could have accomplished. Oh! the efficacy of woman's tears. The soldiers were drawn off, and I was left, *not* to die—as advised by my fair preserver—but by her assistance I reached a cottage, where my wounds were dressed; *she* dressed them—ah! there was magic in her touch; beautiful creature! how she watched me for weeks with the tenderest care. Aye, and she even found out to love me, too—yes, man, she loved me; and do you think that I could look upon so much excellence with an indifferent eye, do you? or an indifferent heart?"

"I should think a man callous, indeed, under such circumstances," replied his companion.

"Callous!—a brute man; mine's not a brute nature, no—I loved her, then—aye, with my whole soul I loved her. You know what succeeded to the events of that campaign. My military duties called me away; I have been absent five years. In yonder village, then, I left all my hopes; I swore to love her—and I have kept my word, and of my heart its faith. On, then, comrade; let's to the goal of my hopes, if you value the happiness of a friend; I see you sympathize with me."

The two friends, after the lapse of half an hour, arrived at the entrance of the village. Ludovic pressed on with eager haste, literally dragging his companion after him, until they came to a certain spot indicated by our hero, where stood a cottage, beautifully situated in the midst of a clump of tall pines, whose dark tops cast down upon the simple dwelling beneath a rich vernal coloring, that gave to the scene an effect beautiful in the extreme. The two officers entered by a small wicker gate, and approached the entrance; the house presented a silent and somewhat melancholy aspect; there was the shaded porch vine-clad, lovely and luxuriant as ever, beneath which Ludovic had passed many hours of real happiness with young Annette. A venerable old man presented himself on their entrance; his grey locks gave him the appearance of a patriarch; his features were furrowed with the lines of age, and his figure stooped beneath the weight of years. He welcomed them, and bade the noble-looking strangers partake of his best cheer.

"There," said he, "I pray you, noble officers, to regale yourselves with our homely wine, and such substantial fare as my scanty larder will afford; for myself, you will excuse me when I tell you that my only child, a young woman of twenty, is pronounced to be in the last stage of a malady supposed incurable; the doctor of our village has just quitted her, and he says that she may not live till morning; therefore I——"

"Who not live till morning," interrupted Ludovic; "what Annette!—do you mean Annette?—tell me instantly—delay not an instant, St. Pierre! lead me to her." The young man was powerfully agitated; he seized the almost helpless old man by the arm, who gazed on him with looks of astonishment.

"Who are you, Sir, who are so familiar with our names? It cannot be!—no—not Ludovic, I'm sure! he was not so tall—not so sunburnt—true, he was handsome," continued the old man, "but not so handsome as yourself; besides, your dress and all bespeak you of high rank."

"Good father!—lead me to Annette, I say; come, talk of identity afterward. I tell you I've come to claim her; dying—nonsense—impossible! Why, man, I left her in the bloom of health."

"Well, my son, truly am I glad to see thee. Bless thy noble face! thou art altered, indeed! Aye, but I should know that scar;" here the officer pulled off the huge fur cap which had, until this moment, obscured the greater part of his visage. The action betrayed the remains of what had been a severe wound, apparently inflicted with a sabre, and which extended from the right temple downward to the depth of several inches. By this token the old man at once recognised the young soldier, who had been, by his daughter's interference, saved from inevitable death some years before. "Ah! my son," said he, after surveying him with an admiring gaze from head to foot, and giving a deep groan, "this is a sad return for thee. Why, we deemed you no more; and Annette, poor angel, has been pining away her existence for months past, under the impression that you had perished in the field. I fear thou hast arrived too late."

Here the young officer could restrain his impatience no longer, and casting aside his cloak and sword, and leaving the aged father to follow him as he best might, darted through an open door, and soon gained the sick chamber, where lay the tender object of his solicitude, seemingly insensible to any external approach. He drew near the bed—she slept; he leant over and imprinted one soft kiss on those lips, temptingly protruding; ruby-like they presented themselves to his enraptured eyes, and before he had time to follow up the warm impulses of his heart, she awoke. Her looks wandered to where he stood; she looked not long—a warm glow spread over her features—then quickly subsiding, her face grew pale—paler than before; she looked again; she regarded the young man steadfastly—a gleam of intensely affectionate recollection lit up her face for an instant; she raised her delicate white hand from the coverlid as if to clasp his; the young officer grasped it; he watched each change in her features as they varied alternately from rose to lily, with an earnestness that told how his soul was wrought up by the intensity of his emotions; he held her hand till at last he fancied it grew cold in his; she had closed her eyes; it would have been difficult at this moment to have told whose cheek was the paler of the two—that of her whose passive hand he held, or his own. He gazed on, while his heart scarcely owned a pulsation; mute—breathless—every faculty seemed suspended, each nerve paralysed; all was still—aye, still as the grave; her breast heaved not—no sigh escaped her—no visible sign of life. Her venerable parent had seated himself beside the couch in an old carved chair, his face buried in his hands; his grey locks straying wildly down to his knees, and uttering from time to time a half-suppressed sob, that broke upon the ears of those present with startling effect. There is that in an old man's grief that gives to the heart more pain, conveys to the mind a more acute sense of heart-rending misery than any thing I know of. At the foot of the bed stood Dorlay, for he, too, had thrust himself into the scene, twirling his moustache with great rapidity—fumbling at the hilt of his sword, which every now and then he half withdrew from the scabbard, then as suddenly thrust it back, and giving many other symptoms of violent agitation. At last Ludovic was observed to hang over the form of the apparently dying girl; he whispered in her ear, such a whisper none could ever forget—low—distinct—he caught his breath, every one heard it—"Annette!" She opened her eyes; the effect was as though some magic had mingled itself in that one strained convulsive effort. She gazed on him; the sudden effect produced by his unexpected appearance had been too much for her, but the torpor in which she had lain, and which had been mistaken for the sleep of death, gradually wore off, and, to the astonishment and nameless joy of all interested, Annette awoke to life!—to love! Where all was tears and sorrow, now all is smiles and happiness.

Colonel Ludovic and his friend got rid of the despatches with which they were entrusted, and having obeyed the commands of the Emperor, returned to the village. A few mornings after the circumstances just narrated, all the inhabitants were like people beside themselves, in their demonstration of the pleasure felt on the occasion of a bridal of so generally interesting a nature, that not a heart among them but could say their joy was his. That day had witnessed the consummation of a noble young soldier's fondest hopes.

THE ARTIST'S TRIUMPH.

It was about twilight, when, in the refectory of the Dominican convent at Milan, might have been seen a man, apparently in the meridian of his days, with a high forehead, regular features and calm dark eyes. He was seated before a large, unfinished picture, with his head leaning on his hand and gazing thoughtfully on the canvass. Suddenly he sighed, and then rising paced the apartment quickly.

"Yes," said he at length; "six months have passed since I commenced this picture. To-morrow the Duke comes; and the head of Judas is still unfinished. It *must* be completed," he resumed after a pause, "it must be finished to-night. If not I am ruined. My patron will dismiss me and then the triumph of my tormentor will be complete. How long and how painfully have I studied to give a proper expression to Judas and yet I have not succeeded."

He sat down and sketching the head again, sighed despairingly and then erased it. No sooner had he done this, than the door opened and a tall and athletic man entered the apartment. He was the Prior of the convent. A smile of triumph played on his features, as he walked up to the artist.

"Leonardo Da Vinci," said he, "my triumph is complete: your work will not be finished to-morrow, and you will be dismissed from the Duke's service, which will be your just reward," and he laughed loud and scornfully.

Leonardo fixed his dark eyes calmly upon the speaker and eyed him with an artist's vision. At length he replied,

"And who, but you who have every day interrupted me, has detained me?"

"Senor Da Vinci," said the prior ironically, "I congratulate you on the Duke's favor, when I have given an account of your punctuality."

"I can assure you I shall not lose it," replied Leonardo.

The prior laughed aloud and quitted the apartment.

"Yes," repeated he, "I shall not lose it." He took up his pencil and in a quarter of an hour, cried out in an ecstacy of joy, "I have it now! I have it!"

The hours flew by, and the picture was finished at day-break.

"Now," said Leonardo, as he lowered a curtain before his great work, "now for my triumph."

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"Well," said the Duke, walking up and giving Leonardo a friendly shake of the hand, "you have truly had a short time, but so small the more honor. But I forget, gentlemen," said he to the persons present, "allow me to introduce you to Senor Leonardo Da Vinci, of whose skill you all have heard. Da Vinci bowed. Then turning round, the Duke said "remove the curtain." Leonardo stood pale and immovable, and the prior, confident from the artist's manner that the work was unfinished, pulled aside the curtain, when the complete picture was exposed to view. A murmur of applause ran through the crowd, and all eyes were fixed on the prior and Judas.

"It is he! it is he!" they exclaimed; and to the monk's confusion, he beheld his own portrait on the shoulders of Judas. Leonardo was silent: his triumph was complete.

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THE BARON'S KNELL.

BY J. H. DANA.

In the old town of Rudenberg there stands a square, massive, stone tower, green with moss, and shattered by centuries. The superstructure, according to tradition, was the work of the EVIL ONE; and there is that in its gloomy old walls, the deep embrasures of the windows, and the scarred and blackened appearance of the building, which would seem to corroborate the legend. In this tower hangs a bell, of strange uncouth shape, but immoveably fixed in masonry, so that no living mortal has heard it toll. The tradition goes, that bell and tower had the same origin, in the bargain of some erring soul; but with whom the subtle enemy made the compact is not so certain. Some assert that it was an Eastern Magi, skilled in all the learning of the Chaldees. Others say that it was a fair-haired lady from beyond the seas, one whose queenly port and dazzling beauty seemed almost supernatural. And others again say that the old tower was the residence of a bearded warrior who had fought in the Holy Land, and who brought back with him a train of Saracen servants, dressed with barbarous magnificence, and speaking in an uncouth tongue. But all agree in one thing. The first possessor of the place attained unbounded opulence, but died miserably after every descendant in the direct line had perished by violence. And strangest of all, the wizard bell tolled at every death, as if rung by invisible hands. But from the day when the last of the race perished, no mortal ear has heard the knell.

It was from a student at Leyden that I first received the true version of the legend. We had been sitting over a stoup of wine all the evening, leisurely smoking our meerschaums, until at length we fell mutually into a reverie which lasted a full hour. The room where we sat was one of those large old rambling apartments found in antique buildings, with grotesquely carved cornices, and ample fire-places surrounded with dragon heads. The fire had been suffered to burn low, so that at length the chamber was left in comparative darkness. Now and then a falling brand would cause the flames to leap fitfully up, making strange shadows on the wall; while ever and anon the sullen gusts without rattled the old casements, and wailed mournfully around the house. Suddenly the bell of the cathedral began to toll, and as the measured sound came booming across the night, we started involuntarily.

"Have you ever been at Rudenberg?" said my companion.

"Yes!" I replied, "and from your words, you were thinking of the strange old tower, with its bell."

"I was," he answered, lowering his voice, "have you ever heard the legend?"

I told him the versions that had been given me, but he shook his head.

"They are none of them right. I believe one of my ancestors was present at the catastrophe, and so the true tradition has come down in our family. We rarely mention it, '*Gott gebe uns Gnade*;' but you are a foreigner, and I will waive our secrecy for once.

"The real builder of that tower," he continued, drawing his chair close to mine, and speaking in a low, but distinct tone, "was a needy Baron of the palatinate, who suddenly rose to great power and opulence. The superstructure was built by torch light, and with almost incredible rapidity. But the greatest mystery attended the hanging of this strange bell, for no mortal eye, it is said, witnessed the act. The bell was found one morning swinging high up in the old tower; but, for many a long year, no one heard its voice. When the bells of the churches chimed out at wedding and christening, it remained silent. Other bells might toll at funerals, but not so it. While every steeple and tower in the palatinate rang merrily at victory, the iron tongue of that unknown bell spoke not. Men came finally to look on it with strange awe. At length the townsfolk heard a wild toll at midnight, and their blood curdled at the sound, so unlike all others was its unearthly tone. There was that in the voice of the mysterious bell, as if the insensate metal struggled to reveal some untold horror. Men shuddered as they listened, mothers hugged their babes to their bosoms, and maidens rose from bed and knelt before the crucifix until the fearful tolling ceased. That night few slept in Rudenberg. When morning dawned, the citizens learnt that, at midnight, just when the bell began to toll, the beautiful young daughter of the Baron had died, it was feared, by poison, administered by some unknown hand. And the bell had tolled at her death, but by whom the knell was wrung, no man could tell.

"From that day, it was noticed, that a dark shade settled on the brow of the Baron. Meantime his possessions continued to increase, and while others lost, he gained. Whatever enterprize he undertook was sure to succeed. But child after child perished violently, and at every death that mysterious bell was tolled by unknown hands. These things induced strange suspicions among the townsfolk. They called to mind the poverty from which the Baron had sprung, they remembered the singular rapidity with which the tower had been built, and they thought upon that fearful night when the mysterious bell broke its long silence, and tolled at the death of his child. Whispers, at first scarcely breathed, but finally given utterance to even in the market-place, charged him with having entered into a bargain with the Evil One; and it was said that wealth and power was to be the portion of the Baron, but that one by one he was to lose his children as the forfeit, and that the

tolling of this unknown bell was to warn each victim that the hour had come. At length these rumors reached the ears of the Baron. He listened to them without any reply except a sneer, but those who saw that sneer shuddered when they spoke of it to their dying day.

"Years passed, and castle after castle was added to the domains of the Baron; but at every new acquisition another of his once fair family of children died. One was drowned; another was killed while hunting; a third perished by the hand of an assassin; and the fourth, and last, fell in a sudden fray; but though he died in a foreign country, and the news of his death did not reach the townsfolk for a week, they knew, by the tolling of the mysterious bell, that the last of the Baron's race was no more. The whispers of the citizens now became louder than ever. The Baron's wife had long since died, and it was said that his turn would arrive next. When they came to look back at the deaths of his progeny, they found that, by some strange coincidence, one of his children had perished on the same day, of the same month of each succeeding year; and it was predicted that, at the next anniversary, the Baron himself would die. But the stern old noble only scoffed at these whispers, and, as the day drew nigh, resolved to shew his scorn of the danger, by holding high festival in his castle. He caused, moreover, the bell, whose tolling had first produced these rumors, to be imbedded in solid masonry, as you see it now, so that no one could ring it. Then he made ready his feast.

"You must not suppose that every one shrunk, like the honest townsfolk, from the Baron's society. There were enough bold, bad men who laughed at what they called idle rumors, and were ever ready to pledge him in the wine cup, or follow him to the chase. Yet each of these men had some stigma attached to his name. One had plundered widows and orphans, a second had ravaged defenceless maidens, another was said to be a parricide, a fourth was suspected of sacrilege, a fifth had murdered his bride, and others had committed other acts, abhorred alike by God and man. On the countenance of each was written that at which holy eremites crossed themselves and prayed. And these men now gathered to the festival of their chief, mocking at the rumors that daily gained strength.

"The hall where the festival was held was a wide apartment, with walls so gloomy, and casements so deep, that the cheerful beams of the sun rarely found entrance within, or only played in sickly radiance on the damp, stone floor. But though such was the usual aspect of the room it was different now. Lights blazed in fifty places from the walls. A table, covered with the richest plate, stretched down the ample hall. Never indeed had the palatinate beheld such an array of wealth, magnificence and profusion. Here was a rarely carved goblet from Italy, and there a Venice glass of unrivalled beauty; golden urns and dishes glittered along the board; and the drinking cups of the guests flashed with jewels. Every viand that taste could suggest, or skill prepare, was arranged for the feast, while the richest and costliest wines blushed in golden ewers at hand. Servants, magnificently attired, moved noiselessly over the floor; incense rose up from tripods burning at intervals along the walls; and strains of music, from unseen performers, floated around, and dissolved the listeners into ecstacy. Well might the guests, thus surrounded by all that could delight the senses, scoff at the fears of the people, and deem themselves safe from harm. But ever and anon, as the wandering eye of a guest lit on the cold, damp wall, by some strange whim left bare of tapestry, he would shudder involuntarily, as if foreboding ill. These feelings, however, were rare, and did not interrupt the evening's hilarity. As the hours passed on, and the guests quaffed deeper of the glowing wine, their jests and songs and gaiety increased, until the hall rang with merriment. Many a wild deed was then related, at which good men would have turned pale, but which was hailed now with shouts; many a ribald song was sung, convulsing the listeners with unholy mirth. And thus hour after hour passed, while still the lights burned on the wall, the incense exhaled from the censers, and the music of the unseen performers filled the air. Midnight had come, when, with a scornful sneer, and then a gay mocking laugh, the Baron arose and spoke,

"'Fill high your goblets,' he said, 'fill to the brim,' and as he spoke he poured forth a bumper of the rich, red wine, while each guest followed his example. 'We will be merry to-night, brave sirs, in spite of the idle rumors of superstitious fools, and the lying prophecies of canting priests. Ho! midnight of the day, on which they said my race was to perish, has come, and yet here I stand, the last of that lineage, to mock at such fears. We will be merry to-night, gallants, and see whether the old bell can disturb our revellings. Better wine than this never crossed lip, nor ever did gayer company meet at festal board. Lo! give us a triumphal song, a gay and exulting strain. Now, fair guests, join hands, and drink, one and all, my toast, 'Confusion to the foul fiend.' Quaff—quaff."

"And they quaffed the wine, and, amid strains of triumphal music, with linked hands, they shouted back the toast. But ere the huzza ceased, the slow, measured tolling of a bell filled the apartment, and, as the revellers listened, their cheeks blanched, and their voices died in their throats, for well they knew that fearful sound. The music stopped in terror, and a dead silence reigned throughout the hall. Again and again the toll of that bell clanged awfully across the night, and the lights waved to and fro, as if flared by gusts of air. Each man drew closer to his neighbor, and all gazed in wild affright at their host. At the first toll of the bell, the exulting

sneer had passed from his lips, and he gazed fearfully around, as if hoping that his ears deceived him, yet dreading the contrary; but when that unearthly sound penetrated, a second time, into the hall, and he saw, by the faces of the guests, that they too heard the knell, his countenance became ghastly as that of a corpse, and he clung to the table to support his tottering knees. And as the iron voice rung out again across the night, he uttered an agonizing cry, gasped for breath, and sinking down utterly into his seat, with the wine cup still in his hand, fell over at the twelfth stroke, dead on the floor. At the same moment the wind eddied through the casements, and the censers expired. Then mortal fear seized on the guests, and springing from the board, and climbing and struggling over each other, they hurried wildly from that fatal festal hall. As they rushed into the air, the room burst into flames. But they dared not look behind. With wilder affright they fled, while, at every step, came, borne after them on the breeze, the tolling of that fearful bell. It palsied their hearts, it smote their knees with weakness, it almost took from them their breath. At every stroke of that knell some long forgotten crime rose up to their memories. They paused not until they clasped, in supplicating agony, the rails beneath the high altar of the Cathedral.

"All night that bell, rung by unknown hands, tolled on, curdling the blood of the listeners; and all night the shuddering guests prayed and knelt before the crucifix. When morning dawned, the bishop, preceded by the relics, and followed by his priests, entered the still smoking hall. They found the body of the Baron charred, blackened and mutilated; the face only was untouched by fire. But on that countenance rested an expression of fierce and utter agony, such as haunted the dreams of those who saw it to the grave. From that fearful night the Baron's bell has never been known to toll, nor could a thousand men move it in its bed of solid masonry."

THE BLIND BARONET.

BY H. SYMMES.

"My good Saunders," said Miss Sarah King, at the moment of mounting her carriage, "I recommend your master particularly to your care; and during my short absence, I confide him to your long-tried devotion and affection. I ask from you, for him, care that will be ever attentive, delicate, patient, enduring, full of thought —in short, the care as if of a woman. Always remember that Sir Richard Elrington is deprived of sight, and that our eyes ought to obey his thoughts, as his own eyes formerly did."

"My dear Sarah," said Sir Richard, pressing with affection the hands of his young lady, "Saunders will endeavor to imitate the example you have given him, and he will show himself, you may rest assured of it, the most attentive as well as faithful of guardians during your absence. Go, then, and go without inquietude."

"I must depart, Richard; but to part from you without inquietude, that is impossible, for you know not all that ——"

"I know," resumed Sir Richard, interrupting her, "that you are an angel of goodness and patience. I know that you are young, rich, and full of intellect, have come to bury yourself in a solitude; and that you have wished to pass the prime of your life in the society of a blind man, that his infirmity makes sullen and morose. All this I know perfectly well; but, then, I do not know how to pay the deep debt of gratitude that I owe you. Gratitude is but a cold feeling; and love it is impossible. Why do you disdain the love of a blind man?"

"Reflect on that which it is becoming in me to do," replied the lady. "Do you wish to force me to repeat to you the fact—that I am ugly."

"I cannot and will not believe it, my dear Sarah. I am certain that you slander yourself. It is the feelings of the heart that cast a light upon the countenance, and therefore you must be most beautiful."

"And you are blind who say this, dear Richard. Ah! if it were possible, that in your single glance you could embrace the entire universe, and that I alone, like an invisible fairy, might love you; but a truce to this, it grows late, and I must be on my journey. Adieu! then, I shall be back in less than eight days. Meanwhile, give me the benefit of your infirmity, and do not see me in your imagination as being too ugly. Again, and again, adieu! Saunders, as to you, do not forget."

The horses started off at a gallop, and when the rolling of the wheels was no longer heard, Sir Richard grasped the arm of Saunders with a vivacity and emotion that made the old servant tremble.

"Run, Saunders," said he, "run for the Doctor. He is prepared, and only waits to be sent for."

Saunders quitted the house in haste, and in a quarter of an hour he returned with the Doctor.

"I am ready to undergo the operation of which you have already spoken to me, sir," said the patient, "and you will therefore be so good as to begin it at once."

"There may," answered the Doctor, "be two means adopted for the purpose of restoring you to your sight. The first consists in an operation that is very simple, and of the success of which, I entertain the strongest confidence. In the event that my expectation should be foiled, then there is another mode of treatment to be adopted: it is more tedious, more difficult, more dangerous, perhaps, but the ultimate cure, in such cases as yours, is beyond a doubt."

"Try, then, your first method, Doctor, and all I hope is, that it may be as successful as you wish it."

The Doctor took his instruments, and at the end of ten minutes the operation was over. The Doctor said that he had the best hopes, and that he should return at the end of three days, to remove the dressing. In grasping his hand, the baronet placed in it a hundred pound note, and then sat himself down to pass over these three days of expectation as patiently as he possibly could. But when the moment arrived at which his fate was to be decided, his anxiety increased to such a degree, as to be no longer endurable. At one moment the patient fancied he could see the pale reflection of a ray of light, that was obscured by the superincumbent bandages; and at another that there was only before his eyes those mote-filled glares that are the incessant illusions of a gaze that is lost in profound obscurity. In vain he sought, he struggled to be calm. His hand agitated by a convulsive movement, applied itself to the dressing. Soon reason was overcome —the knot was untied—the bandages fell to the earth. Alas! profound night covered with its dark and dismal veil the sight of the blind man!

He leant his head upon his breast. He closed his eye-lids, a useless protection given by Nature to such as he, and then the tears coursed each other continuously, but slowly down his cheeks. But soon he felt ashamed of his womanly weakness. He slowly raised his head and the lids opened, when oh! inexpressible happiness! —an ardent, strongly-colored ray of light, penetrated even to his very brain. It was a ray of the blessed light from a glorious sun of June, that had crept through the crevices of the double blinds, that reached his sight. He stood up greatly agitated; and in the dim obscurity of the apartment he was able to recognise many objects well-known to his touch. At first he saw them but confusedly; and afterward in a more distinct manner.

At the same instant the noise of a carriage told him of the approach of his preserver. He rushed forward to meet him, and exclaimed with enthusiastic joy, "I see, Doctor, I see!"

The folding doors were quickly opened; it was Sarah

who had returned. She was—truth must be told—ugly. Her features, that had formerly been beautiful, were disfigured by a frightful scar, which appeared to divide the forehead, and extended all along one of her cheeks. And yet there was, in the softness of the melancholy that characterised her features, a touching grace. In her look there was benevolence and mind, combined with great talent. In the eyes of Sir Richard Elrington she was truly beautiful, for if he had recovered his sight—his love had still continued blind as ever. Dazzled by the stream of light that inundated the apartment, he remained without movement and without voice. On the other hand Sarah, with the true instinct of love, comprehended at a glance all that had passed in her absence.

"You see, Richard," she cried, "you see, I am certain of it, and all my happiness is destroyed."

"Why, dearest Sarah, should your happiness be destroyed?"

"Because I now must no longer be the object of your love—because I am now about to separate from you for ever."

"Separate! You and I to separate! You to separate from me—you! and wherefore?"

"I have long since told you, Richard, that the day on which you should recover your sight must be also that of our separation. I love you, and you are perfectly conscious of it—for I have never attempted to conceal the weakness of my heart. I know, too, yours. It is ardent—it is generous; and from generosity,—from a feeling of duty, perhaps, you would insist on marrying me; and if I should accede to the proposal, acting under the influence of a sentiment that I do not pretend to disguise, I must do that which I know would cause the misery of my life. I wish not at all to afflict you by calling to mind the remembrance of your first wife. Death has separated you from her; but remember that Arabella was a most beautiful creature—that she doted on you, but still your affections were not always hers. How, then, could I, with this countenance, expect to find you more constant to me? I shall not attempt that which I know to be impossible; but in the retreat in which I am now about to bury myself for life, I will carry with me the sweet memory of the happiest epoch of my life. Farewell, my dearest Richard. I bless Heaven that it has afflicted me, in accomplishing your dearest wishes. When I shall be no longer near you, preserve in your memory the remembrance of my devotion, and forget, if you can, the miserable image that my features must present to you."

"Since it must be thus," replied Sir Richard, "I shall not detain you but—until I have recovered my sight. In the meanwhile you may remain; for I am still blind. I now see no more."

"Do not hope to deceive me, for you cannot do so," she answered with a bitter smile.

Sir Richard had not time to answer her, for the Doctor, running up to him, exclaimed—

"Madman! why did you remove the dressing. Is it that you wish to make your blindness incurable; but, no, no," said he, examining Sir Richard's eyes, "no—Heaven be praised, your eyes are quite healthy, your look is steady—you *do* see; the cure is complete. Quick, quick, let us put on the bandage again."

"Wait one moment, Doctor," observed Sir Richard. "What will you say when I tell you, that I am now just as blind, as I was before."

"I would then say, that my own studies, my own eyes, and all my past experience, had gone for nothing—but it cannot, I say, it cannot be."

"Very well, then, Doctor, I say to you, that your studies, your eyes, and your experience have misled you; I do not see at all."

"Can it be true?" said the Doctor, in amazement, while Sarah smiled incredulously.

"Perfectly true," answered Sir Richard, quite calmly.

"I have seen but two instances of this in all my life, for they are exceedingly rare," remarked the Doctor, in a perfect consternation. "Then me must try another mode of treatment. Are you disposed to undergo a new operation?"

"Exceedingly well disposed, and quite ready for it," answered the patient.

The Doctor took out his instruments, and asked for linen, that he might make ready a bandage.

"Stop!" exclaimed the lady, "stop, I say; Sir Richard sees perfectly well, although he does not like to admit it."

"This is no child's play," observed the Doctor very gravely. "I must tell you, that the mode of treatment which I am now about to employ, is one that may restore sight to one actually blind, but that would inevitably render blind one who has his sight."

"Go on, Doctor, go on," was the observation of the gentleman, "for I unfortunately have nothing to risk in that way."

The bandage was prepared, and already there was flashing in the hand of the Doctor the shining blade of a bistouri; when Sarah, who, up to that moment, had been in a species of stupor, recovered from it, to throw herself in the arms of her lover.

"My beloved Richard," she said, "my senses do not deceive me; you see, and I am perfectly sure of the fact. Look, Doctor, how clear and serene are his eyes. They have none of that fixity which is to be noticed in the eyes of the blind. Richard, your glances now rest upon me; there are in them the tokens of the deepest affection. Oh, say, then, that you see us. I entreat—I supplicate you to do so. Say it, and I will remain—I will never quit you; but let there be no new operation—let these hateful instruments be removed. But do not—oh! do

not punish me so cruelly, for having preferred your peace of mind to your wishes. Doctor, do not attempt to approach him. I do not wish it—do not believe him."

The violence of the emotions that agitated her did not permit her to proceed further; for she fainted at the very instant that she saw the Doctor about to bring the instrument close to the eyes of Sir Richard.

Poor, heart-broken Sarah was carried out of the room in a state of insensibility, and the Doctor who, by a wink from his patient, found he had been tricked, put back his instruments, threw away the bandages he had prepared, and took up his hat.

"My good friend," said Sir Richard, "you have, without intending it, done me very considerable service, and, forwarded my schemes completely. You will, I am sure, pardon me my ruse when you know the motive for it. Miss Sarah King wished to part from me. She has a very exaggerated idea of her own ugliness. She believes she cannot be seen without being disliked; and it was therefore necessary that I should not see her. I candidly own to you that I should have regretted my cure if I were to purchase it with the loss of Sarah. Her love is more necessary to my existence than my sight."

As he uttered these words, he extended his hand to the Doctor; but the latter, taking up a bandage, made a sign for him to seat himself.

"Is peace made between us?" was the question of the patient to the physician.

"I have never been in love," drily answered the Doctor; "but then I have, in my time, met with a great many fools."

For eight days he was in constant attendance on Sir Richard, and on the ninth he entered the apartment at an early hour.

"Now," said he, "that you are in a state of health, that you cannot destroy it by imprudence, I leave you. You may say, if you please, that you are blind; but I shall have nothing to do with it, when the fact is that you see a great deal better than I can."

"Farewell, then, Doctor, I hope you have no bad feeling toward me."

"There is one thing, Sir Richard, that I can never pardon you, and that is your having deceived for one moment, an experience that, up to your time, I believed to be infallible."

"The great man falls seven times a day, Doctor."

"Yes, but if I had persisted in my error—if I had operated upon you?"

"What then? when I have already said that I had much rather lose my sight than be deprived of the society of Sarah."

"But my reputation, Sir Richard."

"Ay, but my love, Doctor."

"The deuce take all love!" exclaimed the Doctor, really vexed; "for that I find is with you a malady that is really incurable."

The worthy Baronet was still laughing at this saying of the Doctor, when Sarah, greatly agitated, ran into the room.

"The Doctor," she remarked, "has gone away in a furious passion. What can have happened between you?"

"He says he will have nothing more to do with my case."

"Ah! then he abandons you, and gives up all hope of restoring you to your sight."

"He says he will have nothing more to do with my eyes."

"Then you are to remain blind."

"Yes, for ever blind to your defects."

"Oh! then Richard, I must see for both."

A month after this conversation, Miss Sarah King guided within the walls of the church Sir Richard Elrington, who permitted himself to be led there with all the care and caution that is generally taken of a blind man. Every one was astonished, as they looked at his large, bright blue eyes, so clear in appearance, and so intelligent, that they should be deprived of sight. This, however, must be remarked, that the constant love that Sir Richard showed for his wife for two years after their marriage, prevented her from suspecting the truth.

It was about the termination of the second year of their marriage that they were taking a walk in some fields adjoining the splendid demesne of Sir Richard, that he had never quitted from the time of his being united to the object of his love, when they found that they had incautiously placed themselves near to a furious bull. The wicked animal, attracted by the scarlet scarf of the lady, began to bellow, and tear up the earth with his horns. The danger was imminent, and retreat impossible. Already was the bull making a dash at the lady, when her husband tearing from her her scarf, attracted the animal by waving it toward himself. The bull made a furious and desperate rush upon him, but he adroitly bounded on one side, and having luckily a sharp gardening knife in his pocket, he unclasped it while the bull was coming on, and with the skill of a Spanish *toreador*, he struck the animal in the spine, and stretched it dead at his feet.

The wife of the Baronet, Lady Elrington, regarded the struggle made by her husband with equal fear and astonishment. In an instant all the secret of the past was revealed to her, and she flung herself into his arms, exclaiming—

"Oh! Richard, Richard, you have deceived me."

"No, my dearest, I have not deceived you," was his answer; "for I said I would love you—I do love you, and will for ever love you."

THE BRIDESMAID.

It was a sunny and cheerful May morning, and the season was as bright and as beautiful as the hearts and hopes of the young and lovely sisters, who, blushing in their bridal attire, were reclining on a rosewood ottoman in the drawing-room of a spacious colonnaded mansion that ornaments one of the most elegant of our metropolitan squares; and yet there was a spark of sadness that chilled and clouded the spirits of both: the severing of the intimacy, the companionship of years, for the first time, probably never again to be relinked—the unknown cares to be endured—drew tears from their eyes, as in silence they clasped each other's hands in a fond and mutual strain.

"Come, Louisa, you must not droop so; remember you are my bridesmaid. If you, my supporter, my confidante, fail and forsake me, who will cheer up my courage, and hand a white handkerchief to the Tragedy Queen?"

"You still will banter, Charlotte. Well, I am glad you can. We will not think—at least, not talk—of parting yet. Here stops a carriage, but not *his—yours*, I should say."

"Well, my Louisa, when the Exile from the East returns—the sallow reckoner of rupees and mohirs, then it will be my turn, and, believe me, I shall not spare you."

"Ah, Charlotte! a long voyage, the ocean and its storms, and hope deferred, make the heart, very, very sick."

"You will be happy soon, my sister, and all your fretting will be no longer remembered."

Poor Louisa looked at her sister, her dress, her new ornaments, the ring, and deeply and hopelessly sighed.

The room soon filled with the invited guests; and favors, gloves, and ribbons, flew and fluttered through the long and splendid line of equipages. A quarter of an hour might have passed away, and every carriage but one had received its freight of fashion, when a thundering and unceremonious peal on the hall door's brazen electric shock of nervous curiosity and alarm. A do-rapper, startled the veiled bride and her sister with an mestic hurried up the stairs, and met them on the landing-place.

"A foreign letter, Ma'am."

"Give it me quick!"

"No, Louisa, my love, oblige me, I will first open it and read."

"My God, that black seal! I knew, I knew it would be so all along. I dreaded it. I'll go to him then; *that* no fate or power can prevent now. Read it to me, Charlotte; though, my heart, presaged it, already knows the contents. Poor, poor Edmund."

The characters of woe, which her trembling sister articulated falteringly, supplied painful proof to her strange, and, alas! too true forebodings. Her betrothed had been some months dead in India; and his friend, who wrote the mournful communication, mentioned, that on the day that he last wrote to Louisa, scarcely an hour after he had impressed his seal upon the writing that gave delusive hopes, which bloomed only to be blasted, Death sealed his destiny with his most rigid imprint, and the sunset shone upon another grave of a new victim to the Asiatic pestilence.

The bridesmaid heard the letter read through and finished without a word, groan, or sob. Like a warrior, who, for an instant after the lance has transfixed him, stands sternly and proud, and falls not, she bore up one moment, and then sank back and fainted.

Oh! human happiness, how baseless, how tottering is thy structure. The nuptials were postponed—the feast left untasted; and when the doctor arrived at the house, where "all things were turned to their contraries," he saw the lovely form of the pale and breathless girl supine upon the couch, and her sister, whom horror had rendered scarcely more life-like, bending over her, still holding in her hand the warrant of her fate. The most violent stimulants, the strongest and most powerful restoratives, were for a time applied ineffectually; but at last succeeded in bringing back consciousness, when she turned to her sister, raised the letter, and, pressing it to her temples, dropped one tear, large and agonizing, as if her brain had been scathed into weeping.

It would be a sad and painful task to endeavor to describe the rapidity with which this young and lovely creature sunk into decay. The blow was unerring, and she never rallied even for a moment. The last words which she addressed to her sister were, "We must part, my beloved Charlotte! I sink to rest—rest, quiet and untroubled, where mournful tidings, and letters that bear news of death, will never again break my heart! Raise me, sister, till I listen; angels speak so low. I am sure I shall know him—his spirit's robe cannot disguise him from me—so dazzling they shine, they pain my eyes; but I shall soon, soon close them for ever. Do not weep, my sister. Now, good bye! We have loved each other to the last!" and that night the gentle and beauteous bridesmaid closed her eyes for ever.

A Fine Thought.—Could we open the secret history of those who have risen to eminence; could we survey their lofty purposes, their well-digested plans, the skill and energy which they employed; could we behold the obstacles they surmounted, we might better understand the true import of that appropriate adage, "Every man, in the hand of Providence, is the architect of his own fortune."

THE BRIDAL EVE.

BY HARRIET BOWLES.

CHAPTER I.

"What a magnificent nuptial present!" exclaimed Mrs. Benton to her daughter, as, on entering the chamber of the latter, at Saratoga, they discovered a costly diamond necklace, with a perfumed note accompanying it, "Mr. Wallingford is indeed all that is generous and noble!"

The daughter's cheek became tinged with crimson, though a smile rose to her lip as she contemplated her lover's costly gift. At that moment her heart was torn by contending emotions; but alas! she knew that she could find no sympathy in her distress from her parent.

Mrs. Benton was a widow, with no child but her beautiful daughter. Aspiring, vain, and mercenary, she resolved that Isabel should make a brilliant match, and for this purpose the mother had brought her daughter to the springs, where her loveliness soon rendered Miss Benton the belle of the season. Her charms had conquered among others the *millionaire* of the year, a middle aged retired merchant; and, in obedience to her mother's explicit commands, was, on the ensuing day, to become the bride of Mr. Wallingford.

But Isabel, though feeling it to be her duty to obey her parent, could not submit to this doom without many and painful struggles. A year before she had met and loved a young painter, when on a visit to a friend in the country; and though they had not met for many months, his memory was still fresh in her heart, and she felt that though she might wed the wealthy Mr. Wallingford, she could never give him the affection she had already bestowed on the poor artist. As the day appointed for her union approached, her feelings became more and more acute, until now she could have flung herself at her mother's feet and begged to be released from her engagement, only that she knew her parent would prove inexorable.

"Alas!" thought Isabel, as her mother left the apartment, "there is no escape for me from this hateful alliance. And yet Mr. Wallingford is all that is noble and generous—yet—yet I cannot love him. Oh! Henry," she exclaimed, apostrophizing her absent lover, "would that you were here. But what do I say? For months he has not written to me, and alas! I cannot conceal from myself that I am forgotten. No, it is sinful in me thus to think of one who has deserted me. Oh! that ever he could forget those dear, dear moments when we walked together under the old avenue, while the moon simmered down through the leaves, and our hearts beat in unison with the music of all nature around us. Oh! Henry, dear Henry," and she clasped her hands, "that ever you should forget those hours."

"Nor have I forgotten them, dear Isabel!" exclaimed a voice beside her, that thrilled every nerve with ecstacy, and looking around she perceived her lover, who had entered the little parlor unperceived.

We will not describe the thousand things that were said at this meeting. Suffice it to say, they were like all lovers' protestations. But the explanation of Henry must be laid before our readers, though a in more succinct, and less broken manner, than he gave it. His tale, however, even as told by himself, was short. He had written, according to promise, to Isabel, but received no answer. Again and again he had written, but always with the like success, until at length his pride forbade him to write again. But his love had survived notwithstanding the apparent coldness of Isabel, and having incidentally heard that she was at the Springs, he had resolved to see her, and learn the worst.

"Then it was your mother that intercepted your letters," said Henry, when Isabel had, in turn, narrated her story—"and this marriage—oh! Isabel, dear Isabel, can you sacrifice yourself?"

What need to tell the result. Love ever triumphs, and it was arranged that, that night, Isabel should elope with her lover.

CHAPTER II.

It was between the hours of two and three o'clock on the same night, that Isabel, who could not think of sleeping, stole into the little private parlor, that was adjoining to the chamber of her mother, and not far from the apartment occupied by Mr. Wallingford. The position of this parlor rendered it one from which a nocturnal flight was not only possible, but easy, for in this parlor there was a window out of which you could with ease step into the garden, and at the end of that garden was one of the leading streets of the town.

Isabel was seated at a table on which there was a small lamp and a tiny watch. The hands of that tiny watch seemed to her to be almost fixed, or to move as if nothing could induce them to go on to the hour of appointment. At first Isabel awaited the hour of rendezvous without hesitation, and without trembling; but when it was approaching to the hour for the given signal with her lover, her duty to her parent recurred to her, and she hesitated. Affection for her mother—for Mrs. Benton was still her mother—struggled long with her promise to her lover. At length she said,

"No, I cannot fly. My mother! harsh though you may be, I cannot cost you a tear. I will write a note for Henry, telling him I cannot keep my promise with him, and to-morrow I will throw myself at my mother's feet and confess all. She will, she *must* relent."

Accordingly she took up a pen, and hastily wrote a few lines to her lover, at every word blotting the paper with her tears. At length exhausted by her emotions

she leant back on the sofa to indulge in a fit of weeping. Long she wept, but finally nature attained the mastery, and like a child, worn out by grief, she sank insensibly to sleep.

The dawn was just beginning to break when Mr. Wallingford, who chanced to be an early riser, passing down the corridor, perceived the door of Mrs. Benton's parlor ajar, with Isabel apparently unconscious on the sofa. Alarmed at the sight, he entered; but finding that Miss Benton was only asleep, he would have withdrawn, when his eye was attracted by his own name in the unfinished note on the table, and led by an ungovernable curiosity he read as follows:—

"It is the will of my unhappy destiny, combined with the desire of my mother. I must never see you again—never more listen to you; never—but why utter the word? To-morrow I become the wife of Mr. Wallingford; fly, then, from my sight—it is a sacrifice that I appeal to your honor to make——"

"Who can this gentleman be? Who is this mysterious lover of whom I have never heard? Alas! I fondly dreamed, Isabel, that you loved *me*, but I see now that I have been deceived and that your mother is, perhaps, forcing you into a union you ab——"

His words were cut short by a footfall. It was Henry leaping into the window, and Wallingford looked around. The rivals gazed at each other an instant, nor will we attempt to describe their feelings when they found that they were father and son. Their exclamations of astonishment awoke Isabel, who fainted, while, at the same instant, her mother appeared on the scene. The insensible girl was borne from the room, and then the young man, flinging himself at his father's feet, exclaimed,

"My father—my father! I am innocent, pardon me."

"Rise, Sir," said Mr. Wallingford, "I am no longer your father. I am your accuser, and your judge. Why have you come to Saratoga?"

"It was absolutely necessary for me to do so. Honor compelled me to come and see one who—is very dear to me."

"Very well; but then you choose to pay your visits to this very dear person at moments that are very equivocal—at three o'clock in the morning, for instance."

"Father, since you know all, why do you thus question me? Why thus interrogate me?"

"Because it is my desire to know the most minute details of your love for Miss Isabel Benton."

"And wherefore?"

"Because she ought to be my wife, and not yours."

"Then, Sir, you must know, that it is about six months ago, in a stroll through the Susquehanna county, whither I went as an artist, and under an assumed name, I met this young lady. Why tell the result? We loved. I did not reveal my real name, for I wished to be loved for myself, and not as the son of the rich Mr. Wallingford. She promised to be mine ere parting; and we were to write to each other. But our letters were intercepted, and deeming she had proved false to me, I resolved to forget her, until last week, when hearing incidentally from a friend here, that she was to be married—though he did not say to whom—my agony drove me hither, to see Isabel, reproach her for her perfidy, and bid her an eternal farewell. Oh! my father had I known all, I would have suffered any thing, rather than have come hither."

"Henry!" said the father, wiping away a tear, "you have conquered. The love of one like me cannot be such as that a young man feels. The sacrifice will be less to me than to you. Take her, and God bless you."

The son fell on his father's shoulder and weeping, would have refused the boon, but Mr. Wallingford was inexorable, nor would he suffer the ceremony to be delayed more than a day—the ample settlement he made on his son fully reconciling Mrs. Benton to the match.

THE CAPUCHIN.

FROM THE FRENCH.

An evening at Palermo is a most lovely thing, when, sitting by the sea shore, listening to the murmuring waves, under the rays of a summer sun, surrounded by a population so lively, so interesting—a thousand times more original and less known than the classic race of the Neapolitan Lazzaroni. Thanks to novels and pictures, Naples is old to me; it is spoilt, it is worn out by delusion. Sicily is unknown and new: it bears a double reflection both from Arabia and Spain.

Oh, ye! who boast the talents of the artist, copy for me the tumult of the Marina; reproduce the hum of an industrious people, who enjoy even the feeling of existence—the salutations borne on the air from all parts—"*Bon jour! Bon soir!*" repeated from carriage to carriage, with more poetical rapture than *bon ton*.

I admired the scene, and, in order to enjoy it more, I leaned against a low wall ornamented by small pilasters of Saracen architecture, which follows the course of the river, and presents to the tired promenaders, a long and commodious seat of marble, defaced and worn out by ages. I seated myself here. The sea-breeze moistened my brow; before me lay the animated scene. A Capuchin monk, with a long beard, placed himself by my side; he wore an appearance of suffering; his deportment was rather silent and simple than devout and humble; he looked about fifty years of age, and had the air of a military man. His countenance was not Sicilian; instead of being in almost convulsive motion, he was cold, stern, yet resigned. I wished to enter into conversation with him, and asked him the hour. He looked at me fixedly, perceiving, doubtlessly, that I was a stranger in Palermo, and replied in English, "It is eight o'clock." He rose and left me.

I recognized the Capuchin's pronunciation as quite national, plainly British. I could not be deceived; yet how came this Englishman at Palermo? A man of his nation in Sicily, and in the habit of a Capuchin! There must be some mystery, and I was determined to unravel it. The next day I returned to the same place, in the hope of finding him there again. For some days I followed the same plan, and by degrees his forbidding manner softened. I then spoke to him in English, and that won his heart. He saw that I desired his friendship, and he willingly gave it to me. He seemed a man of strong sense, and possessed great practical knowledge both of men and things. A fortnight after our first interview he related the story of his life; the voice of the monk was firm, and his eye was dry, but it was very visible how much his serenity cost him; a deep melancholy clouded his countenance, he was filled with mournful thoughts, and for some moments was silent; at length, his head resting on his hand, he spoke as follows:—

"I was born in Hertfordshire. When our army returned from Alexandria, the transport in which I was, with several other officers, was found not seaworthy, and we put into port at Messina. Worn out by innumerable privations, tired of Eastern life and of our vessel, we descended to the Lazaretto. You know what that Lazaretto is; a badly paved court, with a burying-ground in the centre. There you are, surrounded by human beings, but without any communication with the land, or any recreation save in the hope of soon quitting it.

"At length our quarantine came to an end. You are, without doubt, acquainted with the arrangement of the theatres at Messina; seats are distributed about, and each person places himself as chance directs, so that three or four rows may separate you from your own party. This was the case with me the evening that we were set at liberty. Between the acts, several Sicilians, seated next me, rose, and some English officers, accompanied by a young man in the costume of the town, took their places. They talked very loud, and I learnt that one of the party had arrived that evening by the packet, and that his name was Sir Ormond Mandeville. He was a man about the middle size, his eyes blue and penetrating; his look steady though not insolent—a real Englishman of the modern school. That sect was new then, and I examined him attentively and listened to him with curiosity.

"His cravat was so exceeding tight, his cheeks of such a beautiful saffron color, and his affectation of contemptuous austerity, contrasted so ridiculously with the foppishness of his conversation, that I forgot the play in looking at and listening to him.

"'A great many things have happened to me, my dear fellow,' said he to one of his comrades, 'since our mad pranks at Eton. You will tell me how many cities you have visited, and in how many battles you have fought; that's all very heroic and very fine. I shall tell you in return, how many horses I have killed out hunting; and as to the forsaken husbands who have wished me ruined, the list is almost too long by heaven! but I shall give you no respite. What brings me to Messina to-day, and obliges me to come to this play, is the *éclat* of my last affair of that sort. It concerns a married woman, pretty and intriguing, and whose raciness might serve as a model to all that France or Spain possesses. Delicacy, you know, prevents my naming her. All was conducted very prudently; but notwithstanding our ingenuity we were betrayed. A woman who keeps an inn on the road to Bath, to whom I had once deigned a little attention, discovered our anti-matrimonial plot, and threatened me with making it known. That would have been most dangerous

every way; the lady has relations who never jest, and our courts make us pay dear for our unfortunate love affairs. I bought the silence of our hostess; and here I am at Messina, where I mean to pass some time far from her whose reputation will be protected by my absence.' This conversation made little impression on me at the moment. I only remarked two things—the cool, frivolous corruption of the young dandy, and the depravity of his accomplices. On my return to my lodgings, a packet of letters and newspapers were lying on the table; I recognized the handwriting of my wife, and hastened to break open her letter. No one could be attached by tenderer ties to a lover, a sister or a wife than those which united me to Mary. Her letter was truly the effusion of a pure and devoted heart. Ever since our marriage she had never caused me a moment's pain. She belonged to one of the most illustrious families in the peerage, and had been brought up in strict retirement in one of the wildest counties in England, and added to elegance and aristocratic dignity, the rare magic of touching ingenuousness. She mentioned a journey to Bath, and her sudden return to London caused by the ill health of her mother. In these lines, filled with feeling, I traced the breathing of her angelic soul, and felt myself most blessed in having such a wife, when, laying my hand on the newspapers, a strange thought came across me. The word Bath so often repeated by the dandy, was found also in my wife's letter; the coincidence filled me with terror. It was not a doubt, it was not a suspicion; it seemed to wake a vague, mournful, yet distant certainty. I was in an agony. Between her virtue and my confidence a demon seemed to rise to eclipse the brilliancy of my happiness, and to plunge me into the deepest misery. I rose and paced the chamber, and not till near morning did the bitterness of my reflections abate. At length I felt more calm, and took up the journals which I had till then neglected. After having carelessly scanned the political and literary intelligence, the following extraordinary paragraph met my eyes, and I read it with an anxiety which amounted to pain:—

"'It is reported that filial piety inspires the young and beautiful Lady O——, who has suddenly quitted the pleasures of Bath to follow her suffering parent. *On dit*, that the reputation of the daughter is as broken as the health of the mother.'

"The paper fell from my hands; my name is Osprey. Had twenty balls torn my breast at once, I should not have suffered more. In the fluctuation of my mind I knew not on what to fix; the more I thought the more my anxiety increased; my brain was on fire. I threw myself on the bed—at one moment my wife appeared to me as my first love, at the next an odious monster. The word Bath echoed in my ears a funeral knell. At eleven o'clock I went out, and almost mechanically directed my steps to a Benedictine convent, where a man resided with whom I had become acquainted since my stay at Messina. He was called Father Anselmo. He was a powerful-minded man, and fully gave the lie to the vulgar opinion, which peoples convents only with an idle, ignorant, and useless race. I had much confidence in him; I thought he esteemed me, and I revealed to him the cause of my agitation; I did not conceal the slightest incident of my life. He listened attentively; then taking my hand, he said only 'Follow me.' He seemed more serious than ordinary. We entered the church—it was empty. Father Anselmo conducted me up the nave and stopped before the altar. 'My son,' said he, 'though our belief differs in forms, kneel here. I am a priest and an old man; you shall receive my counsels as from a pastor and a friend; you shall bend your knee, not to me, but to that God, who, though he afflicts, will comfort us; we will pray together.' I was most unhappy, I did as he told me; and after a short time spent in devotion, he continued his conversation. 'Your grief has a foundation; set out for England, write to your wife without seeming to suspect her; then go to Bath where this woman lives whose silence has been bought; offer her a better price, and she will reveal all. When you are convinced of the truth, you will then have only to act upon the knowledge, either to leave the guilty one to her own remorse, or to restore the faithful wife to your confidence."

"Anselmo was an oracle to me. Without delay I put his advice in execution, and in two days embarked for England. Immediately, on arriving at Falmouth, I set out for Bath; it was there that the traces of crime were to be found, and there alone hope could await me. I stood before the hotel which Sir Ormonde had described. I entered; my whole body shook with fear. A woman about thirty and rather pretty, presented herself to me as the mistress of the house. Tea was brought at my request, and under pretext of having been from England for some time, and wishing to hear a little news of the country, I told the waiter to ask his mistress to take tea with me.

"My purpose was about to be answered, I was going to converse with her who knew the fatal secret. She came into my room, but my conversation was so incoherent that she was astonished. I was so occupied by the only subject that had power to interest me, that my words were obscure and confused. I saw she looked at me with unfeigned surprise.

"'I beg your pardon, Madam,' said I, at length, 'but you perceive my disquietude, I have cause for the deepest grief, for I have the most dreadful suspicions to clear up. I am jealous of a woman I adore, and the anxiety I feel shows itself in my conversation.' I saw that her woman's heart was interested in my sorrow, and that

her curiosity was excited. 'Alas!' I continued, 'this place increases my emotion.' As I spoke I examined the woman's features, which as I proceeded became more and more troubled. 'I am not sufficiently acquainted with the town of Bath to obtain exact information on the subject which agitates me so cruelly. I know only that the man to whom it is said I owe my dishonor is Sir Ormonde Mandeville. I was serving abroad; my wife and her mother came to pass some time at Bath. Sir Ormonde visited them at an inn in Bath or its environs; the younger lady, on pretence of indisposition, had a separate room. In the middle of the night the hostess, hearing a noise, entered her apartment; Sir Ormonde Mandeville was there, and a hundred pounds were offered by him to this woman, who promised silence.' At these last words I thought my companion would have fainted. I had proceeded with my story as if in complete ignorance of the part this woman had acted, and she was so taken by surprise that at length she was obliged to own that all was correct, and that her Inn was the theatre of the scene. I would not urge my inquiries further, and the next day set out for town without revealing my name. There still remained a last and feeble hope—the possibility of some mistake which would exculpate Mary and restore me to happiness. Can you imagine with what agitation I again found myself at home? Mary on seeing me threw herself into my arms with a tenderness which, at first, penetrated my heart; but when I thought of her perfidy, I had nearly repulsed her, but I overcame myself. With what maternal fondness did she speak of our children, of their infantile graces, of her hopes. How I suffered from what, but for one fatal circumstance, would have made me most happy. She wept, still agitated by the joy of my return, and as I sorrowfully gazed upon her I fancied I could discover something horrible in her look. Though her every action breathed tenderness and truth, I only saw cunning and the most consummate deception. She brought the children to me with the joy and triumph of a mother, and then I think she perceived the constraint and torment I felt, for there was between us one moment of embarrassed silence, and I made up my resolution of speaking at once. I told them to take the children back to the nursery and leave us alone. 'Madam,' said I, 'will you have the goodness to reply to a few questions that I wish to ask you? When did you get acquainted with Sir Ormonde Mandeville?'

"No answer.

"'Was it on your journey from London to Bath?'

"Still the same silence.

"'Answer me, unfortunate woman; I wish with all my heart to clear you from that infamy which hangs over you—answer me!'

"At these words I rose; she rose also, extended her arms, and burst into a convulsive laugh, so fearful that I yet tremble with horror when I recall it. For an instant she fixed her tearful gaze on me, and fell. Some regard for her remained, and I hastened to raise her, and recover her from the swoon into which my reproaches had thrown her. I then went to her father's house. The sight of him agitated me much, the tears flowing in torrents from my eyes. His coolness, contrasted with my emotion seemed to reproach me. Though I had never seen him otherwise than calm, yet miserable as I then was, his composure seemed an insult. I endeavored to subdue my feelings, and sadly recounted to him my adventure at Messina and my visit to Bath. He listened in silence. His daughter had appeared in the greatest consternation; he was merely attentive. He paced the gallery several times as in deep thought, often passing his hand over his forehead, but without betraying any farther emotion.

"'It is not impossible,' said he, at last, 'what you tell me is strange; but we shall see.'

"A tear fell from his eye, he hastily brushed it away. The sorrow of this venerable man, the struggle of pride and paternal love, the tear forced from a man always master of himself, sunk deep into my heart. 'I shall leave England again soon,' said I, 'and till my departure I shall reside with my mother, where I shall also place my children.'

"'You seem to wish to lose no time, Sir,' replied my father-in-law, 'and I will call on you in the course of the day.'

"We parted coldly. I was determined to arrange every thing for a separation as soon as possible. If legal proof was wanting, every circumstance tended to confirm my suspicions. Mary's consternation, her father's long silence, the fatal initials used by the journalists, the visit to Bath mentioned by Sir Ormonde, again by my wife in her letter, and also by the newspaper.

"My head swam—my whole frame was convulsed when I arrived at my mother's house. I laid down on a sofa and waited her appearance in anguish. At length she entered saying, 'I come from your house. Your wife has set out in a chaise without saying where she is going to.' At this instant Lord Barodale was announced. He advanced to me with a mingled expression of sorrow and determination.

"'I have thought over all you have told me,' said he, 'let us not trifle with our happiness; there may be some mistake in all this. We will set out immediately for Bath, and force this woman to make a full disclosure. Come, Sir!'

"We set out. The journey was performed in silence, and early in the evening we arrived at the inn. What was my astonishment, or rather my indignation, when I saw Mary in the parlor. She was come to assure herself of the discretion of the hostess; her presence alone was

a proof of her guilt. 'You here, Madam,' said I, 'how did you come? and why? Who told you that I might be here before you? Hope not——' She interrupted me by ringing the bell violently; the hostess came. Mary would have spoken; I desired her to be silent, and said to the mistress of the hotel, 'Did not Lady Osprey pass a night at your house with Sir Ormonde Mandeville?' The woman hesitated. 'You told me so,' continued I, 'are you not certain?'

"'Yes, Sir?'

"'And what is the name of this lady; tell me, is this Lady Osprey?'

"'I will speak to her,' said Mary, in a smothered voice. She rose tremblingly, and looking at the hostess said, 'Am I Lady Osprey?'

"The woman was silent a few moments, seemed uncertain, and at last said, 'No, Madam.'

"'This deceit will not answer, Mary,' said I, 'it is useless ingenuity; how much have you given this woman? Sir Ormonde gave her a hundred guineas.'

"'You are not convinced?' said Mary; 'well this is all I required. You and this woman must come with me; your father will take me under your protection.' She seemed to suffer much while speaking.

"'Let us do as she requires,' said Lord Barodale. The hostess at first refused to accompany us, but Mary, with an energy that astonished me, said, 'You shall!' and immediately directed the postillions to drive to a house, which she described, in Pulteney street. Mary alighted, knocked at the door, and told the servant to beg his mistress to come down for an instant. We were shown into a room, and presently the lady of the house presented herself. She had scarcely entered the room, when the woman with us exclaimed—'That is Lady Osprey!'

"'You are mistaken,' said she, 'I am Lady Heathstone.'

"'No, no,' said our hostess, 'you told me your name yourself that night you came to my inn with Sir Ormonde Mandeville. This young lady,' pointing to Mary, 'was at my house too, and she saw and spoke to you the morning that you left.'

"'There must be some mistake,' answered Lady Heathstone composedly, 'what can you mean?'

"I advanced toward her, 'Sir Ormonde, whom I saw at Messina,' said I, 'might well boast of your skilful policy, nevertheless it fails you to-day; give up Lady Osprey's name and honor, Madam! She threw herself on the sofa, and covered her face with her hands as she exclaimed—

"'You saw him at Messina?'

"'Let us quit this woman,' said Lord Barodale, in a mournful voice, for Mary had fainted, and not able to recover her we placed her in the chaise half dead, incapable of feeling the joy caused by the discovery of her innocence. Alas! what can I tell you more; she languished for two months, pardoned me, and died of an aneurism brought on by violent emotion. Her father refused to see me again; I lost my two children, and I had then no tie in the world. I therefore returned to Sicily in hopes of meeting Sir Ormonde, and having the opportunity of demanding satisfaction for the ills his foolishness had brought upon me, and for the unworthy forgery of a name which had tainted the reputation of my wife. He had set out for India with a Government commission. Father Anselmo enabled me to enter the cloister, where I am now residing."

CAIN.

BY J. TOMLIN.

THERE must have been in Cain's bosom some instinctive principle of evil, that prompted to the commission of that vile deed, which sickens the very heart in thinking on it. He must have had a natural love of blood, to have imbued his unpractised hand with a stain that nothing could wash away! He could not have been prompted to the commission of the deed from any thing he had witnessed on the earth; for the first epoch of crime was made in the death of his brother, and the recording Annalist shuddered for the first time as he took note of it. How deeply penetrating to the heart must have been that sorrow when he saw his brother expiring in the cold dews of death—that death of which he heard so much, but of which, until now, he had known nothing. How poignant must have been his grief—how inconsolable his agony!

When the young morning arose in blushes from her eastern couch, the two brothers were at play on the banks of the Euphrates. The crystal waters gurgled along beneath their canopy of entangled vines, and the birds were carolling among their balmy branches. Nothing could have been more lovely than the sky, and nothing sweeter than the hushed silence of the hour, disturbed only by the hum of birds, and the murmur of waters. By the river's brink the brothers played, and from the glassy wave their faces were reflected. The fawn tripped lightly on the dewy grass, but stirred not the twigs beneath its feet. The brothers looked into each other's eyes, and were happy. They discoursed but little by words. Their eloquence consisted more in looks than in any thing else. They had but little knowledge. They could not have had much, for experience is the source from whence it is derived. Simple as they were, they were not less simple than they were happy. Oppression had not bound them down in iron chains, nor wreathed around them its folds of unpitying links! The sorrows of years had not accumulated a grief too poignant for life. Some sorrow they had had, and they had been borne with manly fortitude. Something had whispered in their ears that their parents had done wrong; but of its import they knew nothing. They did not understand what had been the cause of their error, nor did they know why there had been a disturbance between the God of their being and them. They only knew that far back in the by-gone days of their parent's history, something had been done by them, that had not received the sanction of the Great God above. They had some vague recollection of their mother telling them that there was a time when SIN was not. But of the meaning of the word they had no

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definite idea. While they were yet young, their mother had imparted to them a tradition of a time when the earth yielded her fruit spontaneously, when the summer winds were cool and refreshing, and there was no winter on the earth! A perennial spring crowned the live-long days with anadems of flowers, and the birds chirped the music of the earth. No winds of icy coldness swept along their pathway to freeze their blood! All was a day of one refreshing sunshine on the face of the earth.

As the brothers, Cain and Abel, played on the banks of young Euphrates, they looked into each other's face and smiled. They had been together from their youth to that present hour, and together they had lived as brothers. No strifes had been between them—no feuds that had made them enemies. Side by side they had slept on the flowers of the earth, and on each others breasts often had they pillowed their heads! As the sun ascended the skies to the noon of his day, the younger brother reared on the brink of the river, an altar for sacrifice.

"What dost thou?" asked Cain of his brother.

"I am offering in sacrifice a lamb to my God!" replied Abel meekly.

"Why dost thou do it?"

"He has commanded me to do it, brother!"

"What were his reasons?"

"I know not brother—but he said I should do it!"

"And thou hast obeyed him?"

"I have!"

"Dost the God which thou worshippest delight in blood?"

"Thou should'st not, my brother, speak thus!"

"Does the bleeding victim which thou givest in offering, appease his vengeance? Why does he require the shedding of blood?"

"Oh! brother, thou talkest strangely!"

"My words, Abel, are not as strange as thy actions."

"He has commanded me to offer a lamb in sacrifice, and I have obeyed him."

"The innocent lamb which you are about sacrificing to appease the anger of some incensed deity, knows not the cause of the cruelty you will soon inflict on it. But an hour ago it was free to roam on the river's brink, and gambol among the young daises that grow on its banks. It was not less free than the balmy air that floats above our heads."

Abel answered him not! And while the sacrifice was being made, Cain looked strangely on his brother. A change had come over the lineaments of his face—and where gladness had once dwelt in sunshine, dark clouds were now floating. The altar was raised—and the sacrifice was about being made, when Cain, worked up to madness, stealthily came and struck his brother. Abel fell. One quiver of the limbs—and he was dead! Pale as marble—and rigid were his lineaments. And Cain looked upon death.

The murderer! What were his feelings while gazing on the expiring brother? Nothing had occurred before like it; consequently he was full of strange feelings. He shook the body to see if it would not stir—but it moved not, and it breathed not! He called on the brother, but his brother answered him not! He felt him—and there was a coldness of skin, that was unlike any thing that he had at any time before felt! He had done a deed whose import he did not quite understand! He still called on the name of his brother, but his brother never answered him more!

The sun went down for the first time in his life, covered by dark clouds! The event was ominous! Night came on hurriedly—but the stars, those altar lights of Heaven, were not lit to illuminate her golden halls. The thunder, deep and loud, bellowed, shaking the very mountains! Flames of lurid lightning quivered on the black air—and again all was dark! The tempest raged—but in the breast of Cain there was an undying sting, as deep as the deed that he had committed was dark. On the pale flowers his fevered head lay, sleepless, but dreaming of death! Into the very core of his heart he felt the worm of conscience feeding! The form of his brother, pale and haggard, was visible in the darkness. He shut his eyes, and placed his hands over them to keep out the likeness of his brother, but the spectre would not be kept away! He had committed a crime more awful in magnitude than any other. "Wo is me!" from the very anguish of a broken spirit,—he cried. He called on death to release him from mortality, but the spectre came not at his bidding. From the high throne of the great Intelligence of Nature, there beamed upon him a frown more withering in its look than the death of Abel—more scowling than the dark tempest that was at strife with the elements of Nature. "Wo is me!" he still cried—and from that hour he fled the scenes of his childhood with a press of grief at his heart—and his foot-prints were never more seen in the white sand of the Euphrates!

THE CASTILIAN MAID.

A TALE OF THE PENINSULA.

BY H. BOWLES.

"I TELL thee, François, that Castilian maid, Donna Isandra, is a most magnificent creation: such queen-like majesty in her gait—such brilliancy in the dark languish of her liquid eye—such rapturous melody in the tones of her sweet voice, like the soft murmurings of some gentle stream in summer's noontide sleep. I was presented to her, the other evening at the ball given by Don Julien Sanshez, in honor of the Emperor and that old fool, Charles IV., *ci-devant* of Spain; and have written it upon the tablet of my memory, among my most strenuous resolutions, that mine she shall be, in spite of the old Don, her father, and that peach-colored Englishman, to whom I understand she is betrothed—indeed, were I not assured such is the fact, I should have easily guessed it without any very great stretch of imagination, for there seemed to be some chemical affinity between their eyes, as not all the tortuous windings of the minuet could prevent the interchange of most eloquent glances during the whole of the evening. I don 't mean to say I am, or could be in love with the girl; but you know, François, one requires some such pretty toy to wile away the leisure hours after the fatigues of a campaign. Therefore, *mon enfant*, set the component parts of thy sapient cranium into thinking condition, and resolve me how this is to be effected."

These words were addressed by Adolphe Count St. Croix to his valet, François Perier, as he was assisting him in the operations of his toilet. St. Croix was a colonel in the second regiment of Chasseurs in the French army, which occupied Spain early in the spring of 1808, a division of which was then quartered at Bayonne, in attendance upon Napoleon.

"Ah, Monsieur!" returned the valet de chambre, "such language is treason to la belle France. *Ma foi!* to prefer a Spanish brunette to her lovely daughters! Only for one moment compare the vivacity of spirits, the elasticity of gait, the symmetry of form of our own Alsacian grisette, with the pompous utterance, perpendicular grandeur, and peacock walk of the Castilian—in fact, strutting along like" (the volubility of the servitor had far outstripped the sturdy procession of his ideas, and he looked round the room for an illustration, at length having found one he resumed)—"like a pair of tongues in a marshal's boots. If Monsieur does seek a companion for his hours of enjoyment, first and before all, she ought to be a native of the *grand nation*, born in or as near as possible to our Alsace; the color of her eye should be a bright hazel; her locks light and lustrous"—the valet-de-chambre here became fearfully poetic —"her cheeks dimpled with a sweet smile, and her neck

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white as an alabaster vase; *enfin*, the very counterpart of my Louise."

"Which," interposed the Count laughing, "is the very abstraction of perfection."

"Not all perfection, noble Colonel," resumed François; "for, seeing that I am ever imperfect"—'t was the first time the valet had ever been known to speak disparagingly of himself or his proportions. "Were she perfect, her perfections and my imperfections"—the rascal's face belied his words—"would be continually at variance; but she has just so many faults—nor ought they to be denominated faults—say, rather, noble Count, failings—nor yet failings, slight and venial peccadilloes—or, as our Abbé used to describe them, evanescent shadows upon the mirrored purity of the virgin mind, which only serve to bring their virtues into stronger relief."

"Be it so, then," said St. Croix, growing impatient at the recital of a panegyric upon the female excellencies of François' mistress, which he had already listened to more than a thousand and one times. "Be ready to act promptly upon my orders this evening, of whatever nature they may happen to be, both as to time and place." The valet bowed a respectful assent to his master's instructions.

On the evening of the day upon which the above conversation took place, Raymond de Belvoir and the Lady Isandra were observed to promenade, as usual, upon the shores of the Adour, following the course of the river toward the estuary. It wanted yet one hour of sunset, and glorious was the picture which every thing above and around presented. A dreamy stillness—the lull and hush of life pervaded the atmosphere. Toward the Spanish frontiers the shades of night were descending upon the tops of the Pyrenees, deepening the gloom of the mountain vistas, whilst in the far west a flood of carmine was poured upon the waves, as the glowing orb of life stole from the blood-red arch amidst the rapture of creation; earth and sky seeming to embrace in a transport of voluptuous light, as the conqueror sunk to his rest like a warrior upon the battle-field, and the sparkling bay resounded with the shout of waves that upraised themselves to kiss, as it were, the skirts of the receding God. Then all again was still; the glowing air stirred faintly as a pulse, and day died like the echoes of a song. Next came the soft witchery of twilight, the Sabbath hour of the day, and the stars one by one lit up their bivouac fires in the dome of the world's temple, whilst "the panting of its great heart" grew faint, that the vesper song of praise might ascend to Him who had worded all into the immensity of space.

As in woe there is a stupefaction, which causes the unhappy to sleep when exhausted by affliction, so in the mystic union of fond hearts, there is a depth and holiness of feeling, of which silence is the best and only interpreter. Then do the startling sigh and trickling tear, the dumb eloquence of the heart, declare more truly the intensity of love than the wildest and most impassioned accents of endearment. And thus it was with Raymond and Isandra—each wished to speak, yet knew not how to break the spell that choked their utterance.

At last Isandra dissolved the charm as she observed in a low and melancholy tone, "I know not why it is, yet so it is, dearest Raymond, a feeling of sadness steals upon me now in my happiest moments. That parting sun ever recalls the image of my own dear land, upon the limits of whose empire they say of old he flung his orient and his setting beams; but now, torn by intestine commotion and foreign invasion, its borders are daily contracting, till at last it will dwindle to a span, a speck upon the world's disc, without a name."

"Dearest idol of my heart," replied De Beauvoir, "why give way to such despondency? That sun sleeps but to rise again refreshed in glory and light; and so shall it be with your own Spain. Nations, like individuals, have their vicissitudes; or, if it be that Heaven, in its wisdom, has decreed that the sword shall desolate its plains, then let my island home be your adopted country—England, the land of the brave and free—her coasts are iron bound, but the hearts of her sons are warm. Castile shall then be ever present to your view, for love shall make all England Castile to you. Rather is this melancholy the inseparable companion of adoring hearts. In the sunniest hour of the noon a sense of stillness and solitude will pervade the landscape; so in love, 't is the gloom and shadow of uncertainty which fosters that sweet perplexity upon which it lives."

"Yet do my fears," rejoined the lady, "begin to assume something more of substance than before. 'T is scarce a fortnight since the Count St. Croix and I have been made acquainted, and during the period he has never ceased to teaze me with his importunities, but after so insulting a fashion, as if it were a condescension on his part to notice me. Three times have I observed him dogging our evening walk; fearing, however, some very unpleasant rencontre, I hesitated to apprise you of it; but now, dearest Raymond, my fears for your personal safety have overcome my discretion, and I speak to warn you in time. Yet be not rash—if not for yourself, yet on my account. What would be this dreary world without thee—years of cold and blank existence, bringing, in their rotation, but one chilling sense, that come what may to others, all must be dark and desolate to me; and that one heart, the possession of which would have made an Eden of my days, is gone and gone for ever."

"Miscreant! hath he dared to pollute your ears with his ribald tongue!" cried De Beauvoir, no longer able to restrain his indignation. "By the God that called

him and me into existence, he shall rue it with his heart's dearest blood!"

"Blaspheme not, Raymond," interposed the Castilian maid. "Is this your discretion? He is subtle and malignant, as well as brave, and will seek such unfair vantage as your generous and noble nature would disdain; therefore you are not equally matched, and as you value my happiness, do nothing rashly. Providence is ever upon the watch to counteract the machinations of the wicked, and He will be our shield against impending evil. Besides, were you to insult the French Count publicly, not all the influence of the Marshal, though exerted under a deep sense of the debt of gratitude, which he owes you for having saved his life, will be sufficient to ensure your liberty, should the matter reach the Emperor Napoleon's ears."

They had now reached a point upon the beach where the cliffs, shelving to the water's edge, impeded further progress; and as they turned to retrace their steps, their attention was arrested by a loud whistle which echoed from the rocks, and was replied to by the crew of a boat, which they had watched for some time as it dropped down with the current of the stream, apparently engaged in fishing. At this instant a ball whizzed by the ear of Raymond de Beauvoir, and as he looked in the direction whence the report proceeded, he saw the Count St. Croix emerge from a cavern in the rocks, and wave his hand to the boat, which was rapidly approaching the shore.

Judging from the signal that they were acting in concert, and feeling convinced that their villainous design was to despatch himself, and then carry off Isandra, before he should be overpowered by the number of his assailants, he advanced hastily upon the Frenchman, as yet unsupported, who, having discharged a second pistol, but with no better effect than the first, was in the act of drawing his sword, when he sprung upon him with the fury of a tiger, and with one blow felled him to the earth. Then wresting the sword from the hand of his prostrate foe, and pointing it toward his heart, he shouted to his assailants, who were at first inclined to attempt a rescue, that if they approached two yards nearer either himself or the lady, he would bury it to the hilt in the Count's body. His words produced the required effect, for, after a short parley with each other, the accomplices retreated to the boat, partly intimidated by the determined attitude of their single antagonist, but chiefly influenced by the consideration, that though they should succeed in their design, after surmounting the only obstacle in their way, still they would gain no possible advantage, as their employer would not be in existence to pay the stipulated remuneration.

Raymond's eye followed them till they gained the opposite shore, and then looking down sternly, but contemptuously, upon the fallen Count, he exclaimed, "Before next you practice kidnapping take another lesson from your Emperor, sir knight of the thieving fraternity. Justly should your life pay the forfeit of your villainy, were it not that I deem it a degradation that a sword wielded by my arm should be stained with the blood of so vile a reptile. Crawl out the miserable span of your abject existence 'till stung to death by some viper as poisoned as yourself."

So saying, he spurned him from his presence with his foot, and rejoined the lady. The Count watched them as they retraced their steps to Bayonne, but did not dare to attempt further molestation that evening, particularly as his adversary had carried off his sword and pistols as a trophy of his victory, and then in a frenzy of rage and conscious degradation, he swore to be avenged when opportunity presented itself.

The scene now changes to Saragossa, whither Isandra and her father, the Marquis Torrijos, accompanied by Raymond de Beauvoir, had repaired some days after the occurrences just related. All was uproar and confusion upon their arrival. Tidings had reached the city that the French army under Mortiér, was advancing a second time to besiege it, and Palafox, the heroic governor, aided by the noble enthusiasm of its inhabitants, who had sworn to die in the trenches rather than surrender, was preparing to receive them in the best way the miserable fortifications of the place supplied. The foreigners who remained in the city, stimulated by the same noble feelings, formed themselves into a volunteer corps under the command of our hero. Even the gentler portion of the community, among whom were many ladies of distinction, displayed the same patriotic ardor, and were distributed into companies, whose duty it was to supply provisions and ammunition to the several quarters of the town, and attend upon the wounded.

Saragossa is situated in the valley of the Ebro, on the right bank of that river, with a suburb on the left connected with it by a stone bridge. Far as the eye can reach, the country is beautifully diversified with groves of olive trees, and evergreen oaks, and overlooking the city, about the distance of half a league, is the elevated ground of the Torrero, containing a convent, and some other buildings of inferior note. The wall, which surrounded the town had been originally constructed merely as a barrier to facilitate the collection of the taxes, imposed upon the sale of every article brought to the markets, was divided by nine gates, the connexion between which was preserved in some places by a mud rampart, in others by the remains of old Moorish fortifications, which had a slight parapet, but no platform for musquetry.

As the particulars of this ever memorable siege are so well known, we omit the details of it previous to the morning of the 26th of June, when the French having made themselves masters of the suburbs, inundated the country opposite the Arrabat, to prevent a sortie of

the garrison, and supported by a furious cannonade from twenty-four and thirty-six pounders, and accompanied by a perfect storm of shot and shell, attacked and carried the bridge called the Huerba; from whence the Arrongese, overwhelmed by superior numbers, fell back, and were pursued by the victors to the Monastery of the Augustines, or Los Monichas. The assault upon the monastery then commenced, and though the carnage among the enemy was dreadful, they still continued to advance. The combatants then entered the church, from which the French were at first repulsed by the monks, who, mingling in the thickest of the affray, fought with all the fury and fervor of desperation. The assailants returned again to the charge, and now the chancel presented a scene such as has seldom or never been witnessed before.

At the great and side altars were crowds of women and children upon their knees, supplicating Heaven for mercy and protection; but their frantic cries were drowned amidst the yells and execrations of the belligerents, and the roar of the musquetry. The French troops, amidst an indiscriminate slaughter of women and children, still pushed forward, till their further progress was arrested by the cry that the roof, battered by shells, was beginning to give way. Panic stricken by this new enemy; mingling in one common mass with those against whom, but a moment before, they had been engaged in deadly conflict, they rushed for the doors. Some precipitated themselves from the windows, such was their extreme terror; whilst the most heart-rending screams re-echoed throughout the church, from the numbers that were crushed beneath the feet of the fugitives, or suffocated by the pressure at the doors.

Of the dense crowd that had previously filled the chapel, except the wounded, but two remained; one a lady, who knelt before a picture of the Madonna, and the other was the Count St. Croix, who had headed the troops in the assault upon the Monastery. The Count, believing the cry of the falling roof to be a false alarm, forbore for a while to join his companions in arms, curious to inspect the features of one who had displayed so much of calm intrepidity, amidst the scene of horrors which had just been enacted.

The devotee still preserved the same attitude as if no other object occupied her mind, except the holy office in which she was engaged. At length, the unusual stillness of the church, interrupted only at intervals by the hollow groans of the wounded, seemed to fix his attention. At the noise of the Count's footsteps, as he advanced toward her, she turned her face in the direction, and one glance at the well-known features told him they were those of the Lady Isandra. She had snatched a few moments from the arduous, but humane duty of attending to the wounded, to pour out at the shrine of the Virgin Mother her tears and prayers for the liberation of her native land. Her eye fell darkly, and a pang shot through her frame, as she recognised the hated form of the intruder. She looked above, around—no avenue for escape presented itself. One minute more, and the Count had seized her hand, as if anticipating her purpose, shouting at the same time in a tone of exultation, "blessed triumph of our arms! this moment of our unexpected meeting repays for all the toil and turmoil of this bloody day! Demon, or fate, be it which you will, I will curse thee no more for marring my projects." Then, his voice sunk to a low but startling and sepulchral tone. "You have scorned my advances, and escaped my vengeance once, proud maiden; but now, though hell itself yawned beneath, you shall not balk my passion. Swear by that shrine before which you kneel—this favor do I grant thee for thy resemblance to one whom I loved and lost—or rather swear—*you* will respect the oath—to be my wedded bride, spite of pre-contract or bethrothing, by him who is the god of your idolatry, to be mine, and mine for ever, or this blazing fabric—" and his eye glanced upward as the flames burst from the crackling timbers of the roof—"shall be a holocaust to light your soul to the chambers of eternal sleep!"

"Presumptuous man!" returned Isandra, all the native fire of the Castilian flashing from her eye as she spoke, "I swear not at all, willingly; or, if I do, I swear by that Mighty One who spoke that shrine, and this whirling world into existence, peopling it with the miserable atoms of the human race, never shall you call me thine." Then her voice dropped to the softest notes of entreaty, as she added, "has all that is akin to woman in man's breast departed from you? or is the stream of pity so frozen by this icy blast of war, that not one tender feeling floats along the life stream of your existence? Why should you break the chain that binds two devoted hearts together? Hast thou no mother, no sister? Oh! if such there be, even they would plead for me in this hour of trial."

She seemed by her last words to awaken somewhat of softer emotion in the Frenchman's heart; but the effect was momentary. More horrible and ghastly still was the grin that pervaded his features as he replied, his whole frame quivering with internal passion: "Mother! sister! once you were the loved accents of my lips. A mother's voice, in times gone by, was to me as the summer's breeze to the houseless wanderer, cooling the fever of my boyish fretfulness; her eye, beaming with maternal light, was the cynosure of my destiny. And, sister—sweet sister! even still my mocking fancy echoes in my ears thy dulcet tones, like music's dying close!"

He dashed from his cheeks the scalding tear, that showed that nature will at times assert her sway in the most obdurate heart, and then he gnashed his teeth with wild ferocity, as he cried in hurried sentences, "but

the savage German came, like some fabled monster, blasting desolation from his nostrils. In one night our house was a blazing funeral pile; and, kneeling beside the smouldering remains of my mother and sister, I swore to be revenged upon the whole human race. From that hour my very being changed; the current of life was driven back upon its source; my whole mind became but one thought, and that thought was blood. Hatred—dark unmitigated hatred to my fellow mortals—took possession of my breast, and in the reign of terror the guillotine was the plaything of my pastime, and the shrieks and groans of the dying, the music of the banquet. I dragged the aged noble, and the tottering priest by their grey locks to execution; and as the infant clung to my knees for mercy, I flung them to the cold arms of their headless parent. 'T is not those in whose being Nature plants the seeds of cruelty that produce the ripest fruit. Satiety will pall their keenest thirst for slaughter. But should a generous nature once be estranged by havoc brought home to itself, the spirit is then baptised in blood, and becomes regenerate in malignity. What *was* Robespierre? So gentle at the first that he could not crush the vile worm that crossed his path. What did he become? Chief butcher upon a human shambles. So it is with me. Therefore, maiden, no more trifling. Be mine, or—"

"In mercy spare!" shrieked Isandra as she dropped upon her knees. "Fear you no God, no judgment, no future?"

"I believe in no God," returned the Frenchman wildly, "but the God that rules within me—the eternal principle of vengeance; no judgment, but the judgment which they who survive shall carve upon the ancestral tomb; no future, but the deathless name won upon the tented field, if haply I can win a name; a mortal immortality, like to that of the eternal Emperor. Once again, then, swear."

"No, by the souls of my countrymen, who have shed their hearts' best blood in defence of their native soil," cried the Castilian maid, as she started to her feet from the suppliant posture. "Never shall these lips be pressed by the murderer of his country's peace. Monster of iniquity! I have humbled myself to clasp those blood-stained knees, not to beg for life, but that which is dearer than life itself. Craven wretch! is this the deathless name upon the tented field? a victory over one weak woman? Raymond, Raymond, where art thou!"

"Hah!" shouted St. Croix, "call you upon the scurvy Islander for protection! If I lacked a stimulant to nerve me for my purpose, it were the mention of that accursed name. Then be thy desire accomplished."

He seized her by the hair as she endeavored to escape from his grasp, her beauteous locks floating in wild disorder as she fell senseless before the picture of the Madonna; a heavenly radiance then suffused her countenance, slowly and softly, as slumber steals upon the tired infant. Her head dropped upon her neck, as the lily droops before the bursting shower. In his hand St. Croix grasped his dagger, as with his left he strained back her head to give full effect to the blow. Then his voice echoed through the vaulted church, as he shouted in a tone of savage exultation, "another victim to the manes of my mother and sister! Insect of that island speck upon the ocean, would you were a witness to the triumph of this hour! Aye, this gushing tide of the young heart's warmest blood shall wash clean as the driven snow the stain upon my honor. Lick the dust from the feet of this stark and ghastly corpse! Clasp this cold statue, and warm it, if you can, into life, health and beauty. Print soft kisses upon that livid face, and let them scorch upon your lips the burning fervor of the heart." Then he paused awhile to take in a full perception of his fiendish triumph, and dragged the body of Isandra from the steps of the shrine to the pavement beneath a gothic arch, which divided the centre aisle from the lateral chapel. At times the church was buried in profound darkness, and then the flames burst forth anew, and by their intense brilliancy threw into bold relief the monuments and pictures which adorned the walls.

Again all was gloom, and the assassin deferred the blow till the next gleam of light should point where to strike. Already had he raised his arm, and in one short moment the glittering steel would have revelled in her heart's best blood, when down came the roof of the centre aisle, shattered by a shell, burying the ruffian and his dagger in the ruins.

Isandra, protected by the projection of the arch, sustained no injury beyond a few bruises from the rubbish. Still she lay senseless and bleeding upon the floor, and in all probability would have been choked by the dense vapor of smoke and charcoal which filled the atmosphere, had she not been perceived by a man in the garb of a monk, who just then stole from his hiding-place behind the altar. He first cautiously surveyed the scene around, and then feeling satisfied that the enemy had withdrawn, he approached and raised her from her recumbent position, supporting her head upon his knee; then he looked into her pale face, pulled down her leaden eyelids, placed his hand upon her breast, but there was no sign of life there. He next sprinkled her face, neck and hands with water from the font, and listened to catch the returning throb of animation; but the pendulum of life was still motionless. He then chafed her temples and breathed into her mouth. At last a dewy damp oozed from the pores of her forehead; her heart began to flutter weakly like the waving of an insect's wing, and a sigh scarce one degree removed from silence, convinced the holy man that she still lived. Finding that animation was returning, the monk folded her cautiously in his arms,

and carried her in safety through some bye streets to a house in the Corso. But few of the sacred community escaped the destruction of their temple. Unit after unit went down before the fury of the French soldiers to complete the score in death's arithmetic, till of the holy group that chaunted the matin hymn, not enough remained to weep a requiem to the souls of their departed brethren.

Leaving the smoking ruins of the monastery of the Augustines, the French troops still pushed forward across the botanic gardens, through the Plaza to the square called the Corso—the sappers and miners blowing the houses from their very foundations.

Night had now closed in, but still the city was kept in twilight darkness by the red glare of the artillery vomiting from its mouth a liquid stream of fire, so continuous was the discharge. The deep low notes of the cannon's universal roar, and the clash of arms, and the neigh and tramp of steeds, with shrieks and groans of the wounded closing the diapason of battle's overture, occasioned a din as deafening as if the very elements themselves were collapsing into chaos. The air, surcharged with a vapor of smoke, sulphur, and putridity from the unburied dead, seemed to pant like a thing of life. At length the combatants on both sides paused at the entrance to the Corso to take breath, and then the full desolation of the scene broke upon their senses.

There is a stupefaction in the *melée* of the fight, which renders the sensibilities of our nature dead to surrounding horrors; but should a momentary check ensue, the vision of reality rises in clear perception, and man's better principle revolts from the devastation, which his headlong passion has caused. So it was in that pause of the bloody vortex; the French opened their ranks as the women and children rushed toward their defenders with outstretched arms. As each case of individual suffering presented itself, a cry of horror burst from the sympathising spectators. One mother hurried past; the pupil of the eye was glassed and rigid. It seemed as if terror had frozen up the fountain of her tears. Her wild locks waved in the breeze, and then settled in sanguinary collapse upon the dead infant she carried in her bosom.

Another followed, and there was a dreary abstraction in her look, as though she essayed to call some image to her mind and could not. Then she appeared to gaze upon something that was palpable to her view alone, and next her eye fell upon a bundle which she carried in her hand, and she shuddered at the sight.

Last, before the columns closed their ranks, a third rushed by, and she laughed; but each burst terminated in a scream so long and piercing, that the listeners stopped their ears with their hands, and the boldest spirits preferred the wildest shout of the battle-field to the thrilling cadence of her maniac notes. She, too, carried something; the light from a burning house showed that it was a portrait. One looked in the face of the bearer, and he said it was the Countess Benita, who had gone mad on hearing that her daughter was shot by the French.

We left the Count St. Croix among the ruins of the Church of the Augustines more stunned than injured by the fall of the roof. Consciousness, however, soon returned, and raising himself upon his knees he felt about with his hands for Isandra, to discover if she was yet alive. At length they rested on the cold features of a woman, whose remaining strength had just sufficed to support her to the steps of the altar, where she had breathed her last, whilst he lay in a state of insensibility. Concluding that she was dead, he groped his way in the darkness, stumbling over a confused mass of dead bodies and rubbish, until at length, he effected his exit from the church through the door of the north transept. He then crossed the monks' burying-ground, to the entrance of a street which was at right angles with the great line leading to the Corso, meeting only a few miserable wounded wretches, upon whose features famine and death were graven in deep furrows, dragging themselves along, whilst the breath of life still lingered upon their lips, either to enjoy the poor consolation of resting in death upon consecrated ground; or perhaps, urged by some cannibal instinct to satisfy the inordinate cravings of hunger with unnatural food, when no hand was near to offer bread. Not daring to keep the open street, lest he might come in contact with such of the inhabitants as still concealed themselves within the ruins of their houses, the French Count, aided by the clear light of the moon, which now sailed from behind the clouds, that had hitherto obscured her brilliancy, still continued his progress along a narrow bye street, at the termination of which he entered a spacious court-yard, one side of which was occupied by the buildings of a large mansion, apparently the residence of some Spanish grandee. The entrance to the lofty hall within was unobstructed, the door having been forced from its hinges, and the fragments of magnificent furniture, antique statuary, and broken vases, which were scattered upon the pavement, sprinkled here and there with dark spots, plainly showed that after a most sanguinary conflict the house had been attacked and taken by the besieging army, but for some cause abandoned with such precipitation, that heaps of valuable property still remained unremoved.

Prompted by curiosity to see the more elaborate decorations of this noble fabric, the Count, after surveying the baronial relics of by-gone grandeur, which adorned the walls of the great hall, ascended the staircase, and passed through the reception room into the presence chamber.

Melancholy was the picture which this once superb apartment presented. The ancestral tapestry, torn by rude hands, hung in shreds from the walls; and the

pictures, among which were some of the finest specimens from the pencils of Murillo and Velasquez, were pierced with bullet holes, whilst the full ruin of the magnificence which they had formerly depicted, was reflected from a thousand fragments of broken mirrors scattered upon the floor.

An air of solemn silence pervaded the scene, broken at intervals by the wind, which swept across the strings of a harp, which stood in the deep recess of a window. It seemed as though some unseen hand, so wild and wailing were the notes, struck the chords of a funeral dirge to departed greatness. Never does desolation appear so truly desolate, as when robed in the remains of primeval splendor. A sensation of soft, sweet tranquillity will steal upon the mind as we tread the flowers of the church-yard grave, and death in its simple winding-sheet appears the slumber of a tired spirit; but when we gaze upon the velvet pall, and gilded coffin of the ancestral tomb, our feelings are those of awe and gloom, and the cold tenant of the mausoleum seems as though he would start into life from a troubled dream.

Such was the state of mind of the Count St. Croix, as with folded arms he mused upon the monument of human mutability then before him. The vision of his past existence rose in clear perception. The artless innocence of childhood, when he wept himself to sleep in his mother's arms; the glowing fervor of his boyish days, when his romantic fancy revelled in a sunny dream of ideality; and then he shuddered, as memory, opening the records of by-gone deeds, disclosed the page of guilty manhood, written in characters of blood.

An undefined sensation, a presentiment of coming evil took possession of his soul, when a hollow moan, which seemed to come from an inner chamber, opening upon the one in which he stood, startled him from his reverie. He listened in painful suspense. Was it the vibration of the harp strings or the unearthly whisper from some herald spirit, sent to announce approaching dissolution? Again it struck upon his affrighted ears with appalling distinctness. His eyes rolled in the frenzy of desperation; his heart beat as though it would burst from its casement; a cold perspiration suffused his frame, as in a paroxysm of supernatural terror wrought to madness, crying in a frenzied voice, "be you spirit of the damned, or mortal man, I'll meet you," with a bound, he dashed into the chamber from whence the sounds had proceeded; and, as he entered, the moonbeams streaming full upon her face, revealed the pale features of the Castilian Maid to his astonished gaze. The Monk fearing to fall in with a party of the French army, had conveyed her to her present place of concealment, supposing that, as the house had been already plundered, she would be secure from further molestation; whilst, at her earnest desire, he left her to learn tidings of her father and Raymond de Beauvoir, and to assure them of her safety; some hours having elapsed since she last visited them at the gate Tordillo, where they had continued with their gallant band since the morning, to maintain their position against all the efforts of the besiegers.

After the departure of her protector she had thrown herself upon a broken couch to recruit her exhausted frame by a few moments of repose, when her slumbers were unseasonably interrupted by the abrupt entrance of the Count. She started to her feet on hearing the noise. They looked for awhile in silence upon each other; and as she averted her eyes from the hated object, St. Croix, assured of the groundlessness of his supernatural fears, exclaimed, "this then is no phantom from the dead, but flesh and blood like myself. Fool that I was to suffer myself to be affected by the dreams of an excited imagination! Fortune, thou art still my friend! Bright destiny, that brings to my longing arms, when I least expected it, my heart's dearest treasure. Lady of my love, I had mourned for you as one that had met an untimely death beneath the ruins of the church. And yet, idiot that I was, I should have known so much loveliness was not made for the tomb."

"Would that the cold tomb did cover this worthless clay," returned Isandra in a weak and faltering tone, "rather than I should again behold my relentless persecutor."

"It could not be, my pensive charmer," resumed the Count; "you could not die; the dark languish of those liquid eyes would wake such pity in the grim monarch's breast, that for very fascination he could not dim their lustre. Those ruby lips," continued the Count in a libertine tone; "that snow-white bust; those graceful limbs, cast in nature's fairest mould, were formed for life and love. And yet, when I look again, methinks you must have died and risen again, new-born in beauty, such increased loveliness is there in the voluptuous languor of those dark eyes. Fair Saint, forgive my presumption, if I spoke when I should have worshipped. Thus on my bended knees" (he suited the action to the word) "do I kneel in adoration of thy angel self, and print with soft kisses upon this seraph hand the image of my burning heart!"

She endeavored to snatch her hand from his insolent grasp; but he still maintained his hold as he continued in the same loose strain—"nay then, fair Saint, refuse not the homage of a devoted heart!"

"Presumptuous reptile!" exclaimed the indignant maid, endeavoring to extricate herself from his embrace; "was it not enough to escape Heaven's vengeance once, but you must tempt its wrath a second time?"

"Nay," rejoined the Count, "I dread no wrath of earth or heaven. Your loved presence is my heaven, and your matchless self is my divinity; and, for the punishment which you will impose upon my presumption, so

will be the penance, that I shall sin again to weep for mercy at thy feet!"

"Fiend!" cried Isandra, her eyes flashing with indignation, as she struggled violently to free herself from his grasp. "Is your soul so steeped in iniquity, that not one thought of the awful doom which awaits you can startle you from your foul purpose?" and the maiden, by a convulsive effort, tore herself from his embraces, and with the speed of lightning fled from the apartment to the reception room.

The Count roused all his energies for the pursuit, determined not to lose his prey a second time. Nearer and nearer came her hated pursuer. Already had his fingers touched the extremities of her long curls, as they waved from her neck in wild disorder; a moment more, his hand rested upon her shoulder, when a female form glided swiftly from behind the arras of the window, and before the Count could check his forward movement, she plunged a dagger into his side. With a yell of agony he bounded a few paces into the air, and then fell heavily upon the floor. Isandra, unconscious of this new diversion in her favor, so noiseless and silent had been the movements of her almost unseen ally, with the frenzy of desperation, still imagining her persecutor to be upon her, flung herself down the stairs, swept through the hall, and at length she sunk exhausted upon the pavement of the narrow lane upon which the court-yard of the mansion opened.

Beside the body of the Count, as he writhed in torture, stood his executioner, the moonbeams painting her death-wan features and loose robes as, with the fire of delirium in her eye, she seemed to count with vengeful accuracy each throe of mortal torture that palsied his quivering frame; and then she burst into a loud strain of triumphant rhapsody, as she addressed the dying soldier: "Adolphe Count St. Croix, dost thou know me? 'T was the arm of Adelè, the earliest victim of thy falsehood and treachery, that struck the blow that rids the world of a monster. A moment more, and another name had been added to the dark catalogue of thy crimes." And she continued in a strain of mocking, as his limbs moved with pain, "aye, spurn me now, as of old, from your feet, when I knelt and prayed, as the dying sinner to his God, for one tender look, one short word of kindness from your lips. Yes, writhe on in your torment till your guilty soul oozes from your finger ends. Each pang is a thrill of delight that stirs anew the pulses of this withered heart. For years did you escape my vengeance; and my ceaseless cry to Heaven was, that no hand but mine should antedate your doom, and I shall die contented since my prayer was heard. I searched among the stark and ghastly dead of many a bloody field, that I might tear from its mangled casement your treacherous heart, and feed the vulture with it. But kind fate guarded thee for this hour to make vengeance more complete by the manner of your death. Aye, let it make hell of your last moments here, that the soldier's honored death shall not be yours, nor martial tread or the cannon's roar your funeral dirge; nor yet shall you rest in the ancestral tomb, but unknelled and uncoffined, the vulture's maw and the mongrel throat shall be your sepulchre." Then, as the purple tide gushed from the wound, she shrieked, "not yet, Death—not yet rob me of my victim! one more mortal throe of agony to quench this burning thirst within. Oh, that this bubbling stream of life would filter thy soul away drop by drop through centuries of torture."

But the Count's last breath was breathed; his whole frame shook with nature's last convulsive effort—one flutter more of the pulse of life and all was done.

When Adelè saw that the spirit had gone to its reckoning, she flung herself upon her knees and again screamed at the highest pitch of her voice—"vengeance—more vengeance, Heaven!—he shall not die yet. Can'st thou not bring the monster back again to life, and chain him to existence? There is the one spell that bound me to this earth broken. Adolphe, I will be thy accusing spirit." So saying, she plunged the dagger, yet warm with his blood, into her heart. At that moment the building shook to its very foundation, and the bodies of the seducer and his victim were blown into a thousand fragments by the explosion of a barrel of gunpowder in the vaults, ignited by the bursting of a shell.

But little more remains to be told. The garrison of Saragossa, exhausted by fatigue, famine, and the sword, capitulated, Pallafox, their heroic leader, having become delirious from over exertion.

Isandra, with her father and Raymond de Beauvoir, escaped that night to Tarragona, from whence, after a lapse of a few days, they sailed for England, and were subsequently united in the holy bonds of matrimony.

THE LADY CLARA.

BY J. H. DANA.

My friend Beaumont was the descendant of one of the oldest and proudest families of England, his forefathers having fought at Cressy, Poictiers. and, for aught I know, at Hastings itself. He could trace his descent from one silk and ermine clad earl to another, and then, through a long succession of steel clad barons, up to a certain Rolla Beaumont of Normandy, who, in his turn, had a whole army of sea-kings for ancestors at his back. If blood, therefore, could do any thing for a man, Beaumont was charged to the brim with it. But alack a day! blood will not put meat into one's mouth; and so Dick knew to his cost. The earldom—never very rich at the best—had been growing poorer and poorer through a long series of generations, like an old spinster becoming thinner and more angular with every year, and now the estates scarcely afforded a decent competence to the proud elder brother of Dick, while Dick himself was left with a most "beggarly account of empty boxes." But if he was poor he was philosophic, and care never caught him with a wry mouth. His character, however, will develope itself in the course of my story. I will only premise that I was, at this time, in London, and that it was drawing toward the close of the season. We met at the door of my rooms, when Dick, linking his arm in mine in his familiar way, accepted my invitation to spend an hour over a flask of Sillery.

"Are you going down to Arlford Castle?" I said, "my invitation was so warmly given that I cannot resist it. I understand you too were invited."

"So I am, but I don't think I shall go. You must know Arlford Castle is the greatest bore of my life. I have never been there and never intend to go."

"Not intend to go to Arlford Castle—why, I should think the fame of Lady Clara's beauty would carry you there at the first chance. Faith! my dear fellow, she is said to be a perfect Juno."

"Very possibly, but it is the Lady Clara who keeps me away. You seem surprised, and I will explain. You know the custom here—in your republican land it may be different—to trade birth for gold in matrimony. Well my father and the father of Lady Clara were intimate at school. But Lord Seaforth's peerage only dated back to the Revolution, while ours was as old as the Norman Conquest. The Seaforth estates, however, are very extensive, and the dower of the daughter greater than the whole wealth of our earldom. So, when the Lady Clara first saw light, a few years after my birth, it was arranged that she and I should be married. Things went on very swimmingly, as the old folks thought, until a few years ago, when my parent

died, and I began to think for myself. Then it struck me that this being traded away like a horse was incompatible with my manhood, however compatible it might be with ancient blood, for you must know that I am, on this subject, a bit of a democrat. So I forswore Arlford Castle, and never could be coaxed or driven there. When I grew up, however, and began to feel the value of money—that "*da nobiscum*" of civilized life—my resolution began to stagger, and would have, perhaps, given way, had not an incident occurred which put all thought of Lady Clara to flight.

"It was at a county ball, when I was just twenty, that I met the most beautiful of creatures, a dark-haired, ebon-eyed, goddess-like woman. I call her woman because, though full two years younger than myself, she was even then no longer a girl. If I live to the age of Methuselah I shall never forget those liquid eyes, that divine form, or the melodious music of her tongue. I sought and obtained an introduction. She was a Miss Cleveland—doubtless from the name the descendant of some honest burgher. My lordly elder brother would have sneered at her, but what cared I for aristocratic ancestry?—for, to tell the truth, our titled forefathers were no better than robbers, and deserved to be hung, while these same despised burghers were the only honest men in the land. I danced with her, promenaded with her, and hung around her the whole evening. In a word I was entranced, and, to cut a long story short, experienced, for the first time, what love really is. There is a world of romance in me—as you have often told me—if one will go deep enough to find it, and, therefore, you will not be surprised when I tell you that, from that hour to this, though I have never seen Miss Cleveland since, her image has been uppermost in my thoughts. She passed away like a dream from that assembly, and no one knew whence she came or whither she was going. All I could learn was that she stopped in a travelling carriage at one of the hotels, and hearing of the ball, took a whim to stay. Early the ensuing morning, and hours before we were out of our beds, she had re-commenced her journey, with no travelling companions except the maid, and an old gentleman who had chaperoned her to the ball. Now there's a romance in real life for you."

I had long suspected the existence of a secret passion for some unknown lady in Dick's breast, so I was not as much surprised as I otherwise would have been.

"But have you never found any clue to this mysterious lady-love."

"Never—and there's the deuce of it. I have hunted high and low, and been in almost every county of England, but no Miss Cleveland can I find, who answers to my description. I begin to suspect she is an American, and you must not be surprised if, some of these days, I cross the Atlantic in search of her."

"I should give up the chase, especially with Lady Clara Arlford in the prospective. Come—go down to the Castle with me—you haven't seen her since you were both children, and, from all I hear, she has grown up a perfect goddess. Who knows but she may drive this plebeian Miss Cleveland out of your head?"

"Her dower would certainly be comfortable," said Dick, with a shrug, "I hate a profession, but must soon do something, or starve. But then I dislike marrying an heiress."

"But perhaps Lady Clara recollects you only too well for her own peace. They say she has refused a score of suitors."

"I confess a wish to see her, though I don't want her to see me—but there's the bore."

"Ah! I have it," I said, after a minute's thought, "there is an inn, in the village near the Castle, where you can stay disguised—say as a travelling artist, for you sketch well, and the scenery about Arlford is celebrated for its picturesque character. Follow me down, and trust me to give you an opportunity to see the Lady Clara."

Dick paused for a minute in deep thought, and then looking up, exclaimed,

"Faith, I'll take your advice. There's a bit of romance about your plan that commends it to my imagination. When do you start?"

"On Monday."

"Then I'll precede you down, so as to prevent suspicion. I shall leave town to-morrow," he said, with his usual decision of character, when once aroused.

I heard no more of Dick until I reached Arlford Castle. The company was large and select, comprising some of the most beautiful women in England, but among them the Lady Clara shone pre-eminent. All that I had heard of her loveliness was far surpassed by the reality. Her person was tall and queenly, perhaps too much inclined to *en bon point*, but still exquisitely graceful, and having a majesty that overawed the senses. And then her eyes!—dark, full and lustrous, they had in them the spell of a sybil. Never had a woman approached so nigh to my standard of lordly beauty, and I wished a dozen times every half hour that my friend Dick could see her. I felt convinced that he was more than mortal if he did not at once forget Miss Cleveland, and bow at the shrine of the Lady Clara.

"Confound the fellow," I said to myself, "here is a goddess with a fortune at his feet, and he goes whining through the country after some unknown and wandering damsel who may, for all he knows, be married ere this, to some dull, common place soap-chandler. But we'll see what can be done in the way of a cure."

Two days had elapsed before I thought it safe to visit the little inn, and there, sure enough, was Dick, tricked out in a disguise through which his own parents could

scarcely have detected him. I followed him up stairs into his room, and when the door was locked we mutually related our adventures. I spoke of the Lady Clara in enthusiastic terms.

"Can't we bring our farce to a close soon," said Dick, yawning, "for I'm becoming deucedly tired of being cooped up here, like a sheep for the slaughter; or trudging over rocks and through copses, with a sketch book, to keep up my character. The first of September will be here to-morrow, and there is prime shooting on my brother's preserves, but if I loiter here much longer I shall lose much of the sport. The landlady, too, begins to look suspicious, and has once or twice given me a look that said, as plainly as looks could say, that I was too fastidious for a travelling artist."

"Well," said I, "suppose we try it now. Come with me to the Castle. We'll loiter about as if to pick out a good moonlight view, and who knows but we may catch a glimpse of the Lady Clara."

"Done," said Dick; and we started.

The Castle lay in deep shadow as we approached it, and as the moonlight silvered the old gothic towers, and tipped the abutting edges of the carved work that every where adorned the noble pile, the scene presented to the eye was one that reminded me of the enchanted palaces of the Arabian Nights. We stopped, as if by a common impulse, to gaze on the spectacle. Suddenly the figure of a lady appeared in an open gallery above us, where she stood, for some minutes, totally unconscious of our vicinity, for we were hidden under the shadow of a huge oak that threw its thick foliage far and wide over us. The moon was sailing high in Heaven, and on that bright luminary the lady gazed as if in rapt admiration. The first glance at the fair apparition assured me it was the Lady Clara; and never had she appeared more lovely. Attired in a magnificent robe of velvet, with her hair falling in luxuriant tresses down her neck, and her snowy and rounded shoulders seeming whiter than driven snow in the moonlight, she looked a divinity, holding communion with up-turned eyes, with a sister divinity of the skies. She wore a string of pearls around her neck, and a white rose nestling in her bosom—fit types of her maiden purity. I was so entranced by the sight that, for a minute, I had forgot my companion, when I felt him nervously clutch my arm. I looked around.

"Heavens how magnificent—it is—it is—I have found her," he said, agitatedly.

"Found who?"

"Miss Cleveland. Isn't she a superb creature. By George, the Lady Clara, with her dower, may go to the dogs."

I burst into uncontrollable laughter, for, if a world had been the price of restraint, I could not have refrained. The fair apparition disappeared in an instant.

"Confound you," said Dick, half angrily, "what makes you so merry? You have frightened away my Sultana."

"Merry," said I, "why here you've been avoiding the Lady Clara for years, and searching all England for Miss Cleveland, when they're but one and the same person," and again I laughed until the tears ran out of my eyes.

Dick gazed at me in blank wonder. Never did a poor fellow look more like a fool. This only increased my mirth, and at length Dick joined in it as heartily as myself, capering about in his extravagant joy, until I almost began to think his wits were deranged.

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The next day a post chaise and four dashed through the park of Arlford Castle, and my friend Dick paid his first visit since boyhood to the Lady Clara. Some little surprise was felt, though not evinced at his visit; and the lady herself betrayed decided embarrassment. Dick prospered wonderfully in his wooing, and the next summer he led to the altar the Lady Clara.

It was not until after his marriage that his bride explained to him the little plot connected with her assumption of the name of Miss Cleveland. She was travelling, with her father, from Arlford Castle to London, when she heard of the county ball, and of Dick's intended presence. Piqued at his studied neglect of her she resolved to visit the assembly under an assumed name. This was easily effected. The result is known. But alas! in striving to win Dick, the Lady Clara lost her own heart. Delicacy forbade her afterward to reveal her disguise, and so she was compelled to trust to accident. But years elapsed, as we have seen, before she again met her lover.

The Lady Clara is now a matron of thirty, and the last steamer informs me that Dick has fallen heir to the earldom, his elder brother having died during the Queen's visit to Scotland. Lucky!—wasn't he!

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THE CONVICT'S FATE.

A SKETCH FROM FACT.

So before, behind, around thee like an armament of cloud,
the black fate labors onward. HEMANS.

ON the —— day of March 18—, might have been seen, in the country town of L——, an unusual collection of people of every age, size, and sex. All the public houses were filled to overflowing, and still there were many strangers unable to obtain shelter, but the inhabitants of the village, with generous hospitality, threw open their doors, and made the comers welcome. The cause of this concourse is soon told. The day succeeding the one above mentioned, had been set apart to inflict the utmost punishment of the law on a criminal then lying in the prison. He was a man large in stature, and of powerful strength. He had a short time before, in a moment of passion, taken the life of one of his most intimate friends, a young man of promising talents, and universally respected by a large circle of relatives and friends. The criminal was arrested the day after the murder, tried, and sentenced to death; and that sentence was to be carried out upon the morrow.

The day appointed for the execution was one of the most delightful of the season. The sun rose with unusual splendor. But for one being that luminary had no bright rays—to him there was no joy—no contentment—no happy tranquil feelings swelling the heart with love and adoration. Desperate with the thoughts of an ignominious death, he lay upon the floor of his cell, overloaded with chains, revolving in his mind some bold attempt at an escape—escape when naught but death stared him in the face—escape, when the very hope seemed the madness of despair! How was this to be accomplished? He was to be removed from the prison-house to the place of execution, which was about a mile distant, guarded by a portion of the militia of the county, carrying arms charged with ball cartridge. The only chance for escape would be when he was being removed from the cart to the scaffold, as at that period there would be the least suspicion of his intention. The attempt was desperate, but it was resolved upon.

At length the criminal was brought forth, clothed in the customary dress, and placed in the cart upon the coffin intended to receive his lifeless remains. He was pale and dejected; but with none of his energies impaired by long confinement. His eye, that no suffering could dim, flashed with more than its wonted brilliancy. The prison was built upon an eminence, and upon the spot where he now stood he could look down upon the preparations for his death, and calculate his chances for escape. One piercing glance revealed every thing—that glance proved sufficient.

The procession moved slowly on. The bell, suspended

in the cupola of the prison-house, tolled forth in single and dolorous notes, announcing the awful tidings of death: the crowd in front of the scaffold was immense, but behind, scarcely any persons were collected, in consequence of the ground being damp and marshy, and not affording as fine a view of the approaching spectacle as that in front, which, being slightly elevated, gave those farther off as good an opportunity of viewing the scene as those immediately under the scaffold.

As the sheriff motioned him out of the cart, the prisoner, apparently down cast and dejected, slowly rose and ascended the scaffold, but it was only a moment before he had sprung into the midst of the armed force below, and with the strength of a giant opposed every endeavor to stop his progress. Life was before him—death was behind. He well knew that if retaken he would be shown no mercy, and it were as well to meet his death from the hands of those around him, as from the instrument of the law. With a tremendous effort he cleared the soldiery. Immediately a dozen muskets poured forth their murderous contents at his person, but he passed the ordeal harmless. Struck with astonishment at the suddenness of the effort, the populace remained for a moment inactive, and then with a loud shout started in pursuit; but that moment of indecision gave the prisoner the advantage. Nothing could now stop his progress. Once only, a man in advance of the rest, threw himself in the path before the criminal; but with an herculean grasp the liberated convict seized and crushed him to the earth. On, on, he sped. Mile after mile, hill after hill was passed, but still his pursuers were close behind. Oh! what hopes passed through that wretched beings mind, as with the swiftness of the deer, he fled for life. What resolutions of reform!—what deeds of virtue to be done presented themselves to his imagination! It was a glorious thing to defraud death, to leap from the grave at the moment he felt himself sinking in. But what sight is that which meets his eye? Directly in front of him he perceives a vast body of fire glowing and burning immediately in his path. The sight causes his energies to slacken—he drops nearly exhausted—his pursuers approach nearer. He hears their shouts, and once more he springs forward. He draws nearer to that vast body of fire, but, as he approaches, how changed the aspect before him. Joy! joy! instead of fire, he now perceives the broad and majestic river, rolling on her downward course, her placid bosom reflecting the beams of the noonday sun, until the whole surface glowed like burnished silver.

In a moment he was on the bank. Invigorated and cheered by newly-born hopes, his eye ranged the shore in every direction, but not a boat was to be seen. His pursuers were close behind him. But at length he detected a small skiff that was anchored about twenty yards from the shore, and which his anxiety had caused him at first to overlook. Without hesitation he plunged into the stream, and had scarcely reached the boat before his pursuers were on the bank. But he was safe from them. Fortunately for him there was a solitary paddle in the bottom of the boat, and, hastily slipping the rope over the stake to which it was secured, he darted out into the stream. In vain those congregated upon the shore searched for another boat in which to continue the pursuit, not one was to be found. Maddened with rage at being baffled, at the moment they thought escape was impossible, some sprang into the water to endeavor to reach the convict by swimming; but it was useless. They could not overtake their intended victim. Stopping for one moment, he stood upright in his frail bark, and gave a loud laugh of defiance: then resuming his seat, he directed his course to the opposite shore. All fear had now fled. Once within the lines of the British possessions in Canada, it would be no difficult matter to secrete himself until a favorable opportunity presented itself for departing to the old world. But those shores he was destined never to reach. A more terrible death than that from which he had escaped awaited him.

The part of the river at which the prisoner attempted to cross was one that, unless superior skill was manifested, rendered the boatman liable to extreme danger. It was but a very short distance from the rapids that are generally considered the commencement of the falls of Niagara. At all seasons there is a very strong current leading to this point; but at this time the force of the current was considerably augmented, on account of a heavy freshet that had swollen the river to an unusual degree, thereby causing a greater body of water to rush toward the falls. The convict, whose mind was occupied with other thoughts, was not aware of this circumstance until he found himself gradually drawing closer to the terrible descent. At length, however, his eyes were opened to the extent of his danger. He at once perceived that there was no time for deliberation, and using every effort in his power, he applied his oar. For a moment the boat stood still, and then slowly moved up the stream; but before it had proceeded many yards the paddle that he held in his hand, unable to resist such an unusual pressure, snapped asunder close to the handle. The blade shot far, far from his reach, and beyond all possibility of recovery. Who can tell his emotions at this juncture? In a moment all the actions of his past life rushed through his mind, the few good deeds vanishing like the morning mist before the many evil ones that now rose up before him in accusation. But one struck more terror into his soul than all the rest. It was the murder of his late victim. He fancied he beheld the sufferer, pale and bloody, rising before him. His flesh crept, his eyes rolled horribly, his powerful frame quaked and trembled. Nothing could drive that sight away. In vain he covered his face

with his hands—in vain he cast himself in the bottom of the boat and grovelled like a worm—that ghastly form was still before him.

On, on rolled the stream, and with it the bark that was carrying the murderer to destruction. It was now within a few yards of the rapids. He perceived the imminent danger of his situation without the power of avoiding it. His shrieks for aid were heard on either shore, and struck terror to every heart. Cold drops of agony collected upon his forehead, and chased each other down his pale cheeks. "Oh, God!" he cried, "if succor could arrive, how willingly would I yield up life upon the scaffold." Once more his energies appeared to revive. He sprang up in the boat, and, with a maddened effort, seized and tore the only seat from its place, and used every endeavor to stem the current that was carrying him to his death. But how vain was the effort! All hope had now fled, he was in the rapids, and whirling on with the velocity of lightning. Another breathless pause and he is at the brink of the falls. One moment more and the murderer stands in the presence of his God.

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About a week after the day upon which the above events transpired, the lifeless remains of a man were taken from the river several miles below the falls. The remains were large in stature, and from the proportions of the body, were supposed, when possessed with life, to have been endowed with almost superhuman strength. No one could be found to recognize the body, the features being so mutilated. But by more than one it was supposed to be all that was left of one who had escaped death in one form, only to meet him in another more terrible.

T. S.

THE COUSINS.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"What do you think of Charlotte Estaigne?" said Fletcher Cowell to his friend Henry Desmond, and removing his cigar from his mouth, he suffered the smoke to curl up in a white silvery line, along his face.

"She is dazzlingly beautiful—a perfect Juno!" enthusiastically responded Desmond.

"Do you admire her more than you admire her cousin, Helen Steevens?" said Fletcher, and he replaced his cigar, and pushed the flask.

"To be sure. Helen is pretty, sweet, amiable and all that; but she has nothing of that magnificent beauty which characterizes Miss Estaigne. The one might pass for a queen, the other would only do for her humble companion. One's fancy pictures the one on a throne, while the other sits at her feet, looking up into her face."

"But, after all, the humble companion, though not so showy, may have more real merit than your dazzling queen."

"Never. Give me a dashing, brilliant creature—a little aristocratic, haughty if you will—and I would not exchange her for all the amiable young ladies you can rake together from now till Christmas. No—no, Charlotte Estaigne is as far above her cousin, as the star is above the fire-fly. What a superb walk she has! And then her air,—why, my dear fellow, Helen Steevens, should she live till doomsday, will never excite a buzz like that which follows her cousin every time she enters a room. I wonder how you can compare the two!"

"I do not compare them: their characters are too opposite. But that Helen would make, for either you or me, the better wife, I have no more doubt than that I am now knocking the ashes from this cigar. Granting all you have said in Charlotte's favor, she has one fault that will always make her and those around her unhappy—she has a bad temper."

"Pshaw! she has been giving you a bitter retort, and you have not yet forgiven her. A bad temper!—if wit makes a woman ill-tempered, or if a proper spirit is to be called anger, then indeed is Miss Estaigne passionate. Believe me she has a temper far better than her cousin, who indeed seems never to think for herself, but to submit to imposition with an inertness that often makes me question her intellect."

"So much for a superficial study of these fair cousins. Catharine, I grant, is showy, but she is also shallow; her wit is the ripple on the surface and not the deep tide below. But Helen is the very opposite. Her modesty, at first, conceals from you her real merit, but once gain the footing of a friend with her, and you will soon be convinced of the superiority of her intellect. True, she always yields to her cousin, but that is because Charlotte is selfish and high tempered, which Helen is not. Nor can Miss Estaigne ever love as her cousin could love. The one is too much occupied with herself to bestow a very large share of her heart on a lover; but the affection of the other, when once she yields to the passion, will endure till death. I would marry Helen to-morrow if I thought I could win her."

"And more fool for it! Give me her queenly cousin. As for your prognostics of her ill-temper I mind them not; and even should your prophecies turn out true, I could soon correct this evil in *my* wife."

"I fear you would find it more difficult than you suppose. Of all habits that of indulging in bursts of passion, is the most difficult to overcome; and it can only be broken by a long and rigid course of self-denial. Charlotte is not capable of such a struggle, and though love is a powerful ally, it cannot always win the victory. Besides love to Miss Estaigne would always be a secondary matter."

"You are incorrigible," said Desmond, drowning his chagrin in a glass of champaigne, "and I am half minded to challenge you for abusing Miss Estaigne; but I believe I shall pass it by, only retaliating by saying—what I really think—that Helen Steevens is as pliable as willow, and as simple as a child. But come, if we talk this way of the cousins, we shall get at dagger's points. Let us have charity for each other's opinions, for I begin to suspect we are both in love. Suppose we adjourn our discussion, and each drink his charmer's health."

"With all my heart," said Fletcher, "and I will add to the toast, 'may you never be deceived in Charlotte.'"

"Hush!" said Desmond, lifting his finger, "not another word. Let us stick to our compact, and each, as the Scotch say, dree his own doom."

Fletcher had, however, formed the more accurate estimate of the characters of the two cousins; and indeed his love for Helen was based on his superior appreciation of her merit. Like most others, he had at first been dazzled by the wit and beauty of Charlotte, but a more intimate acquaintance had dissolved the charm, by convincing him that her sparkling satire was in reality the offspring of an ill-tempered heart. Of the wit of the imagination she had but little.

She was selfish, exacting, vain, jealous, and superficial. Fletcher soon turned from her in disgust, the more readily because the sweetness and intelligence of Helen had won on him more and more at each succeeding interview. He found that Miss Steevens, though less showy, was more solid than her cousin, that her beauty, though not so dazzling, better endured scrutiny, and that her affability of temper was the result, not of an imbecile, but of a well regulated mind. Where Miss Estaigne was only accomplished, Helen was well

informed. Where the one was generous from impulse the other was benevolent from duty. While the elder cousin sought on all occasions only her own gratification, the younger one labored as much for the pleasure of others as for that of herself. The love of Fletcher, therefore, for this sweet girl was the offspring of a firm conviction of her worth. It was a passion which, he felt, could end only with his life.

The love of Desmond for Charlotte was a different thing, a mere romantic fancy, nursed by the imagination, and which would have been at variance with the judgment if that faculty had not been lulled to sleep. Struck by the fascinations of Miss Estaigne he had shut his eyes to her imperfections. Like too many lovers, of both sexes, he had created an ideal being, no more like the reality than a landscape mellowed by twilight is like the same scene beneath the noonday sun. He heard the strictures of Fletcher, therefore, with real astonishment, and magnified into virtues—as we have seen—what his friend called errors. His opinion of Helen was formed without any intimate acquaintance with her. It was an error such as is often committed by superficial thinkers.

Time passed. The attentions of Desmond to Miss Estaigne soon became decided, and at length their marriage was spoken of as an occurrence which would speedily take place. Nor was the public voice more reserved in assigning Helen Steevens to Mr. Cowell. For once, too, the rumors were correct. The two young men were married within the same month.

A bare six months had elapsed since his marriage ere Desmond's whole character appeared to be changed. His brow wore an anxious and care-worn expression, which the extravagant mirth that he affected at times failed to remove. It was evident that all was not right within, that happiness was a stranger to him, and that he strove but vainly to conceal his feelings. It speedily came to be rumored that he rarely spent an evening at home, but was ever to be found with gay and dissolute companions. As month after month rolled by, his disinclination to the domestic hearth became more and more apparent, until finally his desertion of his wife became the theme of general remark. As usual some blamed the lady and some the gentleman. A few spoke of peevishness, self-love, and constant recriminations, which were said to have made Desmond an exile from his home; but the greater number denounced him as the most brutal of men for his desertion of an unoffending wife.

It was about a year after his unhappy marriage that Desmond dropped in one evening to see his friend Fletcher. The tidy room, the air of comfort around, and the happy smiles of the wife caused an involuntary sigh from the haggard and now morose Desmond. His visit was of short duration. After he retired a mutual silence prevailed with the young and happy couple. At length the wife spoke,

"Poor Desmond!" she said, "how bad he looks! Charlotte, I fear, has never acted toward him as she should: indeed I often see things there which make my heart ache. Alas! for my deluded cousin."

"Do you know, Helen," said her husband, fondly drawing her toward him, "that I foresaw all this, and used every honorable effort to open Desmond's eyes to Charlotte's true character? I told him that she was selfish, vain, but above all high tempered. He could not see her character in the same light in which I saw it: we came near having high words; but wisely concluded to avoid a subject on which we could not agree. His looks, when he visits us, convince me that he remembers our conversation."

"And yet," said the young wife, after a pause, "he might be happy if it was not for Charlotte's temper, for her vanity and selfishness, and indeed all her other errors might, by the aid of love, be corrected. But oh! the scenes I have witnessed there. It would break my heart, dear Fletcher, to have you look at me as she sometimes looks at her husband! And she is daily becoming worse. Her husband's visible unhappiness stings her heart, and awakes all her evil passions. A single spark blows all into a flame. Alas! for the life they must mutually lead."

"It is indeed dreadful to contemplate," said the husband, "I always feared a high temper, and believe half of the unhappy marriages, of which we hear so many complain, can be traced to it. But let us, dear Helen, change this gloomy conversation. You shall sew and I will read to you."

A year from that time, Desmond, who, meantime had become thoroughly dissipated, was found drowned. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of accidental death. Let us hope it was so, and not attribute it to despair, brought on by his wife's temper.

CURING A LOVER.

BY B. B. THOM.

CHAPTER I.

"My dear Fanny, I am in a terrible state of agitation —I am *ennuied*—I am out of spirits—I am frightfully excited; for you must know that I am threatened—yes, threatened with the exhibition of a most horrible scene here this very day." The speaker was a pretty actress who had turned the heads of all the beaux frequenting Covent Garden Theatre. She was consequently not without a spice of vanity—what pretty woman is?—although she had an under-current of good sense which prevented her head from being altogether turned by the flattery she daily received. The person whom she addressed was her confidante.

"What can be the matter, my dear Maria? Has some one of your numerous admirers fallen out with you?"

"No—no; the fops that cluster around me have neither head nor heart."

"What then—have you had a visit from your old aunt, Dorothea?"

"Nor that either; I have got rid of her."

"Then what is it harasses you so much?"

"This—and oh! my dear Fanny, do you not pity me? A young fellow (for such I suppose him to be) has written me a letter, stating that he intends to come here at four o'clock, and to blow his brains out under my very windows!!!"

"Psha! he's a fool."

"Yes; but a fool that is dying in love. A run-a-way from St. Luke's, that has been reading Werther. Here is the fiftieth letter, at least, that I have had from him—from the poor deserted young man, who calls himself "Cornelius." At first he said he wished to live for my sake. That was bad enough! but now he threatens to die beneath my 'lovely eyes'—that is awful! Now, what I want to know is, has a lady a right to let an enamored swain die, when the individual himself has no desire to live!"

"What you ought to do, in my opinion, is this—admit him to your presence. If he be clever he will amuse us, and you may condescend to request of him to live. But if he be a fool—why then let him kill himself; perhaps it is the very best thing he can do for his family, and the most useful thing he may ever attempt for the benefit of society."

"Yes—but if I tell him to live, he may, like a thousand others, plague me with the unmeaning, frivolous declaration of his affection, when you know I care for none but Henry—that I intend to marry."

"Then, if he should become such a bore, you must only treat him as you do 'a promise to pay'—you are accountable for the bill, and never think of it; the day of payment comes, and it is protested, and then—it is out of your mind for ever."

"But would there not be something like a want of truth in all this?"

"Not at all—it would be mere coquetry. Such an admirer is like the last new novel—you may give an hour or so to it, if it is amusing, and if dull, why fling it in the corner."

"Yes—but if the book should become so agreeable, that I may wish to read it to the third volume?"

"Why, then my dear—Providence may have great blessings in store for you; and as to your poor Henry he—will be to be pitied."

The chat of these two friends was interrupted by Miss Maria's chambermaid, who thus addressed her mistress—

"Oh! la! Miss, there is *such* a very odd man below stairs. He is a great, big, fat person, six feet high, and with such very, very red hair—and he must be ninety years old I'm certain; and he is so vulgar, and speaks with such an accent—and he insists upon seeing you. I'm sure he must be an Irishman, or a creditor; he is so very impudent—I shut the door in his face."

"Then go and open it again, Sally. If he is an Irishman, he will amuse us with his brogue and his speechifications, being a composition of something that is not elevated enough for poetry, nor sufficiently intelligible to be prose. We shall laugh at him, and he in return will sing our praises in the wilds of Connaught or the banks of the Liffey; and if, as I believe he is, a creditor, I will begin by—not paying him a single farthing. Then I shall get rid of him by giving him an order for a private box, and there I can look at him applauding me, because I am determined to—die his debtor. Sally, tell him to walk up: and Fanny, do you take a seat there, and if it be necessary come to my rescue."

The two pretty young women set themselves down on the sofa together, while the servant hurried off to introduce the singular and mysterious visitor.

CHAPTER II.

The individual who now entered the room was a man apparently about sixty years of age. He was in height at least six feet three inches, and was as fat as Lablache. He had an immense nose, and an enormous face that was covered with a beard and whiskers that were half red and half white. His large grey eyes opened with astonishment upon the exquisite beauties that he saw before him. He became in an instant confused and utterly embarrassed. He had to make a bow; but he bowed at the same time with head, hand, and foot—and, having performed this extraordinary feat, he continued to gaze at the ladies, who threw at him the most enchanting looks, although they spoke not. At length silence was broken by the stranger.

"Your servant, ladies—your servant, I say. But may be you don't know who I am no more than the stupid waiter at the Golden Cross; although there's not a ragged boy in Patrick-street that couldn't tell that my name is Corney O'Donaghue, of Drisheen Park. Now then, as you know myself in person, might I be so bould as to be after askin' which of the two of you is Miss Maria Garnett?"

"It is I, sir," answered the inimitable actress, lowly bending my head. "I perceive that you never honor Covent Garden with your presence."

"There never was a truer word said by your purty lips, my dear. The dickens a garden or orchard I ever was in all London—because why, I'm only this very day landed from Cork city."

"Oh! he is an Irish poet," whispered Miss Garnett to her friend.

"But do you see me now," continued Mr. O'Donaghue, as he clapped his enormous fist on the gilded back of a chair; "do you see me now, Miss; when I am at home in Drisheen Park, it's my fashion to ask a stranger to sit down at all events, and may be, too, to ask him if he has a mouth upon him; but it is not the custom here, I see, and so as I am completely knocked up, and bothered, I'll take the liberty of taking a chair, though I was never offered one."

"He is a creditor," remarked Miss Archer.

"Now, I'll be bound you want to know what brought me all the way to London," continued the visiter; "why, then, the long and short of it is this—I have two sons, two as fine-looking boys as ever made the praties vanish out of a dish. Well, now, just listen to me, one of these follows the occupation of his father."

"You are a grocer, sir, I presume."

"I'm an Irish gentleman, ma'am, and one of my ancestors was the King of the Barony of Whackawaynacroostha, in the good old times; and as for myself and my eldest son, we can tell the difference between a pig's head and its crubeen, without twice looking at it. But that's not the matter that has brought me here at all, at all. It is in the regard of my second son, that I have come to London. I sent him here about a year ago, to be learning the law and good manners (and the never a worse school I'm thinking he could come to for that same) and the fact is I want to make him a counsellor."

"That must be a very fine situation in life, I suppose, sir, especially for a gentleman from the city of Cork."

"Not a doubt of it; but now, what is the fact, the deuce a counsellor ever he'll be, and all by raison of you. You have turned his brain, that is what you have, Miss Garnett. He is dying in love for you, the omathaun!"

"Indeed! and is he handsome?"

"Handsome!—there's not the like of him between this and the Mardyke; but what's the use of his being a beauty, when he neither can eat, sleep, nor drink a tumbler of punch. Did you ever know of an Irishman refusing his liquor before now? Well now—what's brought me here is to tell you, that you must not be letting my son fall in love with you, and what's more, I desire that you'll never let him inside the door; for if you do I'll—swear the peace against you."

"Oh! dear! how very frightful!"

"I really beg your pardon, Miss, for speaking so mighty cross to you. And, in truth, when I look at you, its little I can blame my poor son for falling in love with your purty face. By dad! if I was only nineteen, I don't think I could help doing that same myself."

"Sir, you are too flattering."

"Why then, now, Miss *Garnett* dear, or, considering your bright eyes, Miss *Diamond*, only just remember that he's barely anything more than a hobbledehoy, and if he continues to be desperately in love with you, he'll never think of his studies, never be made a counsellor, and perhaps never have the slightest chance of rising to be a chief justice, or lord chancellor, or an assistant barrister."

"But is he really disposed to go to the bar?"

"Whew! why he's cut out for it. Did you ever hear of an Irishman that wasn't fit for everything, from a secretary of state to a common policeman? Sure, there's not a mother's son of us that's not born a genius; and as to being disposed for the bar, sure, we're all disposed for it, we have such a power of prate."

"Then, Sir, I am much obliged to you for putting me on my guard against your son. I never could endure a lawyer, nor a law student either. But, may I ask you, what is your son's name?"

"My son's name, Miss, is the same as his father's; and I could tell you you could get some money for it, if you had it on a stamp, at the fair of Doneraile. My son's name is 'Cornelius.'"

"Cornelius! Is it Cornelius? Then, my dear Sir, read this letter. Is that your son's writing?"

"That is his hand and mark, as sure as that Cork stands on the river Lee!"

"Well then, Sir, only think that this fool of a son of yours tells me, in this billet doux, that he intends coming here to shoot himself under my very window."

"Oh, Lord! is it to blow his beautiful brains out?"

"Do not be too much alarmed. I shall take care he does not hurt himself."

"Ah! then do, like a little darling. Only think, that the lives of all the O'Donoughues are in your hands; for if he attempts o shoot himself, then I may never go home, but I'll kick the life out of him, and be hanged for the murder of young Corney. Pray, Miss, don't let him shoot himself!"

"Never fear; and in order that I may begin the task of preserving him, I shall grant him the interview he

asks for. Up to this moment, I assure you, I have never seen him."

"But sure, if he sees you face to face it's all over; mad in love he'll be."

"I admit that it will be difficult to cure him."

"Aye, but are not you going to take a way that will render it impossible?"

"Not at all. Leave everything to me, and I engage to send him home to you as sensible as yourself."

"And soon. Now mind, Miss."

"This very day you shall see him, perfectly cured, at Charing Cross Hotel."

"Why then, long life and a good husband to you, Miss Garnett. Good morning to you. By the powers! but you are beautiful. One would suppose that you were born in Cork."

CHAPTER III.

A FEW minutes after the departure of Mr. Corney O'Donoughue, of Drisheen Park, Sally entered the apartment; and by the announcement of a very important piece of intelligence, she put an end to the loud laughter of the two friends. Sally announced that the young gentleman who had written fifty billets, the runaway from St. Luke's, the unhappy "Cornelius," was below in the parlor, waiting for an answer to his last letter, either to be admitted to an interview, or to put an end to his existence in the street. Miss Garnett instantly took up the pen, and wrote these words:—

"We ought not to allow all fools to perish, at least, without making one effort to save them. You may, therefore, come."

"Sally," said she, "take this to the young gentleman below stairs, and then show him into the back drawing-room."

The instant Miss Garnett was alone with her friend, she resolved upon playing a trick upon the amorous young law-student. She was an excellent actress, a most accomplished dresser, and, therefore, was pretty certain of her success. With a disinterestedness, and an absence of selfishness, which are very rarely found in a beautiful woman, she resolved to metamorphose herself, if it were possible, into an ugly woman. First she placed over her splendid dress a large black apron, which belonged to her waiting-maid; then she took a thick red, heavy shawl, that effectually concealed her exquisite neck and delicate waist. She next placed coarse mittens upon her fair and delicate hands; and then she put a very small quantity of carmine upon the tip of her nose, wiped whitish powder upon her brows, and then took a stage snuff-box, filled with some harmless mixture, with which she darkened her upper lip.

Thus made up, thus disguised, thus calumniated, outraged, and metamorphosed by herself, she took a long look at the glass, and saw that her charming face and person were no longer scarcely recognizable. Being perfectly content that she should be able to gratify the wishes of Mr. O'Donoughue senior, she rung for her servant to admit Mr. Cornelius to her presence.

Cornelius entered the room, and suddenly stopped; for he was terrified at his own happiness. He was pale, moveless, without sight, and without voice. He saw himself in the house of the celebrated actress; he was in the same room with *his* "Juliet," *his* "Desdemona," *his* "Letitia Hardy." He was about to speak to her, far from the theatre, far from the public gaze, and alone too. It seemed to him as if he never could have the courage to raise his eyes to that divine creature, nor the power to speak to her, nor the boldness to answer her, nor the audacity to express his adoration of her. At last he advanced two or three paces, and then looked upon the two actresses, as if he were trying to recognize which was *the one* that he had fallen in love with from the stage box. Miss Garnett did not leave him long in doubt.

"Take a seat, Sir," said she, "and remain, if you please, at a little distance."

"A distance!" thought Cornelius, as he placed himself on the very edge of a chair.

"Well, Sir, what makes you sit there, with your eyes fixed on the ground, like a bold boy at school, who has been scolded for not learning his lesson. Why don't you look at me?"

"Oh, Heavens! *this* is surely not Miss Garnett," exclaimed Cornelius, with his eyes fixed on the lady.

"Yes, but it is Miss Garnett. Oh! now I see what surprises you. I suppose you thought you would see me in my own house, as if I were dressed up for the stage, and going on as 'Juliet.' You wanted to have me with my cheeks painted red, and my nose whitened, and my neck bare, and my arms uncovered. Oh! my good young lad, that is all very well for the foot-lights; but when the curtain falls I am plain Maria Garnett once again. I attend to the affairs of the house, I see the cookery is all right; and, you must know, I am unequalled at made dishes. When I get home I am as you see me now. I keep myself nice, snug, cosy, warm, and comfortable; and when I am annoyed by visitors, I —take snuff."

"Then how in the world is it that you appear so very different on the stage?" said the diappointed lover, driven out of all patience; "how is it that you enchain all hearts; that all who see you feel inclined to write poetry?"

"Talking of poetry," said she, "have you seen the pretty verses that Tom Moore has written upon me. Instead of the "Lines to Maria," I should have preferred him sending me a good Cheshire cheese."

"But then the fame, the renown, and the glory that such a poet must give you."

"Fame, renown, and glory, are three hypocrites, and I never ask them home with me. When I go to the play-house they *seem* to accompany me; they flatter, they caress, and they applaud me; but when I return to my dressing-room I bid them good night; they go to sleep, and so do I. That, Sir, is my pride—but will you take a pinch of snuff?"

"Oh, Tom Moore! Tom Moore!" murmured the distracted lover. "Only fancy the idol that you have immortalized as the perfection of beauty, snuffing up handsful of filthy black rappee."

"And now, Mr. Cornelius, answer me truly and frankly. Do you still intend to shoot yourself on my account?"

"No, Miss Garnett. No, no. Heaven forbid!"

"That is said like a sensible little man, as I am sure you are. To die for love is the most preposterous thing possible. Only fancy, a barber in the next street hung himself last week for love of my servant girl, Sally, and she—has horrid bad teeth. But now pledge me your honor, and the honor of your highly respectable father and his interesting family, that you will live."

"I give you my own honor, and the honor of my father, and the honor of all the O'Donoughues, that I will live as long as I can. And this, at all events, you may rely upon, that I will never again think of shooting myself for—an actress."

"Good bye, then, Mr. Cornelius. I mean never to forget you; and should I ever be engaged in a lawsuit, you may depend on it, I shall retain you as my leading counsel."

Miss Garnett rose and curtseyed to the enamored swain, and Sally showed him to the door, inside of which he was resolved never again to enter. His love was perfectly cured. He returned to his father, who, a few years afterward, had the happiness of seeing his son as "Counsellor" O'Donoughue, and giving to his clients at the assizes, the benefit of his legal knowledge: though, I am sorry to add, it could not prevent the majority of them from being transported beyond the seas for the period of their natural lives.

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DISTINGUISHED STRANGERS.

A VERMONT SKETCH.

BY GERTRUDE GARLAND.

"I THOUGHT I would just come in and tell you the news! Mrs. Branch," said the good-natured Mrs. Thomas, the buxom landlady of "The Lion," as she entered the apartment of one of her boarders—her cheeks glowing like the embers, from which, ten minutes before, she had taken the smoking beef-steak—her eyes brighter than her own radiant brittania coffee-pot, and her tongue ready to be as social as the chatty sausages she had been preparing for the table, "I thought I would just drop in and tell you the news!"

"News! news! Mrs. Thomas, indeed, and what is it?" was the quick response of her friend. Now news was a great treat to Mrs. Branch, in common with all the inhabitants of Laurelville. Enclosed on all sides by the Green Mountains—hill rising above hill, with their gently rounded top or rock-capped head, some highly cultivated to their very summit, and others beautiful with wooded sides, and gushing springs, which glancing and dancing in the sunbeams, as they passed over their pebbly beds, gave richness and fertility to their borders, and vied with the songsters of the forest in the sweetness of their music, and adorned with a coronet of brilliants, each spray and bending leaf their waters refreshed—this little town lay almost hidden from the world, and buried in its solitude. The stage-coach passed through it twice a week, its ingress and egress announced by the vigorous and rapid repetition of the first ten notes of "Auld Lang Syne," in as loud and harmonious tones as an excellent tin trumpet could produce, in conjunction with strong lungs, good wind, and a willing mind. It was seldom the conveyance of a passenger who was to remain, but always brought a huge leathern bag, containing a few newspapers, and sometimes a letter—always made wonderfully secure with its cumbersome lock and chains. The arrival of this stage and mail was the event of every day on which it occurred, for this, and an occasional journey of some of its inhabitants, were all their means of communication with the great world. Yet here lived a community of several hundred men, women and children—who possessed the means of living among themselves—and rejoiced in their inherited fields, and while they labored gave thanks for their freedom and their liberty. A district school for children, who under the guidance of Miss Prim, shot their first ideas—and an Academy, the preceptorship of which had descended from Deacon Jones to his son, each in their turn made pedagogue by their own wants, and the sovereign will of the people, were the means of giving them a good substantial education, and a taste for reading. This taste was satisfied, but not satiated by a travelling circulating library—the privileges of which were shared equally with all the neighboring villages. It consisted of a huge vehicle, painted bright red, with yellow adornments—a door behind, and a comical shaped sky-light on its top—and might, at first sight, have been mistaken for the pleasure carriage of some mighty beast of the forest, who tired of

"Treading his native wilds and filling vast solitudes with awe!"

had commenced the grand tour of the world, bought his carriage, hired his guide, and was now leisurely taking note of men and manners; much did "the library" resemble the fancy coaches generally appropriated to the accommodation of their visitors. Two little white horses that evidently had ribs, and were as pale and intellectual looking as the poets of our days—were kept in motion by a long, lank, bony man, with an immense whip, which he used sparingly and with gentleness, preferring to incite them to fresh zeal and energy by continual "*haws* and *gees*," and drawings up of his stiff, unshaven lips to an unsightly and laughable pucker, and smacking out, what if it had touched a fair damsel's rosy cheek, would have been a tremendously sonorous kiss. The internal arrangement of this establishment consisted of queer little dark cup-boards and crannies, for the bestowal of novels, romances, and the nicer sort of books, of alcoves and arches for the substantialities of literature, and of shelves and sliding panels for magazines and periodicals, all systematically arranged on the "multum in parvo" principle. To the treasures there concealed each family in Laurelville could have access, and before it had completed its monthly perambulations, have made themselves masters of the knowledge it dropped at their doors; then restoring that to its place with which they had become familiar, dip again into the fount and take fresh draughts from this well of knowledge. With these advantages the people of this little town were well informed, somewhat familiar with other nations and countries—intelligent and substantially educated. They knew more of daily domestic duties than of fashions—more of farming than of high life. Generally satisfied with their regular course of labor and enjoyment, with their home comforts and fire-side enjoyments; had they not yet had a modest inquisitiveness concerning, and an innate fondness for, what they knew so little of, they could hardly as Americans have claimed kindred with us. A piece of news was to them more precious than gold, though that they did not despise—it was the "open sesame" to all ears and hearts, and its possessor had, for the time, a talisman which made him a welcome visitor to all circles, and gave him an honored place at every fire-side. Mrs. Thomas' news was no less than that the English family had arrived, and, that until their house was ready, they

would take apartments at "the Lion." In concluding her harangue (the substance of which, we beg her pardon for giving in our own words, as being more concise) as to what Mr. Smithe said, and what Mrs. Smithe wore —as to how the Misses Smithe were quite handsome—as to how young Mr. Smithe was no better looking, nor quite so good as her Joe—as to the little girl being ten years old, or thereabouts—as to their bringing nine trunks and chests, but mostly *chests*—and as to their eating breakfast now in the "Paul and Virginia room," (a designation it took from the paper on its walls)—Mrs. Thomas started from her seat, but stopping half way between it and the door, with one arm a-kimbo, she exclaimed,

"There's that bell again. Jane must have forgotten them dough-nuts, or else the mince-pie. I do say, folks little knows what an undergoment 'tis to keep tavern, says I, to Mr. Thomas last evening, says I, no it wasn't, says he to me, says he, I'm so tired that my bones ache to such a dgree, says I, so do mine—and this morning I had a master kind of an aspen trembling—I couldn't get no better of it till I ate my breakfast. Them buck-wheats was nice, wasn't they, Miss Branch? I made them with patent yeast—Mr. Thomas says to me, says he, 'Lucy they be despite nice'—there's that bell again —now I must go and tell Miss Smithe to eat hearty!" Away she went "on hospitable thoughts intent." Their wishes were heard with attention, their wants cheerfully and abundantly supplied; for it was not our good land-lady's fault or virtue, to be economical in feeding herself or her boarders, and they parted mutually pleased; they with her open-handed, free-hearted bountifulness; and she with the inward feeling of "what a comfort 'tis to get up victuals for English folks, they relished them so amazing." While they were discussing their breakfast, Mrs. Thomas just slipped into the other lady-boarders rooms, and in less than an hour had no less than four able fellow laborers in her mission, their common object being to enlighten the little town of Laurelville, as to the arrival of the English family. Let me be employed in the same benevolent manner, and give all the information relative to the Smithes', which was current among the villagers at the time of their arrival.

Two weeks previous to that event, the stage had brought and left a man stout and portly-dressed in garments, not made exactly after the fashion of those worn in Laurelville, and wrapped in such a quantity of overcoats, cloaks, comforters and tippets, that who was he? was an undecided query in the minds of the bystanders. Mr. Thomas, as he took his carpet-bag into the house, gained all the information that a card attached to it could give, "I. Smithe, Birmingham, England." It was sufficient for himself and his friends, to whom it was immediately communicated for the present. The traveller entered, looked round, called for a glass of brandy, with the usual English oath, so well known on the European continent, and the knowledge of which is so rapidly increasing in our own, drew nearer the fire, warmed his feet, and then remarked with the air and importance of one who speaks truth, that "it was a clever day." His being an Englishman, had so overpowered our worthy host that his only reply was, "well, I guess it is"—and he then threw another arm full of wood on the already heaped fire. This, with a second glass of brandy, seemed to warm the gentleman, for he proceeded to take a sock, a leggin, an over-stocking, first from one moiety of his understanding, then the other—then divesting his outer man of all superfluous clothing, he stood before them a stout, ruddy little Englishman, dressed in a blue coat and short clothes, a yellow vest, a red silk neckerchief, white long stockings, and shoes with shining buckles. The same benign influence which had exhibited itself externally, seemed to have touched the springs of intellectuality: Vermonters and Yankees, in their thirst for knowledge, and their skill in acquiring it—but these were lost upon our traveller, who was as ready to talk under the potent influence of brandy and warmth united, as those around him were to hear. He told them he was an Englishman—that they knew before —that his name was Smithe—that they knew too, only the long *i* was a novelty—that he formerly lived in Birmingham—did they know that? Ah! that tale-telling card, that he had for the last year been living in Canada, and had sent his daughters to *the States* to school; they had become acquainted with a widow Holladay, who owned a farm about half a mile west of Laurelville, she wished to sell it, and he had come to give it a look. He did give it a look, an approving one, and in less than three days, the fact of the Englishman having bought the Holladay farm for three thousand five hundred dollars, house and all, was generally established. He then disappeared, and the excitement of his coming was dying away, when his re-appearance, with his family, kindled up a new flame from its smouldering ashes, and sent the incense of gossip into every family.

Any new family coming into a small town is a circumstance, an event, an epoch, but an English family, real "living, live" English, with a rich old man for its head, (he must be rich, or he would have considered longer before he bought the farm; your Vermonters never change three thousand five hundred dollars for any thing, without a six months considering.) a nice elderly lady, for the elderly ladies to visit and drink tea with—with grown up daughters for the young men to flirt with—with a grown up young man for the girls to fall in love with, and a little girl for all to pet and fondle, and be the stepping-stone to an acquaintance with the others—it would have been unnatural had not the people of Laurelville congratulated themselves and each other on this accession to their society. The

bar-room of the little public house had many loungers that day; and Mrs. Thomas many calls to answer enquiries and make speculations as to all the incidents, events and circumstances, past, present and future, of the Smithe family, became both her's, and her worthy husband's business and pleasure.

But the sun did not stand still—neither did old Father Time stop in Laurelville to see the "English folks," for the days flew past with the quickened speed which an object of interest always lends to them—each morning bringing to light some circumstance in the Smithe movements, and each evening bearing full testimony that they had done something that day. If they staid at home people wondered what they could be about, and thought they must be proud to keep so private—if they sallied out, the boys stopped in their game of leap-frog on the green, made their awkward bows, and were then at liberty to stare—girls dropped their little acts of courtesies, with blushing faces, and ran home to say that they had seen *the ladies*—labor was suspended while they were in sight—the wood-choppers axe fell and was not raised again—the incessant hammering at the tinmans' ceased—the grocer did not watch the scales and catch the precise moment when the sugar balanced the weight—the merchants' clerks threw themselves into attitudes—and little cracks in window-shutters, and curtains slightly drawn, testified to female curiosity. But the week passed on, and the inquiry arose "where would the Smithe's go to meeting?" Neither their host or hostess could tell—they had not the trouble of asking, for the Englishman himself came to the bar on Saturday evening to make the proper inquiries.

He heard that the white church was Congregational—that the Baptist had a meeting in the school-house—that the Academy was used by the Methodists, and that once in a month a Catholic priest came from Canada to preach at Mrs. Burbanks, who was a Catholic.

"No Established church then, sir? another glass of your excellent brandy, Mr. Thomas."

"Well, we think the Congregational is pretty well established, sir. Mr. Lovegood has been here nigh upon twenty years," was the reply Mr. Smithe received.

"Mr. Smithe means no Episcopal Church, Mr. Thomas, no, sir! we have none as yet, but with your efficient aid, I trust, we may have one before long," chimed in the obsequious lawyer, who was standing near—*he* was educated at a college, and by common consent was the standard of elegance and knowledge of the village. "I shall be happy to seat yourself and family, sir," he continued, "and to have you call at my office at any time, sir," and out came a little fillagree card-case, and in less than no time was a card, with "John Brown, Esq." upon it, thrust in Mr. Smithe's face. The Englishman had not concluded his bows and other demonstrations of thankfulness, when Squire Brown, taking the little card from his hand, bent three of the corners slightly down, and returning it, said, "my compliments to the ladies, sir, I shall be happy to wait upon them, and show them our town, and its public buildings."

"Thank you, sir, thank you," was the reply of Mr. Smithe, as he made as rapid a retreat as if that Englishman's horror, a Frenchman, had been at his heels. His departing footsteps had hardly ceased to be heard as he crossed the yellow painted floor of the entry—when a coarse, good-humored, red faced man, turning to Mr. Brown, said,

"Well, now, Squire, I spose you've done just about the completest thing—but I want to ask, what in nater you intended by spoiling your paste-board, and breaking most off them little cat-e-corner pieces?"

"Mr. Colonel Grimes—do you ask what I meant? Why, sir, in polite society, a card so bent, signifies that it is intended for more than one person. Mr. Smithe knew if you did not!'

"Now I like that, Squire," was the reply, "for it must be a great saving of your cards"—and the laugh went round at the lawyers expense, for with all his elegance, the lawyer was one of the scrimping and saving sort of men. Mr. Thomas, ever well disposed, tried to turn the conversation by asking him what buildings he would show the ladies? But Mr. Brown was sulky, and Colonel Grimes again volunteered his opinion.

"He'll show them the meeting-us, Mr. Thomas, the court-us—the school-us—the big hole old Andrus dug for gold—the grave-yard, and Jenkins big dog!" and then the laugh became so general that the discomfited man of law made his exit unobserved. It being ascertained that he was gone, his character was the next subject of discussion, and Colonel Grimes's animosity was explained, by his allusion to Mr. Brown having unmercifully cheated him, in a business transaction—an account of which he gave in full—and added to his remarks, "that Squire Brown would get bit himself some day or nuther, for every body wasn't so good-natured and forgetible as he was."

"John Brown, Esq.," went to the Congregational Church, and was greatly envied as he marched up the aisle, the next morning, with Mrs. Smithe leaning on his arm, the Misses Smithe following—Mr. Smithe and the little girl bringing her doll, still farther behind, and Mr. Smithe, Jun., in the rear. All eyes were levelled at them, all necks were stretched and heads turned. Some little delay was occasioned by Mrs. Smithe in her haste to perform the formula of devotion, so appropriately and beautifully prescribed in the ritual of the Episcopal Church. She dropped on her knees so near the door that those following were obliged to wait the termination of her private supplication—a termination speedily effected by John Brown's efforts to raise her, supposing

she had fainted. This delay gave sufficient time for the whole group to be scanned, criticised and admired by the lookers on. Even worthy Mr. Lovegood was long in arranging his hymn-book and bible satisfactorily that morning. The prayers, hymns and sermon might all have been omitted, for the "English family" was a text which had sufficient division naturally arising from the subject, to engross the attention of all. We never heard of any improvement made of the subject, except that of old aunt Betty Larkin's, who thought "it was as good as a sarment on Vanity to see all them rattle-traps and fol-de-rols the English folks wore."

Before the next Sabbath they were safely fixed in their own house, and had received the welcomes of most of their townsmen and townswomen personally. Mrs. Smithe was ascertained to be a very *genteel* lady—true, she was dressed in a calico short gown and maroon colored flannel petticoat, when Mrs. Burbanks called, but it must be English full dress, for at the same time she had a velvet turban, trimmed with yellow lace upon her head—her little grey curls peeping out from its front and sides, greatly augmenting the effect of her blowsy face, and little inquisitive nose! The Miss Smithes' were pronounced "lovely" by the ladies, and "slick" by the men—social, pleasant girls they were, but models of would-be fine ladies—slouching and careless in their morning attire, with soiled caps covering multitudes of little imprisoned curls—in the afternoon be-ruffled and be-curled ready for visitors. Miss Harriet, the eldest, was sentimental and poetical—she went into raptures over the wild, mountainous scenery of Vermont, and in the next breath spoke of her dear native land, and early friends. Miss Caroline was more desirous of pleasing, and if the truth must be told, had set her heart too firmly upon making a settlement in the new country to remember much of that of her birth—she was the more agreeable of the two. Young Mr. Smithe was never seen, and might more often be found in the kitchen than parlor, still more often in the stable than either. The old gentleman was jolly and friendly as any one could desire, had a word for every body, patronised all the merchants and grocers—bought all the spare stock of the farmers without asking the prices until it was his—and all their extra corn and potatoes. From the old man to the little girl, whom Miss Prim extolled as a pattern of perfection, and asserted boldly that "she was the sweetest child—English hair did curl so lovely"—the English family were the fashion. The editor of the "Laurelville Green Mountain Banner" felicitated himself and his readers in a congratulatory paragraph upon the arrival of distinguished strangers from the Mother-land—the merchants had British calicoes, and cottons, and Manchester and Birmingham sheetings and shirtings upon their counters. Mr. Lovegood preached a sermon apologising for the coming over of the Puritans, and the American struggle for liberty. School-master Jones delivered a lecture before the "young men's and women's lyceum," on England and her prospects. The shoe-maker, Mr. Pegg, advertised "English ties and buskins for ladies." Shaver, the barber, who eked out his income by appropriating one window of his little shop on the corner to the exhibition of confectionary, tapes, and black-ball for sale, went to the expense of a sheet of paste-board to make a special sign for "English walnuts." The Harmony Band learned to play "God save the King." The "Female Education Society" was changed in name and object—and was known as "the society for the amelioration of the condition of factory children in Great Britain." The English or rather Smithe mode of dress was adopted generally. Turkies and chickens became "pheasants," and poultry yards "preserves." *H's* went out of fashion in the right places, and were added where they did not belong —'ot 'am and heggs became a fashionable dish to speak of as it gave one an opportunity of practising the (*h!*) out. Under the Smithe dynasty, Holladay farm became Smithe Park—its stone walls and root fences were demolished—the rows of maples were cut down, and little clumps of oak and elm substituted—the straight walk to the front door was made to wind and double itself—the little pond, where the cows had been watered for years, was converted into an ornamented lake, and called by Miss Harriet "Ulstan water"—the grinning knocker, which in the Holladay times had lost its fearful expression in its lustre, was taken down, and a bell pull substituted. What the Smithe's termed their "coat of h-arms" was placed over the front-door—a picture of two nondescript animals facing each other—some crooked lines and one straight one—it passed the comprehension of the inhabitants of Laurelville, nor was it made more clear by John Brown's kindly but condescending explanation that it was "a couchant and a rampant." Within doors as many alterations had been made before the spring—English carpets, English chairs and tables, an English sofa, and the wonder of the inhabitants of Laurelville, an English piano, for the Miss Smithes' were musical, were its furniture—English prints, books, and some little china toys, were its ornaments. The beautiful month of May brought with it one more change—the hiring of a young man to preach (in the room, made vacant by the Baptists building a new church or barn,) and to read prayers with a black silk gown and white bands on—this was effected by the united exertions of Mr. Smithe and John Brown's eloquence. The attraction proved sufficient to collect a comfortably large congregation—for the girls went to see the young and handsome minister, and the young men went to see the girls.

All these changes, we repeat, had not been made in a

day, for the green leaves were on the trees, and the verdant grass was gay in its summer attire before they were completed. Laborers were plenty, and the spring planting being over, Mr. Smithe gave them an English féte—an ox was roasted, and beer and ale were briskly circulated. Popular with all classes, the glory of the Englishman was at its height. Mrs. Smithe was pronounced the most notable of house-keepers, and her butter and cheese became the country's talk—the young ladies went on their course entertaining with music and conversation all who would come and listen, and accepting all the civilities so abundantly offered them. They promptly returned their calls—they visited and made themselves agreeable, talking of London and Birmingham—they walked and talked—they rambled and chatted—they rode horse-back, with Tartan shawls pinned about their waists, and falling in long but scanty drapery, and little nine-penny *chuck* hats on their heads. Their steeds—not fiery Arabs—but good ploughing horses, with considerable ability in walking, and excellent *trotters*, but knew no other gait—were dignified by the names of Bucephalus and Mazeppa. Not a swain but fell captive to English charms—but it was John Brown's fortune to be the favored one—he, upon whose *educated* heart, rosy cheeked, bright-eyed damsels had failed to make an impression, became the accepted of Miss Caroline Smithe—and as he inwardly thought, possessor of a handsome fortune—as she expressed it "their troth was plighted." The charming Miss 'Arriet's 'eart was now the besieged citadel—she sentimentalised, flirted and played with all—but upon the consummation of her sister's felicity, smiled so sweetly upon Mr. Simpson, a widower of six months standing, with a fine family of children and a pleasant house, that it was supposed he would be the happy man. No! alas for him, for in her pitying and sympathising refusal of his offer, she more than intimated "that" her h-affections had long been placed upon a member of the royal family—it was a mutual h-attachment that though h-opposite and h-adverse circumstances had combined to separate them, she yet trusted to give her 'and where she had bestowed her 'eart. The fair lady was not the less sought, after this intimation, for to be the husband of one who had been beloved by a duke, a lord, a prince, or perhaps by the king himself, was worthy of an effort.

August came, and with it a slight diminution of interest in the Smithe family. An announcement that board might be obtained there aroused Mrs. Thomas of "the Lion," and in her angry astonishment she gave utterance to the wish, "that if the Englishmen were going to mind their business they would pay them their dues." Colonel Grimes called for the settlement of a bill due to him, and not effecting his object, remarked that he guessed "Englishmen were just about as good now as they were when old Ethan Allen whipped them." As winter approached, Miss Harriet, on account of her loveliness, now that Mrs. Brown had left them, proposed opening a school for young Misses—Miss Prim immediately discovered that she liked English curls better than English manners—and intimated that she thought it would be "as well to pay for Amy's tuition as to take away her lawful rights"—rights she had maintained so many years. Notwithstanding these beginnings of murmur, the Smithes' had boarders, and Miss Harriet had scholars—the scholars soon left, they did not like English teaching—the boarders followed their example, they did not like English eating. Not long after this Mr. Smithe was seen about night-fall, staggering to his barn, and vainly endeavoring to feed his horses. A travelling lawyer came to Laurelville, his purpose to collect a debt due to a cabinet-maker in Troy, for *English* furniture—not being able to obtain money, he attached sufficient property to cover the debt. The homely truth that "bad news flies faster than good," was never more fully proved than in this case. Each of Mr. Smithe's creditors became anxious to secure their own claims—and with no lack of good feeling toward him, each came and took that which seemed right in his own eyes. Crops were sold to pay for planting them—farmers came and took away their own sheep and cows—not to trouble the Englishmen, but to pay themselves. The master of the house quarrelled with no one—and no one personally molested him—indeed he was rarely to be seen sober, and seemed passively to receive all his misfortunes, seeking relief only in stupid, drunken forgetfulness.

The year came round. Smithe Park was still there, but how shorn of its glory! Doors creaking on rusty hinges, were blown by the wind to and fro, and gave forth that hollow sound which betokens empty barns and vacant stables. The house was closed and gloomy. *The family*—their *English* glory all departed—its head might always by day be seen cowering by the kitchen fire, his elbows supporting his head by resting on his knees—and his face covered with his hands—he seemed neither to know or care that his credit, his character, his reputation were all gone—that he himself was a drunkard. What was now the prospect of that English family, who a year before had taken possession of the Holladay farm, and the good sense of the villagers? and who coming to Laurelville with little property, were first raised, more by the will of the people, than by their own pretension, to a height which made their fall, their ruin? They left their house as the spring returned—*he* to be carried to his grave—*she* to go to her English friends in compliance with the urgent request of both Mr. and Mrs. John Brown, taking little Amy with her. James Smithe took apprentice bonds with Mr. Pegg, the shoemaker, who is now the 'andsome Miss 'Arriets 'appy 'usband, and has ascertained that the former lover was

an under-scullion in their Majesties royal house-hold, who, unfortunately for their union, was obliged to take a journey to one of the colonies in the South Seas, where he is still rusticating.

The little church and congregation is scattered; Bucephalus and Mazeppa have passed into Mr. Thomas' hands, and are found to answer to their former names of Tom and Bill quite as well as before their acquaintance with English society. The people of Laurelville are almost satisfied with what they have said of the Smithes', and have nearly ceased to scandalise them—and Mr. Simpson passed Mrs. Pegg the other week, bowed politely to her, and when out of hearing, sung to a lively air—

"Sic a wife as Willie has,
I wad nae gie a button for her."

THE DUELLIST.

BY H. SYMMES.

"Ove la morte al vincitor si pone
In premio' e 'l mal del vinto é la salute." TASSO.

CHAPTER I.

It was about two months after the celebrated battle of Fontenoy, that there was collected together near the bath of Latona, at Versailles, some officers of the Gardes-du-Corps, who were listening to the discussion of a point, that is very rarely made the subject of a controversy among military men.

"What!" said one, remarkable for his harsh features and thick red mustachios; "what! refuse to fight a duel, after an affront in public had been put upon him! Why, it is a dishonor that not all the waters of the deluge could wash away."

"M. de Malatour," said his opponent, in a tone of voice remarkable for its mildness and calmness, "I have the honor of again repeating to you my opinion, that I think a man shows his virtue and good qualities very frequently—perhaps more frequently, in declining to fight a duel, than by being a principal in one. What is there, in truth, more disreputable, what more unworthy of a gentleman, than to give way to passion, to rage, and to vengeance? What can there be more worthy of admiration, than resisting such violent impulses? And, remember, that the virtue that does not cost us some sacrifice of feeling, is scarcely deserving of the name."

"Well, well; all I can say to M. de Argentre is this: that if ever the King should give you a company, you ought to have engraven on the scabbards of your soldiers' swords, the Fifth Commandment—'*Thou shalt not kill.*'"

"And why not? The King would have more good servants, and the country fewer annoyances, if we had in our regiments more soldiers and fewer ruffians. Look, for instance, for the justification of what I have said, to the conduct of him, concerning whom this argument has arisen. See how nobly he avenged the affront put upon him, by carrying off the English standard at Fontenoy, and this too at the very time when some of your fire-eating duellists were, not improbably, prudently ensconced behind the baggage."

"The base have their moments of courage, as the timid deer will itself turn at bay, when hard pressed by the dogs."

"Aye, and the brave, good sir, have their attacks of cowardice."

"That is not either the thought, or the expression of a gentleman or a soldier."

"And yet it was first said by Marshal Turenne, who was certainly as nobly born as either of us. He avowed that he was not exempt from such feelings. Every one

knows what he did with respect to the braggart, who boasted that he had never felt fear. The Marshal took a candle, and put it so close to the nose of the gasconader, that he had to draw back his head in affright, to the great amusement of the spectators."

"None but a Marshal of Turenne could have presumed to play off such a miserable practical joke. Sir, I maintain that your friend is a coward, and that you—"

"And I!" exclaimed M. de Argentre, curling himself up like a wounded serpent, his forehead pale and his eyes on fire; "and I, sir—"

"Holloa, gentlemen," cried out a new comer, who, in the heat of the discussion, had glided unperceived amid the group. "This is *my* affair," he said to M. de Argentre, whose already uplifted arm he seized; "and as to you, M. de Malatour, I am at your command."

"In that case, then, after you it is my turn," said d'Argentre, calmly reseating himself.

"By my honor, gentlemen, you give me infinite pleasure!" cried the duellist.

"One moment," said the new comer, who although still very young, wore the cross of Saint Louis. "Too great haste in a matter like this testifies less a contempt of death, than impatience to have done with life."

"What do you mean, Sir?"

"It is but this very moment that M. d'Argentre has told you, that one of the bravest of our generals admitted that he had moments of fear. Now, without making myself responsible for the authenticity of the anecdote respecting Turenne, I affirm that the courage of the duellist is rather to be ascribed to habit, than to courage. Would you wish to see this proved?"

"Enough, good sir, we are here as soldiers to fight, and not as mere students, to argue themes according to the strict rules of logic.

"Listen to me a moment longer. This is my proposition to you. We are all now about to obtain leave of absence. Now, I invite you, as well as all our mutual friends present, to my country house, or rather to the Rock du Clat, situated in the Eastern Pyrenees. I invite you there to a bear-hunt. You are very clever, M. de Malatour; you can snuff a candle with a pistol-ball at twenty paces' distance, and no one can pretend to compete with you in the exercise of the small sword. Well, then, sir, I mean to put you in presence of a bear, and if you are able, I do not say to lodge a ball in his head, but even to take a steady aim at him, then I shall be quite ready to submit myself to the proof, either to be killed by you, or to kill you; since these are the only terms on which you will allow me to be friends with you."

"Are you joking, Sir?"

"On the contrary, I never was more serious in all my life. I believe that the fiery ardour which brings you to the duelling ground, is to be regarded rather as a courage of the nerves, than the courage of the heart. The bravery of the soul, which is, after all, the only true one, and that on which we can solely rely in moments of unexpected danger is not there."

"Yes, but supposing that I accept your proof, what security shall I have that you will not find another excuse for not giving me a meeting."

"My word, Sir; of which I make all my comrades the witness, and that I place under the safeguard of their honor."

Here there was heard such a general murmur of applause amid his auditors, that M. de Malatour, in despite of the fury that flashed from his eyes, felt himself compelled to accede to the proposition made to him.

It was then agreed, that in a month from that day, that was on the first of September, all who were then present should again met together at the Chateau du Clat.

CHAPTER II.

The Castle of Clat, like the greater part of those buildings that have very strong walls, is still to be seen beneath the chain of the Pyrenees. It was planted on a high and elevated point, from which there was commanded a view of the mountains around for many leagues, while the place itself was overtopped by the dazzling snows of the Pyrenees.

The first care of the young Lord of Villetriton, after having paid the due tribute of regret to the memory of his father, was to have summoned before him a man named Pareur de Gesse, one of the most celebrated bear-hunters in the district.

Of the person that we now venture to introduce into our story, there are still told the most astonishing anecdotes, with respect both to his skill, his courage, and his extraordinary escapes from the most imminent peril. This man was of a thin figure, very slightly bent; the latter defect principally to be ascribed to his constant habit of climbing to those places that were the ordinary theatre of his hunting. This defect gave him the appearance of being somewhat advanced in life, although he had not yet reached his fortieth year. But then, looking at him more attentively, it would be found in that compact body, in those muscular limbs, in the eye, lively, bright, and intelligent, in that brown, smooth hair which not a single streak of grey as yet defaced, that there stood before you one of those hardy constitutions, that seem destined to remain a stranger to every species of infirmity that ordinary life is exposed to. He was a robust child of the mountains, in the midst of which he had passed his life. His heart too was upright and religious; it was penetrated as all kindly and simple natures are, with the light of conscience—with the conviction that we are accountable to our Creator for all our actions. Thanks to this habit of respect for things that are sacred, and perhaps, also, by reason of the

innumerable perils to which he stood exposed, le Pareur bore in his manly physiognomy a character of rude elevation, that was not destitute of nobility It was no doubt owing to his religious feelings, and to his confidence in the ways of Providence, that our bear-hunter accomplished feats that were truly miraculous, and that now have afforded, for more than a hundred years, the inexhaustible subject for stories and anecdotes, in the long winter evenings, among the inhabitants of those mountains.

It was in consequence of the young Lord of Clat following, as a child, this singular man in his dangerous chases, that he was indebted not merely for his vigor of body, but also that energetic *sang-froid* of which he had given such dazzling proof on the plain of Fontenoy, and that we shall soon see him exhibit in a different field of battle.

When Pareur appeared before his young master, whom he had not now seen for two years—he who never trembled before any peril—felt himself moved even to the very bottom of his heart, as much as a poor mother at the aspect of her child that she unexpectedly beholds after a long absence. He was about to cast himself at the feet of his lord, when the latter prevented him, and affectionately shook him by the hand.

"You forget, Pareur, my friend," he said, "that it is the duty of the pupil to pay respect to his instructor, and more especially so when he stands in need of his advice and his wisdom."

"Speak, my lord, speak; for, after God, the old hunter is yours, body and soul."

"Thanks! thanks! my brave honest fellow; but have you received my letter from Paris?"

"Oh! yes, my Lord, and you may be sure your guests will find some rough fellows to speak to."

"How many of them are there on the mountain," resumed the young nobleman, stretching his hand toward one of the giant peaks that shone with the golden rays of the setting sun.

"Five in all—a complete family—father, mother, and children."

"Well, but a few days yet to come, Pareur, and we shall be called upon to show our country skill—but I scarcely can hope for our superiority—for one of my guests is so excellent a shot, that he can snuff a candle at twenty paces distance."

"That is perhaps easier than to strike a bear when he is within four feet of you."

"It is my opinion, also; but as I am particularly anxious myself to judge of his address, you must take care and place us at the same post—at the bridge of Maure, for instance; for you know——

"I understand you," said the hunter, and bending down his head, and giving his right ear a pinch—an attitude which was familiar to him when he was at all embarrassed—"but to speak frankly, my lord, I had rather see you in any place than that."

"Why so?"

"Because, to guard that post, one should have their conscience free, and be in a complete state of grace; for there the hunter is between two dreadful deaths—the bear on one side, and the precipice on the other."

"Thanks to you! I know the one, and I do not fear the other."

"Hum! now with your Lordship's permission, I would say, I would prefer being with you in that dangerous pass, than see any one else there along with you."

"But are you sure the bear will go to that point?"

"Sure! yes, certainly; but no—for it is a cunning beast, and tells no one what it intends to do."

"Very well, then; the matter is perfectly well understood between us. I shall maintain the bridge of Maure with my friend. Do you go and have everything ready for the day on which the hunt takes place."

"Yes—yes—it is all right," murmured the hunter aside, as he withdrew, pinching his ear—"but for all that I must watch over him."

CHAPTER III.

Eight days after this conversation, all the guests had arrived at the Castle. M. de Malatour was among them, and, notwithstanding the delicate and polite attention of his host, he still maintained toward him a cold and icy reserve in his manners. The greater number of the guests were inhabitants of the centre of France, and it was to them at once a spectacle magnificent and unexpected to behold the mighty chain of the Pyrenees, rising with the whole crown of contrasting snows, beneath the deep blue of a Spanish sky.

Before the first dawn of the morning after their arrival, there was collected beneath the walls of the Castle a multitude of traqueurs and batteurs, armed with all sorts of noisy instruments, such as trumpets, drums, &c. Pareur appeared at the head of this assemblage. He was escorted by his faithful dog, which with its broad breast, its fiery and intelligent eye, appeared as the sergeant of a dozen enormous mastiffs that were ranged in close file, and held in leash by the vigorous hunters. The instant the guests at the Castle, armed with carbines and short hunting-knives, appeared, all the cortege, at the desire of Pareur, set forward on their march, and in perfect silence. The very dogs themselves appeared to comprehend the necessity for this proceeding, for not a bark nor growl was heard from one of them. They proceeded on their way, and nought was to be heard but the dull noise of their own footsteps, the fall of distant torrents, and the cries of some lazy night-birds, as they slowly flapped their wings on their flight to their day retreat. As soon as they had reached

the crest of the mountains that looked down on the silent earth, the first ray of the sun, hitherto concealed in the East, lighted on the top of the Pyrenees, and the landscape suddenly illuminated, unrolled itself at the feet of the hunters—an imminent and profound valley, in which the jutting points covered with dark and majestic firs, formed a gulf of moving verdure, murmuring and sighing in the first breath of morning. Before them the scene was whitened by the foaming waters of a cascade, that fell from the distance of a hundred feet, into a black and fathomless hollow, to which the eye could not penetrate. By one of these caprices of chance, that bear testimony to the primitive convulsions of the globe, the gulf opposite to them was crowned by a species of bridge, formed by two piles of granite, which elevated themselves on both sides, and that seemed to be united and kept joined together by a long flat stone, composed also of rough granite. It seemed to be the work of the Titans, when warring against Heaven; for it appeared impossible that human hands could have raised to such a height those monstrous blocks, for the purpose of forming that colossal arch.

Of such a place it might well be supposed that sinister legends were told, which rendered it a place of horror and of dread to the mountaineers. They affirmed that no hunter, with the exception of Pareur, had ever been able to place himself there without becoming the prey of the bear, or falling into the abyss. Pareur was too religious to be at all affected by the superstitious tales that were told of the place. He explained that the danger which attached to the place was to be ascribed to the swimming of the sight, which was likely to occur, from the presence on one side of so awful an abyss and on the other by the danger to be apprehended from the bear—both sufficient to dazzle the hunter's eye, and to make his hand unsteady. Hence it was that he felt much fear for his young master who, in despite of his renewed and urgent prayers, persisted in occupying, with his antagonist, that post.

After having placed the hunters on different points which were considered the most favorable, Pareur rejoined his men, and scattered them round the valley facing the cascade, and again recommended them to the most complete quietude, until the first bark of his own dog was heard. When that signal was given the mastiffs were to be uncoupled, the instruments to sound, and the troop to descend slowly, closing in on both sides by little and little as they approached the cascade.

These dispositions for the coming struggle having been made, Pareur buried himself in the forest, followed by his dog.

Some moments were given to profound silence, in which might be heard the tapping of the woodpecker on the dry trunk of some old tree. The silence continued; but on a sudden it was broken by a wild cry and a loud roaring. Each person grasped his weapon. Every heart beat violently—the hair of the dogs bristled up, and all with eyes of fire dashed like a whirlwind in the direction from which the strange noise had come. Soon their furious barks were mingled with the cries of the traqueurs, and the loud din of the most discordant instruments, above all of which came by intervals, the awful roar of the bear. It was as of a concert of demons, that echo after echo repeated from one end of the valley to the other.

At that moment the young lord of Villetriton stood with the duellist at the bridge of Maure. The nobleman looked at his companion, upon whose face, although there was still great paleness and some nervousness, there was yet preserved an apparent calm, and disdainful bravery.

"Attention, Sir," said the young nobleman in a low voice. "The dogs are coming this way, and the bear cannot be far distant. Take a steady aim, for if you miss the bear, he certainly will not miss you."

"Be so good, my Lord, as to retain your prudent advice for your own guidance."

"Attention," repeated the Baron, without being in the slightest degree excited by this uncourteous answer, "the animal is now two perches from you."

"The bear is running on you, my Lord," was shouted now from all sides of the valley.

At that moment there was heard the dull cracking of some broken branches, accompanied by the rolling of fragments of rock, which, dashed aside by the feet of the monster, and whirling to the bottom of the precipice, announced his impending approach.

This time the paleness of M. de Malatour became a little more visible; however, he grasped his carbine, and stood in the attitude of a courageous sportsman. The bear at length appeared! his mouth foaming and his eyes full of rage—at times he turned as if to make head against the clamor that pursued him; but when he saw the bridge, his only path of safety, occupied by two adversaries, he sent forth a frightful howling, and then raising himself on his hind paws, his head down and his teeth menacing, he was on the point of flinging himself on the hunters, when—a ball struck him on the forehead and stretched him dead before them!

M. de Malatour, white as a sheet, still convulsively held his gun, of which he was not capable to make any use. On a sudden new cries were heard—they were still more eager, still more anxiously uttered than what had been said before—they appeared to come from all sides. "Heaven and earth!—You are both dead men—another bear is rushing upon you—fire—fire—fire there!" Such was the exclamation of Pareur, who appeared suddenly beside the bear that had been shot. At this cry the Baron turned round, and saw on the other side of the bridge a second bear, still more dreadful

than the first. Its arms were extended, and it was about to bound upon him and his companion! To make a jump backward, to seize the carbine of his comrade, who had not yet fired, and to fire at the heart of the new assailant, and lay him at his feet, was but the work of a second! Most fortunate presence of mind! It preserved our intrepid hunter from a certain death; for had there been, on his part, the least hesitation, or the slightest terror, he must have been devoured by the bear. It was the male, who had come to the aid of the female.

Pareur, who was not able to fire because his master was right between himself and the animal, felt his knees bend under him from emotion. As to M. de Malatour, a livid paleness covered his features, his hairs stood straight on his head, and a convulsive shaking of his limbs, gave testimony to the dreadful struggle of his soul.

"Take your gun, Sir," said the young nobleman hurriedly, restoring the carbine to his trembling hands, "here are our friends, let them not see you disarmed. As to you, Pareur, silence! I know you can be relied upon." The whole troop at this moment appeared, and he continued, "You see, gentlemen, there are the two monstrous beasts killed—it is one for each of us; and now, Mr. de Malatour, I am, as I said on a former occasion, at your command, and ready to give you that satisfaction you seemed to require."

The only answer that his confused adversary was able to give, was to stretch out to him his hand in silence. It was grasped affectionately and cordially.

That same evening, a grand banquet was given in the Castle, in honor of the double victory. Toward the close of the repast, a toast was proposed "to the conquerors," and it was received with acclamation. At the moment d'Argentre stood up, with glass in hand, M. de Malatour stopped him, and rising in his place, thus spoke:—

"To the only, the single conqueror of the day! to our worthy host; for he it was who killed the two bears. If I have until this moment permitted his generous invention, so completely unfounded in truth, to pass in silence, it is because I have been desirous that my apology to him should be as public as the affront I offered him. I wished that every reparation in my power should to so great and so good a man, be solemn, open, undisguised, without equivocation; I then declare the Lord of Villetriton is the bravest among the brave, and this I am ready to sustain before all and against all."

"This time, certainly," said M. de Argentre, "I do not mean to take up your glove."

"What a noble, brave young man!" murmured Pareur, as he wiped away a tear. "It convinces me, that a little practice would make him as calm in the presence of a bear, as he is, it is said, in the face of the enemy."

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

AN OWRE TRUE TALE.

The grey morning was already dawning when a miserable wretch turned into a dirty alley, and entering a low, ruinous door, groped through a narrow entry, and paused at the entrance of a room within. That degraded being had once been a wealthy man, respected by his neighbors, surrounded by friends. But alas! the social glass had first lured him to indulgence, and then to inebriety, until he was now a common drunkard.

The noise of his footsteps had been heard within, for the creaking door was timidly opened, and a pale emaciated boy, about nine years old, stepped out on the landing, and asked in mingled anxiety and dread,

"Is that you, father?"

"Yes, wet to the skin,—curse it," said the man—"why ain't you abed and sleep, you brat?"

The little fellow shrunk back at this coarse salutation, but still, though shaking with fear, he did not quit his station before the door.

"What are you standing there, gaping for?" said the wretch,—"It's bad enough to hear a sick wife grumbling all day, without having you kept up at night to chime in in the morning,—get to bed, you imp,—do you hear?"

The little fellow did not answer; fear seemed to have deprived him of speech; but still holding on to the door-latch, with an imploring look, he stood right in the way by which his parent would have to enter the room.

"Ain't you going to mind?" said the man with an oath, breaking into a fury, "give me the lamp and go to bed, or I'll break every bone in your body."

"Oh! father don't talk so loud," said the little fellow bursting into tears—"you'll wake mother, she's been worse all day, and hasn't had any sleep till now,"—and as the man made an effort to snatch the candle, the boy, losing all personal fears in anxiety for his sick mother, stood firmly across the drunkard's path and said, "you mustn't,—you mustn't go in."

"What does the brat mean?" broke out the inebriate angrily—"this comes of leaving you to wait on your mother till you learn to be as obstinate as a mule—will you disobey *me?*—take that, and that, you imp," and raising his hand he struck the little sickly being to the floor, kicked aside his body, and strode into the dilapidated room.

It was truly a fitting place for the home of such a vagabond as he. The walls were low, covered with smoke, and seamed with a hundred cracks. The chimney-piece had once been white, but was now of the greasy lead color of age. The ceiling had lost most of the plaster, and the rain soaking through, dripped with a monotonous tick upon the floor. A few broken chairs, a cracked looking glass, and a three-legged table, on which was a rimless cup, were in different parts of the room. But the most striking spectacle was directly before the gambler. On a ricketty bed lay the wife of his bosom, the once rich and beautiful Emily Languerre, who, through poverty, shame, and sickness, had still clung to the lover of her youth. Oh! woman, thy constancy the world cannot shake, nor shame nor misery subdue. Friend after friend had deserted that ruined man; indignity after indignity had been heaped upon him, and deservedly; year by year he had fallen lower and lower in the sink of infamy; and yet still through every mishap that sainted woman had clung to him,—for he was the father of her boy, and the husband of her youth. It was a hard task for her to perform; but it was her duty, and when all the world deserted him should she too leave him? She had borne much, but alas! nature could endure no more. Health had fled from her cheeks, and her eyes were dim and sunken. She was in the last stage of consumption, but it was not that which was killing her,—*she was dying of a broken heart.*

The noise made by her husband awoke her from her troubled sleep, and she half started up in bed, the hectic fire streaming along her cheek, and a wild, fitful light shooting into her sunken eyes. There was a faint, shadowy smile lighting up her face, but it was as cold as moonlight upon snow. The sight might have moved a felon's bosom, but what can penetrate the seared and hardened heart of drunkenness? The man besides was in a passion.

"Blast it, woman," said the wretch, as he reeled into the room—"is this the way you receive me after being out all day in the rain to get something for your brat and you? Come, don't go to whining, I say"—but as his wife uttered a faint cry at his brutality, and fell back senseless on the bed, he seemed to awaken to a partial sense of his condition, he reeled a step or two forward, put his hand up to his forehead, stared wildly around, and then gazing almost vacantly upon her, continued, "but—why—what's the matter?"

His poor wife lay like a corpse before him, but a low voice from the other side of the bed answered, and its tones quivered as they spoke.

"Oh!—mother's dead!" It was the voice of his son who had stolen in, and was now sobbing violently as he tried to raise her head in his little arms. He had been for weeks her only nurse, and had long since learned to act for himself. He bathed her temples, he chafed her limbs, he invoked her wildly to awake.

"Dead!" said the man, and he was sobered at once—"dead, dead," he continued in a tone of horror that chilled the blood, and advancing to the bedside, with eyes starting from their sockets, he laid his hand upon her marble brow, "then, oh, my God! I have murdered her! Emily, Emily, you are not dead,—say so—oh!

speak and forgive your repentant husband!" and kneeling by the bedside, he chafed her white, thin hand, watering it with his hot tears as he sobbed her name.

Their efforts, at length, partially restored her, and the first thing she saw upon reviving was her husband weeping by her side, and calling her "Emily!" It was the first time he had done so for years. It stirred old memories in her heart, and called back the shadowy visions of years long past. She was back in their youthful days, before ruin had blasted her once noble husband, and when all was joyous and bright as her own happy bosom. Woe, shame, poverty, desertion, even his brutal language was forgotten, and she only thought of him as the lover of her youth. Oh! that moment of delight! She faintly threw her arms around his neck, and sobbed there for very joy.

"Can you forgive me, Emily?—I have been a brute, a villain—oh! can you forgive me? I have sinned as never man sinned before, and against such an angel as you. Oh! God annihilate me for my guilt."

"Charles!" said the dying woman in a tone so sweet and low that it floated through that chamber like the whisper of a disembodied spirit—"I forgive you, and may God forgive you too;—but oh! do not embitter this last moment by such an impious wish."

The man only sobbed in reply, but his frame shook with the tempest of agony within him.

"Charles," at last continued the dying woman—"I have long wished for this moment, that I might say something to you about our little Henry."

"God forgive me for my wrongs to him too!" murmured the repentant man.

"I have much to say, and I have but little time to say it in,—I feel that I shall never see another sun." A violent fit of coughing interrupted her.

"Oh! no,—you must not, will not die," sobbed her husband, as he supported her sinking frame—"you'll live to save your repentant husband. Oh! you will!"

The tears gushed into her eyes, but she only shook her head. She laid her wan hand on his and continued feebly.

"Night and day, for many a long year, have I prayed for this hour, and never, even in the darkest moment, have I doubted it would come; for I have felt that within me which whispered that as all had deserted you and I had not, so in the end you would at last come back to your early feelings. Oh! would it had come sooner—some happiness then might have been mine again in this world,—but God's will be done!—I am weak—I feel I am failing fast—Henry, give me your hand."

The little boy silently placed it in hers, she kissed it, and then laying it within her husband's continued,

"Here is our child—our only born—when I am gone he will have none to take care of him but you, and as God is above, as you love your own blood, and as you value a promise to a dying wife, keep, love, cherish him. Oh! remember that he is young and tender—it is the only thing for which I would care to live"—she paused, and struggled to subdue her feelings, "will you promise me, Charles?"

"I will, as there is a Maker over me, I will," sobbed the man; and the frail bed against which he leaned shook with his emotion.

"And you, Henry, you will obey your father, and be a good boy;—as you love your mother—you will?"

"Oh! yes!" sobbed the little fellow, flinging himself wildly on his mother's neck, "but mother, dear mother, what shall I do without you?—oh! don't die!"

"This is too hard," murmured the dying woman, drawing her child feebly to her, "Father give me strength to endure it!"

For a few minutes all was still,—and nothing broke the silence but the sobs of the father and the boy, and the low, death-like tick of the rain dripping through upon the floor. The child was the first to move. He seemed instinctively to feel that giving way to his grief pained his mother, and gently disengaging himself from her, he hushed his sobs, and leaning on the bed, gazed anxiously into her face. Her eyes were closed, but her lips moved as if in prayer.

"Henry, where are you?" faintly asked the dying mother.

The boy answered in his low, mournful voice.

"Henry,--Henry," she said in a louder tone, and then after a second added, "poor babe, he doesn't hear me."

The little fellow looked up amazed. He knew not yet how the senses gradually fail the dying; he was perplexed; the tears coursed down his cheeks; and his throat choaked so that he could not speak. But he placed his hand in his mother's and pressed it.

"Come nearer, my son—nearer—the candle wants snuffing—there, lay your face down by mine—Henry, love, I can't see—has the wind—blown—out—the light?"

The bewildered boy gazed wildly into his mother's face, but knew not what to say. He only pressed her hand again.

"Oh! God," murmured the dying woman, her voice growing fainter and fainter—"*this is death!*—Charles—Henry—Jesus—re——"

The child felt a quick, electric shiver in the hand he clasped, and looking up, saw that his mother had fallen back dead upon the pillow. He knew it all at once. He gave one shriek and fell senseless across her body.

That shriek aroused the drunkard. Starting up from his knees, he gazed wildly on the corpse. He could not endure the look of that still sainted face. He covered his face with his hands and burst into an agony of tears.

Long years have passed since then, and that man is once more a useful member of society. But oh! the fearful price at which his reformation was purchased.

EMMA BENSON.

BY A LADY.

"The carriage is waiting Miss Emma," said the footman, knocking at the dressing room door of lovely Emma Benson.

"Ready in a moment, Thomas," was the answer. "Quick, Mary, clasp this bracelet. Now is all right?" and without waiting for an answer, the light-hearted girl ran down to meet her father. He was waiting at the foot of the stairs, and without replying to her playful apology, assisted her into the carriage and turned away.

"Are you going with me, papa?" asked she in astonishment.

"No, my dear, I do not feel well."

"Let me stay with you," said she, springing from her seat.

"No, no, only a slight head-ache. Wrap yourself closely. God bless you, my child;" and he hurried into the house and closed the door, even before the footman could fold the carriage steps which was soon whirling towards a gay mansion in B—— street. Emma felt distressing—her father did not approve of the custom, now so general, of young ladies making their entrance to a ball room without a chaperon, or trusting to meeting one in the dressing room, and he had never before allowed her to go unattended; then her father's manner was peculiar, could he be really ill? She hoped not. She knew he had been of late much harassed by business, and she dismissed that fear, but her own difficulties were more urgent. Time, however, removed them as it does many other more important ones, by the entrance into the dressing room of the very lady she knew her father would most wish her to be with. Her spirits rose in proportion from her late annoyance. The brightest face in the room, was Emma Benson. Still the thought of her father would cross her mind, and she requested one of her numerous admirers to call her carriage at an early hour. Emma little thought as she tripped down the steps, that she had spent her last evening of gaiety. When she reached home her first inquiry was for her father. He had gone to his room soon after she left, and the servants were not aware of any illness. She could not, however, retire without stealing one glance at him; he was apparently in a deep sleep, and softly closing the door, she ran to her room half regretting she had so unnecessarily left the scene of gaiety. She may be pardoned if the flutter of remembered compliments looked or expressed, by almost every eye and lip that evening drove sleep from her pillow for a short time; for she was not nineteen, and less incense than was offered at her shrine, has turned the head of many a bright eyed goddess. A beauty in the highest sense of the word, uniting expression and grace to symmetry, naturally intelligent and highly educated, above all, in the estimation of many, heiress of half a million—she was as gentle and unpretending as if her claims had been of an ordinary kind. That she could long have occupied this shining sphere untainted is not probable, for she had none to guide or control her, but Providence had ordered for her a far different lot, and the eye of a Heavenly Parent was watching over her; though the mother's was veiled in death, and the father's looked but to admire.

Emma never neglected enlivening her father's breakfast by her presence, and fearing her vigils had made her late, she hurried to the breakfast room without tapping, as usual, at his door. He was not there, and finding the servants had not seen him, she again went to his room, knocked without receiving an answer, and opening the door saw him in the same position he was in when she looked at him before retiring. Her heart beat fast and her breath seemed stifled as she crept to the bed; she laid her hand on his forehead and with a loud shriek fell senseless to the floor. The noise brought the servants, and the house was speedily filled with physicians, whose skill was useless for the father whom they pronounced to have been dead many hours, and for a long time ineffectual to the recovery of the daughter who went from one fainting fit into another, and then for many days remained in the unconsciousness of a dangerous fever. How can we describe the waking from that unconsciousness; the agony of finding herself an orphan nearly caused a relapse. At length youth triumphed, and she was pronounced out of danger. Then slowly and cautiously did the good old housekeeper relate the remainder of the mournful tale, that on the examination of her father's affairs he had been found to be bankrupt—that he had made several unfortunate speculations and that the failure of two houses at New Orleans and Charleston, had caused his total ruin. This news had reached him the evening of his death, and was supposed to have caused it. The darker surmises entertained by many, the good woman did not hint at, and they never reached Emma's ear. "Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth;" said she, as with tears streaming down her cheeks she finished her broken tale.

"There is the scourging of justice, as well as that of love," said Emma, in the low tones of a despairing heart.

"Fear not, my dear young lady, call upon Him in the time of need, turn to Him in your youth, and you will not be rejected. The child of so many prayers cannot be a cast-away. Fervently did your mother devote you to your God, and He has not afflicted you willingly, but to draw you to himself." In such converse did the hours pass, till her strength was partially restored, and she then learnt she was occupying the house by the

permission of the creditors, and that as soon as she could remove, the house and furniture were to be sold. Mrs. Wiley, the housekeeper, had already dismissed the servants, with the exception of one, and was only waiting Emma's recovery to form her own plans.

"Dear Miss Emma," she said, "have you no property of your own, and to which of your friends will you go?"

"I have no fortune, no friend, save you."

Strange as this may sound, it was true. Her parents were Scotch, without relations in this country, and Emma could not think of going as a dependant to those she had never seen. Her mother, who died when she was twelve years old, had carefully withheld her from forming any childish friendships, and had made it her dying request, that she should be sent to a distant seminary, whose Principal she held in high estimation, to remain till her seventeenth birth day had passed. Thus she entered the gay circle of her native city, with all the charms of being a personal stranger, and as she now felt, with all its loneliness, for her father had been a mere man of business, and cultivated no friendships—true, many had called during her illness to inquire after her, or leave a card, and doubtless some would have done much to aid her, had they known her real situation, but each supposed some other to be more intimate than themselves, and thus the poor girl was literally without friend or adviser. She requested Mrs. Wiley to call on the lawyer who had transacted her father's business, and desire him to put at the disposal of the creditors, the jewelry with which her father had delighted to load her, and the most valuable part of her wardrobe. This was positively refused by the gentlemen, in question, who insisted on her retaining all that had been considered her personal property, including her musical instruments, and intimated their intention of settling a thousand dollars on her. This, through the same medium, she refused, with many thanks, for their kindness, but consented to keep her instruments and jewelry, as she understod the debts would be nearly, if not fully discharged.—And then for a home: Mrs. Wiley with some hesitation, mentioned her own plans, which were to rent a furnished room in the suburbs and live upon the income of her savings from many years of service in the family, aiding herself by taking in plain sewing.

"Would Miss Emma," said the worthy woman, "condescend to remain with her till she could think of some more suitable plan?"

"With the truest gratitude, dear Mrs. Wiley," said Emma, "I have twenty or thirty dollars by me, and when that is gone can dispose of one of my instruments, so I can bear my part in the housekeeping till I can devise some plan for my support. Not a word—it must be so, even then will I owe a home to you. You can procure fine work and embroidery for me, and perhaps I can thus afford to keep those dear relics of the past." In a few days this plan was put in operation. The bustle of removal for a while roused Emma, but soon, when confined to the one small room and toiling from morning till night over some weary piece of sewing, for which she was so poorly paid that even her small expenses could not be met by the proceeds; her spirits at times completely sunk, for though she often experienced the sweet peace of a believing heart, yet religion though it supports, does not change our natures, and it is not the intention of the All Wise that his chastisements shall be unheeded. While the support it affords gives the Christian bright hopes of the felicity experienced from the enjoying the unclouded light of God's countenance, his heart yet bleeds for his own and others bereavements, and he feels this is not his abiding place. Mrs. Wiley marked with regret, but without surprise, the increasing depression of her charge, and when a couple of months had convinced her how trifling was the income produced by her needle, suggested that her many accomplishments might secure her a respectable home and salary as a teacher, since she continued firm in her determination not to seek support from unseen, almost unknown, relations.

"I have thought seriously of it myself," was Emma's reply "and this morning I read an advertisement in an old paper which I have kept to show you. The required qualifications are immense, but if they will dispense with the Greek and Latin and some sciences not very useful to a woman, perhaps, I can meet their requisitions as well as most governesses. I can add one or two languages not mentioned as a compensation." Though the advertisment was an old one, a letter was sent according to the direction, and in due time a favorable reply was received. German and Spanish were accepted in lieu of Greek and Latin, and a knowledge of the harp for trigonometry, surveying, &c. "If Miss Benson had a harp she might bring it with her and they would pay the expense of transportation, provided when she left she would dispose of it at a reasonable price. As to salary she was so much below their requirements she could not expect much, and one hundred dollars a year, with board and washing, was all they would give." Such was the purport of the letter of Mrs. Olden, of the village of Vatican, western New York.

"Sell my dear, dear harp to such people," said Emma, in strong disgust, "the present of my father, the companion of so many hours, never, never, and yet I am about to sell myself, for I see it will be slavery." Mrs. Wiley was very unwilling her dear young lady should put herself in the power of such low-minded persons as the Oldens evidently were, and for so trifling a compensation. But then the situation was a healthy one, and in the country. Emma's constitution would never bear a southern climate, nor her spirits the risk of meeting old ac-

quaintances in the city, while her story was yet a new one. It was therefore decided she should go, and an acceptance was written, appointing an early day for her departure by the line of stages indicated for her. Mrs. Wiley disposed of some of her evening dresses and ornaments, for her, and obtained funds which enabled her to retain the dear harp and piano, which were left in Mrs. Wiley's care. The loneliness of that journey to the beautiful young girl, who had never travelled before but with all the accompaniments of wealth and fashion, can better be imagined than described, and yet she lost no real comfort, wanted no necessary attention, for the roughest of her fellow passengers offered the most comfortable seat in the stage and the choicest dish on the table to the unprotected stranger. And thus it is generally in the United States: to be a woman and unprotected, is to insure every needful attention. At length the journey drew to a close. From the brow of the hill Emma beheld her future home. She had been delighted with the appearance and situation of many of the numerous villages which render western New York beautiful, but this surpassed them all. Situated at the junction of two fine rivers, within a day's ride of one of that cluster of lakes, which has obtained for that section of country, the name of Lake County, it is the depot for the produce of a rich neighborhood, and wore the thriving, onward look, so peculiarly American. Every thing looked new. Every thing in good order. The snow-white houses gleamed among luxuriant trees, which seemed striving their utmost to keep pace with the fortunes of their owners. Four or five steeples pierced the air, and as many bells when occasion required, rang out their peals, for when the first steeple was reared, a spirit of emulation was excited, which waxed hotter and hotter, till each congregation boasted its own spire, the last always a little higher, or more ornamented than its predecessor; and when it whispered abroad that a certain vestry meditated procuring a bell, not one of the active members, as they are termed, of the other churches, had a moment's rest till affairs were in train to procure one for their own. The ladies, too, in the meanwhile, got up fairs for carpetting the aisles, and ornamenting the pulpits. As it was with their churches, so with their dwellings, the education of their children, their very clothing. When Emma beheld with admiring eyes, the lovely landscape below her, so well calculated to fill the mind with sweet peaceful feelings, and lead the thoughts to the Giver of all good, the Creator of all beauty, she had little idea of the unamiable feelings which had had so great an influence in beautifying the lovely village which made the most prominent feature in the scene. All was fair on the outside, and she knew nothing of the spirit of gossipping and often of wilful detraction, which had so great sway with its inhabitants. Her admiration was soon swallowed up by the thoughts of the approaching interview with the Oldens, and as the coach whirled rapidly through the streets, it required all her self-command to maintain outward composure. Her heart beat so fast as to check her breath, and she was barely conscious of surrounding objects. At last the stop, the opening of the door, the driver's request she would hand him her basket, roused her, and bidding adieu to her fellow-passengers, she was soon on the pavement, her trunk beside her, and the stage was gone. It required some courage to mount the steps of the large house on which she saw the name of Olden, and ring the bell; but it was at last done, and the summons answered by so showily dressed a young woman, that Emma at first thought it must be one of the family, but the girl, having first examined the trunks answered the question as to Mrs. Olden's being at home, with,

"I suppose you are the young woman that's going to be governess; Miss Olden is in the parlor, you can go in and see her," and showing her the door, she left her to open it and announce herself. Mrs. Olden was sitting alone in a gaudily and somewhat richly furnished room. Her dress consisted of a common calico, with an apron covered with gay embroidery, and a cap, whose ribbons and flowers outshône the rainbow. Her appearance corresponded with her dress and furniture; and Emma shrank from the mingled curiosity and ill-nature of the vulgar stare she encountered; for to tell the truth Mrs. Olden was far from pleased with the remarkable beauty of her new inmate, having two grown daughters, beside the three who were to be Emma's pupils; and one son, toward whom her thoughts glanced somewhat uneasily, as the stranger moved gracefully across the room to the chair she was tardily requested to take. After a few common place remarks, Mrs. Olden went into the hall, and standing at the foot of the stairs, in a shrill voice summoned her grown daughters by the names of *Sary Rosalindy* and *Letheresy Ann*, so she pronounced them. The younger ones, she informed Emma, were absent for the day. As she returned to her seat, her eye caught the figure of a tall man examining Miss Benson's baggage, and she looked very much vexed when she saw him ascend the steps, he being no other than Mr. Busby, who, having nothing to do and little to think of, being, moreover, a bachelor, and very good natured, devoted himself to the acquisition and retailing of news, whether private or public, and Mrs. Olden knew that within an hour after he had seen Emma, the whole village would be ringing with exaggerated accounts of her beauty and accomplishments, and stylish travelling appointments. Anxious as she felt to keep her in the back ground, nothing could be more *mal-a-propos* than that Mr. Busby should see and announce her.

"I could keep the girl in the school-room any other

day," thought she, "and I will send her off as it is; here *Letheresy*, as that young lady entered the room, this is Miss Benson, take her up stairs and show her her room. Jotham can take her trunk up, and she can get her clothes ready to begin school to-morrow." The woman was not allowed to open the front door while a glimpse of Emma's dress could be seen on the stairway; and Mrs. Olden remained below exulting in the success of her stratagem; while the poor girl, whose feelings she had insulted, was shown into a double-bedded room, which she was informed she was to occupy in company with her three pupils. This last announcement was almost too much for Emma,—that even in her chamber she was not to be alone, that every moment was to be subject to the scrutiny of strangers, was a severe trial, and for a moment she thought of remonstrating, but a little reflection convinced her that her feelings would not be understood, and as she feared she might receive many intentional insults, which she would be obliged to notice, she determined to bear all else in silence. Beside this constant companionship would probably increase her influence over her young pupils. Letheresa told Emma she would help her unpack, and Sarah Rosalinda soon joined her. In vain Emma assured them she needed no assistance, and that she would prefer deferring the task till to-morrow, their curiosity was too strong to allow them to take any civil refusal; to-morrow she would have to begin school, and would not have a moment's time; they took tea at five o'clock, and it was now three; Emma could not unpack without aid. Finding it impossible to free herself from their importunity, she was obliged to accept their offer, and soon saw her garments unfolded and criticised, her boxes of trifles turned out, and the titles of her books examined. A splendid diamond ring, the last present of her father, which she wore on that account, was taken off, and she was questioned as to whether the stones were *all* diamonds, and how *she* could afford to wear it. At length her card-case came under their scrutiny, and Emma, who was arranging some articles in her drawer, was induced to turn round by smothered giggling and exclamations of "Oh, dear! well I declare! suppose he will come before long." Her first feeling was mortification, and for a moment her cheek glowed as a card, with the name of Charles Delancey, was held up to her, having been picked out from her own. But the color soon faded, and her voice was quite calm, as she took the card-case and card from the laughing girls, and quietly putting them away, assured them Mr. Delancey was neither beau nor relative, merely an acquaintance, whose card reminded her of former days, and she chose to keep it. Even the Misses Olden's were silenced for the time, and their renewed attacks in after days meeting no better success, were at length dropped.

Charles Delancey was, in fact, a very slight acquaintance of Emma, but she knew enough of him to prefer him to any of her professed adorers, and perhaps her interest in him was increased by the almost unacknowledged consciousness that his cold politeness and unfrequent calls were indicative of any thing but indifference on his part. She had been for a long time surprised and half offended, at the marked avoidance of one whom she was so well disposed to like, but a partially overheard conversation at a party upon mercenary marriages, in which young Delancey expressed himself with great warmth, and his evident embarrassment when she, having approached unperceived, was called upon for her opinion, betrayed the cause. She felt her cheek reflect the color of his, but making a gay reply she passed on. A slight shade of embarrassment was added to the previous restraint of their conversation, and Delancey soon ceased calling at the house or visiting where he would meet Emma; and she only occasionally heard of him as entirely absorbed in his profession, until on recovering from her illness, after her father's death, she found Delancey was frequent in his inquiries after her: but as she admitted no visiters she never saw him. Just before she left the house she took the cards from the basket to destroy them, and placed one of Delancey's among her own, as a memento of one who would have been a disinterested friend, saying with a faint smile,

"I am now poorer than he is, for I am obliged to work for my daily bread, while he is rapidly rising in a noble profession, which will not only make him independent, but distinguished. We will probably never meet again."

Emma's pupils, Celinda, Octavia and Delia, were in due time introduced to her, and the routine of daily instruction entered upon. She found them ignorant and spoiled, though like their elder sisters, good natured, and many were her trials and disappointments in her conscientious endeavors to improve mind, manners and disposition; but in the course of a few months she had the satisfaction to perceive her efforts were beginning to produce the desired effect. Even Mrs. Olden treated her better than her first reception promised, for finding Emma not only willing but desirous of keeping in the back ground, neither going to parties nor making visits, thus not interfering with the young ladies, while her son having made a run-a-way match, all fears on his account were removed, she began to feel more kindly toward the gentle girl, who was so devoted to her pupils, and so willing to give extra lessons to the grown girls. Mr. Olden has not been mentioned, for though a thriving man of business, and of some consequence abroad from his wealth, at home he was a cipher. He shook hands with Emma when he first saw her, acknowledged her morning and evening salutations, and occasionally wondered she did not accompany them to a party, and that

was all Emma knew of the nominal head of the house. Her monotonous course of life was only broken by an occasional letter from Mrs. Wiley; and Emma's heart sometimes throbbed almost to bursting, from the utter destitution of companionship: but she felt self-dependence was an important part of the lesson that was set her, favored child of fortune that she had been, and she tried to be not merely submissive but cheerful. She had no acquaintance that went beyond a passing salutation; for so well had her conduct fallen in with Mrs. Olden's policy, that few had called upon her, and a mere interchange of visits had taken place with them. Many of the young men had made attempts to be introduced to the beautiful stranger, and some had succeeded, but she was never to be seen in the Olden's parlor, seldom in the street, so that finally they began to regard her as something to be wondered at but not approached. Thus time rolled on till autumn deepened into winter, winter softened into spring, and the richness of summer mellowed into early fall. Emma had been more than a year with the Olden's, and had become nearly reconciled to her mode of life, when a little accident occurred, which, trifling as it would have appeared at another time, seemed now of consequence from its novelty.

The ladies of the place had for some time been talking of a pic-nic in a neighboring wood, and the lovely weather of September determined them to put their project into execution. Emma heard the party discussed as a thing in which she had no concern, and, as usual, aided the young ladies in planning their dresses; but her consternation was great when the day before the party Letheresa insisted on her going, that she might sing a certain duet with her. Mrs. Olden was unwilling, and thought some other song would answer; but the young lady was obstinate, and as Emma had proved herself so harmless mama withdrew her objections. Emma's feelings were of course not regarded. Her appearance created much surprise, and a number of her would-be admirers made the agreeable assiduously. Emma having gone, thought it ridiculous to appear otherwise than cheerful, and allowed the balmy air and lovely scenery to have their full influence on her feelings, and though she declined dancing, Mrs. Olden had the mortification to see she was decidedly the belle of the party, and feared the year's work was undone by that single afternoon. Her manner became exceedingly harsh, and even insulting; Emma began to suspect the cause, and unwilling to cause displeasure or subject herself to mortification, told one of the young ladies she would wait for them to take her up at a farm-house in the vicinity, as she did not feel inclined to remain longer. As the duet had been sung, her absence was a matter of indifference, and separating herself from the group, she strolled through a little screen of wood, and reaching the farm-house, requested permission to sit in a little garden bower till she was called for. She soon recovered the serenity of her feelings, somewhat ruffled by Mrs. Olden's speeches, but found her thoughts would not be forced from a mournful, though not repining contemplation of the past. Thus an hour or two passed by, and as the sun touched the horizon, the carriages of the returning villagers began to roll past. At length that of the Olden's came in sight, and Emma went to the road-side that she might cause no delay. As it drew near she perceived her corner of the front seat occupied by a gentleman, who, with his back toward her, was talking to Rosalinda. Mrs. Olden called out,

"Miss Benson you must walk home, I have no room for you. Drive on."

Emma felt nervous and excitable from the long, sad musing she had been indulging, and while her cheek flushed, a tear trembled in her eye. The fear that the vulgar minded woman should observe her agitation, absorbed all other feelings, and bending her head to arrange her shawl, she made no reply. But the gentleman in the carriage, on hearing the speech, sprang forward, saying, "Is it possible I am depriving a lady of her seat, excuse me Mrs. Olden, I cannot think of availing myself of your politeness," bade the man stop, and springing out was by Emma's side in a moment. How can we describe her astonishment when she beheld Charles Delancey. His agitation equalled hers when he saw one, he thought lost to him for ever, once more before him. Mrs. Olden finding that Emma was an acquaintance of the elegant stranger, now urged her to get in as they could make room for both, but Delancey protested he could not think of so greatly inconveniencing them, and as the evening was so lovely, if Miss Benson would permit him to escort her home, he would take the opportunity to give her the latest news of her friends, and avail himself of Mrs. Olden's polite invitation to spend the evening with them. Mrs. Olden bit her lip, but could make no objection; and Emma having seen that several of the party had been tempted to walk, as the distance was not much over a mile, made none either, and Charles Delancey drew her arm within his with feelings not the less happy that he had heard Letheresa's maliciously loud whisper, "so this is the Charles Delancey whose card you keep." He stole a glance at Emma, but her deeply dyed cheeks made him instantly avert his eyes, and endeavor to appear unconscious of the whisper.

We will not describe that lingering walk, nor the modes adopted by Delancey to secure interviews with Emma, whose position in the family he soon comprehended, but we will claim our privivilege as biographers, and give an extract from a confidential letter written to his sister, a lovely woman residing on the Hudson River.

"And now, dear Julia, that I have given you a history of my adventure up to my arrival at this beautiful, but

ridiculously named village, I am about to communicate an event in which, while it may surprise you as much as it did me, you cannot, notwithstanding all the vividness of your sisterly sympathy, fully enter into my delight. When on my arrival, I went to see the gentleman to whom I had been directed for information on my business, I found he had gone to a pic-nic, a mile or two out of town, and was easily persuaded by one of the young men in the office to accompany him to the scene of gaiety, and there, Julia, can you guess *who* I met? Perhaps my expressions of delight may aid your imagination. It was indeed my long lost Emma Benson! *my!* I dare not say that yet, though I am not without hope. The surprise of seeing one connected with former times might fully account for her emotion at meeting me, but still I have hope. Beside I heard one of the vulgar girls of the family taunt her with having my card. Why should she have brought that here? But I must not, dare not let my wishes thus influence my hopes. I believe I have not yet told you what she is doing in a place where she has no friends. Would you believe it, this highly educated girl is teaching A. B. C. to a set of untrained colts. You need not take me quite literally either as to the colts or the A. B. C. but the fact is I have no patience, when I see one who might grace a palace, taxed from morning till night to communicate her graces and accomplishments to a set who spring from too vulgar a stock to be otherwise themselves. Now for a plan on which I have set my heart. I heard you say sometime since, you would, if you could meet a suitable person, transfer your little girls from your own to the care of a governess. Dear Julia, where could you find one more amiable, better educated than Emma? If you saw the manner in which she supports the trying reverses she has met with; the sweet dignity with which she bears the insolence of Mrs. Olden, who treats her as a servant; her devotion to the children under her care, you would not hesitate, especially if you felt persuaded as I do, that the purest religious principle guides every thought and action. Do answer me immediately, I shall wait here till you do. I dare not play lover till I hear from you, for fear her shrinking delicacy might cause her to regard that as an objection to go to you, though I think we could be far enough apart to satisfy the most fastidious. If you wish her to come to you, direct a letter to her to my care, and I will use all my eloquence for you, if you do not I shall use it for myself, but I fear it will be too precipitate. I give you fair warning, if you get the treasure I shall do my best to win it from you cautiously, but not the less determinately. Write soon, I entreat."

In due time a letter came, full of affectionate sympathy, and one for Emma, in which such delicate consideration was evinced for her feelings and change of fortune, that the tears streamed down her cheeks while reading it.

"You will go, Emma, Miss Benson," stammered Delancey, hardly able to command himself.

"I cannot say no," was her reply, "I shall write a most grateful acceptance."

Delancey dared not trust himself to remain longer, but hurried away, leaving her to write her answer, and announce her intention to the Oldens. Great was Mrs. Olden's indignation at finding she must give up one through whom she was so cheaply educating her daughters, and at first she refused to allowed Emma to go under another year, pretending she was engaged to her. This Emma denied, as no term had ever been specified, but somewhat pacified the incensed lady by promising to remain till the quarter was completed, and make no charge for it. She concealed Mrs. Western's relationship to Delancey from the Oldens, and thus escaped their taunts, but her situation was rendered doubly trying, and she looked forward to the period of her release with pleasure; she would not allow Delancey to wait for her, or return to be her escort as he implored. If Mr. Olden could not procure for her the protection of some country merchant on his way to purchase a fall supply of goods in the city, she would go alone. Delancey found her inflexible, and submitted with rather an ill grace, consoling himself with the determination to be at his sisters on her arrival. And there before the winter's snow had fallen they did meet, and Mrs. Western soon had the pleasure to see her brother's hopes were well founded. Before another year had passed, Emma Delancey returned to her native city, and not altogether a portionless bride, for a large debt due to her father having been unexpectedly recovered, some thousands remained over the creditor's claims, and Emma had the pleasure of seeing her dear harp and piano in rooms where they did not seem misplaced, though far below their former retiring place in point of splendor. Good Mrs. Wiley was one of their first and most frequent visiters; and when a little Charles made his appearance she was easily persuaded to remain altogether with them; and thus surrounded by admiring friends, a lovely child, and attached husband, we will leave Emma fully persuaded that afflictions are sent in mercy, and that often what we consider the greatest trial we could be called upon to endure, is made the means of bringing us earthly as well as heavenly happiness.

A. M. D.

THE FATAL NUPTIALS.

BY M. DAVENPORT.

Rizzari, a young man of Sicily, remarkable for his accomplishments and his beauty, had won for himself the hand of Leonora, a rich heiress, when she had reached her eighteenth year. Rizzari, happy in his love, was unfortunate in having for his rival a noble Corsican; and the Corsicans, like to the Silicians, have ever distinguished themselves by their vengeance for a supposed affront.

The marriage of the brave Rizzari and the lovely Leonora, took place in the chapel of the small village of Bruca. The ceremony had reached that point where the bridegroom was about to place upon the finger of his beloved the small, plain, round ring, emblematic of the eternity of their love, and the simplicity of their tastes, when there was heard in the chapel a frightful demoniac laugh. It was so shrill, so piercing, and so horrible, that it was heard thrilling above the peals of the organ, and drowning, as it were, the joyous choir that was bursting forth in a heavenly hymn-like song. The sounds were those that might be supposed to come from hell, rather than the echo of a human voice. So extraordinary a circumstance naturally attracted the attention of all; but to the great astonishment of those present, it was impossible to guess from whom, or whence that awful, terrifying laugh of derision had proceeded.

The marriage ceremony was continued, and this extraordinary interruption was soon forgotten amid the imposing solemnities of the magnificent nuptials.

All the apartments of the castle of Bruca, excepting one—the nuptial chamber—were that day opened to the hundreds of guests which were invited. At sunset the castle was brilliantly illuminated, and the marriage feast was succeeded by dances, which took place in the splendid halls of that ducal palace.

Leonora was most happy; for she was proud of the husband she had chosen, and she did not even pretend to conceal the joy that she felt in being the wife of Rizzari. Happiness sparkled in his eyes, and their rays cast gleams of pleasure upon all who looked on them.

It was in the midst of the ball, and at the very time when the happiness of all was complete, that there was perceived entering into the grand banquet-room two persons that were masked, and that wore the habiliments of peasants; these two persons bore with them garlands of flowers, and executed dances with such extraordinary grace, and such astonishing agility, that they soon attracted universal regard and admiration to themselves. It was speedily discovered that they were unknown to all present, and various persons asked them therefore to declare their names. They let it be known by signs that their desire was to unmask themselves but to the bridegroom alone, and to preserve their incognito to every one else. They soon afterwards retired, followed by Rizzari.

The exquisite music of a perfect orchestra gave out the signal for fresh dances and renewed pleasure. The absence of the bridegroom was scarcely remarked. Leonora alone sought for him with her looks, and she alone appeared troubled that he should be, even for a few moments, from her sight.

Twenty minutes had scarcely elapsed, when the two masks were again entering the ball-room; but their costume had in the meanwhile been changed; they now wore mourning robes, and they carried a third person along with them, who was enveloped in long white garments. They advanced with slow and measured paces into the very centre of the festive party.

This dreadful apparition, at a moment of joyous feasting, excited a very unpleasant sensation among the guests; but then no one felt himself authorised to interfere with that which was supposed to be sanctioned by the giver of the feast himself. When the two individuals, who were masked, reached the middle of the ball-room they laid down the burden, and then began dances that were at the same time melancholy and grotesque.

Leonora, agitated at length by the continued absence of her husband, could scarcely think of giving a moment's thought to the funeral-like scene before her. At last a secret anxiety—a dread that she could not explain—took possession of her, and she asked, as she trembled with fear, for her spouse.

At that very instant the masks had finished their terrible pantomime. They advanced towards her, and one of them, catching her by her nuptial robe, said in a tone of voice sufficiently loud to be heard by several others, "*Venite a piangere le nostre e le vostre miserie*"—Come and weep for your own griefs as well as ours.

At these words Leonora fell fainting into the arms of her sister-in-law. A confused clamor arose among the guests; they supposed that the two masks had offered some insult to the bride; but the strangers had disappeared before their suspicions assumed the form of certainty.

It was now remarked, and with some surprise, that the individual stretched upon the earth, continued still to play, as if it were real, the part of a dead man. He moved not a muscle, and there seemed to be not a single respiration to move the long sepulchral garment with which he was concealed. Curiosity induced one of the guests to raise the arm of this person; it fell heavily back to his side, and the hand itself was icy cold. An awful presentiment of horror took possession of the minds of all. Hurriedly they uncovered the face of the person lying before them. Oh, heavens! it was a corpse! It was the dead body of the Count Rizzari!

Who could depict the frightful scene that then took place in the castle of Bruca? Trouble and confusion were amid all the guests. Everywhere were to be heard horrid exclamations of surprise and cries of horror. Here were to be found men drawing their swords, and crying for vengeance; and there women overcome with terror fainting or flying in different directions.

Leonora had not come to her senses; and she knew not yet the full extent of her misery, when the corpse had been removed, and borne into the nuptial chamber.

It was *there* that the crime had been committed. The disordered state of the furniture showed that a frightful struggle had taken place. The instruments of assassination lay upon the floor, and on the nuptial couch was found a branch of cypress, the type of the premeditated vengeance that had been but too fatally accomplished.

All pursuit after the assassins proved vain. No trace could be discovered of the authors of this atrocious crime. One person was suspected; but it was known that he quitted Sicily, and never again returned to it.

As to Leonora, the happy bride for a few hours, she never recovered from the shock she had received; she retired to a convent, where death, the best and truest friend of the unhappy, soon put an end to her misfortunes.

THE FAIRY'S BRIDAL.

The last beams of departing day enlightened a beautiful garden in the interior of Persia, whose breezes were laden with the perfumes of the orange, and whose air was stirred by the sounds of music, softer and more sweet than mortal voice could produce. It was the birth-day of the fairy queen. She was resting sweetly on the bosom of a rose. Around her were gathered the most beautiful fairies, seeking encouragement from her eye. She waved her pearly wand and all was silent, save the gentle rustling of the leaves which formed her rosy bower. A sweet smile shone on her countenance as she sportively said,

"As a punishment for your presumption in aspiring to win my affections, I banish you from my presence for the space of one year, and at the expiration of that time, he who brings me the most aceeptable relic shall reign with me."

They all eagerly left her presence, wandering through every region, until the appointed time, when they again awaited her decision. A fairy rushed before the rest, whose sparkling eye plainly told that he thought his gift the most acceptable that could be produced.

"I have wandered," said he, "through all the kingdoms of the earth, and visited the courts of the most powerful sovereigns, but found no treasure that I deemed of sufficient value for you, until I arrived at Great Britain; I saw with pleasure the prosperity of that great and powerful nation, but was filled with astonishment, when I learned that the regal sceptre was borne by a young female. I hastened to her court and stole the brightest jewel from her crown, which I now present to you, not on account of its intrinsic value, but as a relic which may remind you of what woman can be."

Another softly approached, and kneeling, presented his offering.

"I have passed the year," said he, "among the loveliest of the earth, and sought in hall and bower for one who possessed charms of person heightened by those of intellect and purity of mind. At length a fair being crossed my path, who seemed to possess every charm in its highest perfection. She was to me like a being sent from some celestial sphere, to show what mankind might have been if our first parents had never sinned, and after cheering this world for a while by her transcendant loveliness to vanish into heaven. She appeared but seldom in the gay throng, for her pure and gentle spirit loved retirement better than the dissipated, the heartless crowd. I followed her to her retreat; but soon perceived by the unnatural brilliancy of her eye, and the hectic flush upon her cheek that the fell destroyer had marked her for his victim. Day and night I hovered over her pillow, as she seemed gradually fading away like a lovely flower. One beautiful evening she awoke from a tranquil slum-

ber, and gazing on all around with a celestial sweetness, she breathed them a last farewell. They raised her from her pillow, but the spirit had departed to that holier clime where sorrow is unknown; although in death the smile had not left her countenance. I stole one of the auburn ringlets, which even in death clustered around her polished brow, and bore it with me to your throne." He laid the gift on her extended hand, and turned away.

Another came.

"I have spent the year," said he, "among the genii of the earth. I watched over a young poet as he toiled night and day to win the laurels awarded to him who was most favored by the muses. His soul seemed to have thrown off the shackles of mortality, and to hold communion with the spirits of the air. And when at last he was victorious, I plucked a laurel from the wreath which encircled his brow, which I now present to you."

Another came.

"I saw," said he, "amid my wanderings, a splendid company entering a church, and hastily joined them. They had assembled to witness the baptism of their infant prince. I hovered over the sacred fount, and when the water was flung from consecrated hands upon the princely brow of him who was in future years to hold dominion over a large and powerful nation, I gathered up the glittering drops and brought them to shine as pearls upon your diadem."

And yet another came.

"I was attracted," said he, "by the sound of the clamor to a field of battle. I watched the contending parties until shouts of joy informed me that the victory was decided. I saw the conquering army leave the field, and attention was paid to many of the wounded, yet one remained unnoticed in the distance. It was not long before a lovely being came, attired in the robe of the sisters of charity. She knelt by the side of the sufferer, and wiped the damps of death from his brow, but his life was fast ebbing away. She placed the crucifix which hung by her side in the hand of the sufferer, who slowly raised it to his lips, while she breathed a fervent prayer, that his spirit might be received by him who gave it. As his last faint sigh breathed on her ear a tear stole down her cheek. I caught the pearly drops and bore it to your throne."

At last the most beautiful of all the fairies came before her, and it was evident from the pleasure that glistened in her eye, that his gift would be acceptable to her. "You are aware," said he, "that I have been before this banished from your presènce in search of adventure. I was also present amid scenes of warfare. I watched the patriots of injured, oppressed Poland, as they sacrificed their lives and fortunes on the altar of liberty. After one desperate conflict, I saw the leader of the patriot band as he lay expiring on the field of battle. A lovely form hung over him, bearing an infant in her arms, their loved and only child. He turned his glazing eye to heaven, and said in a feeble voice, 'Oh thou father of the fatherless guide and guard these loved ones through this changing world.' Then turning to her he said, 'Farewell till we meet again in that blest world where the chains of the oppressor are broken and the oppressed go free.' Even in this afflictive moment the husband and father were lost in the patriot, for his last breath was spent in prayer that Poland might be free, and I caught the last drop of that heart's blood which had been so nobly spent. By magic power I changed it to a brilliant gem which I present to you." She extended her hand to him, and suffered him to lead her to their loveliest bower, while all burst forth in strains more gladsome than before, to welcome the united sovereigns of the fairy realm. EMMA.

Yonker's Female Seminary, 1841.

A SKETCH

OF THE FEVER OF '93.

BY HENRY J. VANDYKE.

"And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation." BYRON.

A DEATH-LIKE stillness reigned throughout the streets of the almost deserted city; and the green grass was springing from the pavements of the once crowded thoroughfares. The hum of business was no longer heard; and even the voice of revelry was hushed in the deep silence of despair. Many a bright eye had become dim, many a fair cheek had grown pale; thousands had fled from the path of the awful pestilence, or been swept to the tomb as with the besom of destruction.

In the stillness of the grassy meadow or the shady woods, where spring scatters her fragrant flowers and her opening blossoms with so bountiful a hand, there is an influence which calms the soul. Each bursting bud, each rustling leaf, each blossom that opens its bright cup to catch the falling dew, speaks a familiar language and teaches a delightful lesson; and the glad music of the happy birds, or the murmuring stream finds an echo in every heart. But when we follow the silent tread of the pestilence through the ruins of departed greatness; when we walk amid the stillness of some deserted habitation, where the spirits of the dead seem still to linger amid the mouldering productions of art, a sadness steals over the heart, and the still, small voice within whispers, "dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

The shadows of night once more environed the silent city; and Mary P—— still sat an anxious watcher by the bedside of her husband. With a woman's constancy she had used every exertion to divert the dart of death, and save him from an early grave. But all was vain. The last ties which bound soul and body together seemed to be fast yielding beneath the touch of the pestilence. And now that faithful wife, clasping her sleeping infant to her bosom, sat gazing upon the livid features of the dying man. She spoke not—she wept not. The warmth of her affection, and the violence of her sorrow seemed to have dried the fountain of her tears.

"Mary!" said the dying man, "Mary, my faithful wife, it has been a hard struggle between life and death; but now it is nearly over. I feel that I am dying. May God bless you for your faithfulness, and spare our child for your sake. Fare—." The death-rattle stopped his utterance. One slight convulsion and he was a lifeless corpse.

"Throw out your dead!" cried a gruff voice in the street; and the solemn echo sounded like a summons from the land of spirits. The doleful lumbering of the cart wheels, and the still more doleful call of the rude undertaker died away in the distance.

For awhile the new-made widow sat like a statue of despair. The suddenness of the shock appeared to have transformed her into a second Niobe. At length she arose, and laying the infant in its cradle, drew nearer to the dead. She laid her small, white hand upon his marble brow.

"Cold! cold!" she exclaimed, and casting herself upon the corpse, found relief for her feelings in a flood of tears.

Death is at all times the "king of terrors;" but never does he appear so terrible as when he cuts down one in the strength and pride of early manhood. When the infant, around whose young heart the tendrils of earthly affection have scarcely began to twine, sinks beneath the dart of the destroyer, we do not wonder that one so tender should yield to his power; and we commit the corpse to the voiceless tomb, with the assurance that the spirit has returned to the God who gave it. Or, when the feeble frame of one who has drank the cup of life to its dregs, is laid in the grave, we may rejoice, even amid tears, that his pilgrimage is ended, and that one who was weary of the world now sleeps with his fathers. But oh! when the young heart that is beating in unison with kindred hearts suddenly grows cold and still; when the hopes of early manhood are scattered like withered leaves; and we are called to weep around the corpse of one who a short time since looked forward to a long and happy life, how hard is it to realize that he is dead! how sadly do we feel the frailty of the thread of life—the mockery of human expectation.

The rays of the morning sun looked through the windows of that abode of wretchedness. The young, widow had knelt beside the bed of him who lately was her husband, and was pouring out her soul in humble prayer to the father of the fatherless and the widow's friend.

Ye who would sap the foundation of Christian confidence—ye who would confine the life of the soul to the flight of three score years and ten, and write "death is an eternal sleep" upon the tombs of the departed—could ye have seen the smile of hope that beamed from that grief-worn, but still lovely countenance, ye would say with us—"if the faith of the Christian be a delusion, it is a pleasant dream: let us indulge it. Better to follow even an ignis fatuus as we pass through the gloomy valley of affliction, than grope our way amid the darkness of doubt and despair!"

The widow arose, and took her child in her arms again. The frail, innocent being in whom now centered all her earthly hopes, looked up into her face and smiled—smiled because its pure spirit had not yet felt the blight of sorrow—it had not yet tasted the bitter fruit of the tree of knowledge.

Wrapping herself and child in a cloak, the mother passed through the door, over whose portal the cobwebs hung in thick festoons, and hastened along the silent street. She turned up a narrow alley, and knocked at the door of the only house which appeared to be inhabited. After the summons had been many times repeated, it was opened by a black man, who, in a tone of mingled joy and surprise, exclaimed,

"God bless you, mistress, are you still alive? how is master?" She replied in a low tone. The negro shook his head, and muttered something about the pestilence.

"What!" said she, with great vehemence, "would you have a Christian man thrown into a hole like a dog? No, he shall have a decent burial if I dig the grave myself."

"Well!" said the other, seeming to muster all his courage, "fever or no fever I'll come, and if I take it, God have mercy on me; for I couldn't die in a better service."

"At dark to-night," said she, holding out a purse, "have a boat and spade on the wharf, and come up to carry down the body."

"I want no money," said the negro, "it won't keep off the plague," and he refused the proffered reward.

Time is not checked in his onward course by the hand of death; nor diverted from his path by the breath of pestilence. The voice of sorrow, and the tears of grief have no influence upon his iron soul. The charnel house has no dread for him. He lays his withering hand upon the fairest blossoms of earthly affection, and rears the fragrant flower upon the lowliest grave. He twines the green laurel around the mouldering column, and sits a relentless conqueror amid the ruins of fallen empires.

Time rolled on; and once more scattered the bright stars over the canopy of night. "Night is the time to weep;" to watch the last struggle of departing life; to smooth the pillow of the bed of death; and I have often thought that the midnight hour is the most fitting time to perform the last office of affection to the dead.

* * * * * *

The negro raised the corpse upon his shoulders; and the widow, with her orphan child in her arms, followed his hurried footsteps to the water's edge. In a frail skiff they crossed the river, and in the sands of the opposite shore they dug his lowly grave. With her own hand the faithful widow assisted to lay him in his narrow house; and when the earth had embosomed the object of her affections, she sat down and wept.

Oh! the power of a woman's love!

Stars.—Beautiful are the stars, in their far dwelling place. No curse abides upon them: no discord mars their harmony: no bloom perishes there: no sad memorials of sin darken their surfaces.

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE.

The pretty village of Roscoff is situated on the brink of the ocean, and about a league from St. Paul-de-Leon. It is known far and near for its well-sheltered port, even though the approach to it be dangerous; for the canal formed by the Isle of Batz is strewed with reefs, upon which the ships caught by the tempest are sometimes dashed, before they can reach the safety harbor. When a storm excites the waves in this narrow passage, the scene presented by this canal is a most awful one; for the sea then beats upon the black rocks, and covers them with foam, as if it were impatient to cast down the obstacles that they oppose to its fury. The waves dash up the sand from the very bottom, and cast it in heaps upon the island, where once stood a Roman chapel, that is now covered up by the accumulations consequent upon these disasters. The winds too combine their fearful clamor with the roaring of the sea; and it is said, that in these awful commotions, by which nature itself is shaken, there are heard the constant and voluntary striking of the bells of the church, which, when heard, are regarded as the sure prognostic of a shipwreck.

The sun was setting in the sea. The old town of Roscoff, illuminated by its last beams, looked a glorious golden mansion of prayer, on which Heaven cast with pleasure its gleams. The lighthouse on the western part of the Isle of Batz was just beginning to sparkle, and a light wind succeeded to the stifling heats of the day. The sea spread itself, in the perfect calmness of peace, over the strand, that was covered with the wives and children of the fishermen, and they contemplated with satisfaction the fruits of the day's painful labor; for the fishing had been abundant. The young people frolicked through their rustic dances; the children gave themselves up heart and soul to their noisy sports. Every body appeared happy; every person seemed content, with one exception. It was a young, girl-like woman, whose husband had not yet returned. It was three years since the charming Teresa had united her destiny to that of Josselin: and never, until now, had it happened that he was the last at sea. Brave and vigorous, he had always been the first to return with his boat well filled. What then could detain him, when his companions were already more than a full hour on shore?

The poor creature was alarmed, doubtlessly, without a cause. The sea had been calm, and the light agitation that the rising breeze communicated to it, was not at all sufficient to justify even the suspicion of danger. However, the clouds began to gather on the horizon; and their dark, dull, leaden color might, especially after the extreme heat, of which the first days of September sometimes gives us an example, as if they were the remembrancers of the summer that has fled—these might be the presage of a tempest. But then Josselin knew so well all the reefs and all the passes, and his little boat sailed with such lightness; it was so obedient to the rudder and the oar, and none could guide it better than he, even in the worst weather. Why then did Teresa tremble so much?

Nevertheless the inquietude of the wife, by little and little, stole into the hearts of her companions. They began to ask why it was that Josselin was not yet returned. Their eyes were fixed with anxiety on the sea, to discover, if they could, in the distance, the small white sail, which was to be the signal of his return; but they could see nothing; and yet the sun was about to disappear altogether. The clouds gathered together in huge black masses, and the breeeze was changed into fitful squalls of wind. Dull noises, the sure precursors of a storm began to be heard; the bases of the rocks, beaten with the agitated waves, began to be covered with a white foam.

"My God! my God!" said Teresa, "protect him!"

Teresa was a mother: her two children were sleeping in a cabin a short distance from the shore. She believed, one time, that she heard them weeping, and their cries sounded to her like the shrieks of despair. To dart toward them, and to convince herself that what she heard was nothing more than an illusion, produced by the agitation of her mind, was but the affair of a moment. She embraced them with a new effusion of maternal affection. She prayed for an instant over them, and then she returned to the strand to interrogate anew those who surrounded her, as to the fate of her husband.

During her short absence, the scene had changed. The alarm as to the fate of Josselin had become general; for his return then appeared to be impossible. The tempest had burst out furiously as one that rages during the equinox. The thunder growled without ceasing. The winds blew with violence, and the premature darkness of night had swallowed up the little light of an autumnal evening, while an old shepherd, shaking his head, declared that he had heard the great bell in the church of Our Lady give forth a light tinkling! And yet the church was quite solitary and deserted, and the cord of the belfry was loose and floating. One single hope remained. It was that Josselin had had the courage, the good fortune, to escape among the reefs, for it was not impossible for him to land on the isle of Batz. The coast of that island was not so distant from that of Roscoff, as to make it impossible to see signals from it, even in the half obscurity that prevailed—but nothing appeared upon that solitary coast.

All of a sudden, persons thought they could discern by the glare of the lightning, a frail bark struggling with the tempest, which still kept increasing in violence. "It is he!" cried out all voices, and in the accents of

unconquerable fear. "It is he," also cried Teresa, "and there is no hope of aid for him."

"We shall try, Teresa," said two stout and vigorous fishermen—"we shall try, and may God assist us!"

But Teresa heard no more; for she fell deprived of all sense, upon the strand. Two women hastened up to her, and conveyed her into the cabin. She could not see the signals of distress that were made by Josselin; nor the efforts of the generous men, who devoted themselves to save him, nor the marks of interest that were exhibited by all who clung to the shore that night; for all loved Josselin and Teresa.

A sad day succeeded to that frightful night. Toward the dawn, Teresa recovered her senses. She cast her eyes in unsteady glances around her, as if she wished to collect together her imperfect thoughts. At last memory returned fully and distinctly to her, and she spoke not a single word nor uttered a single cry, nor did even a solitary tear escape from her. Her children were near to her, and still sleeping. She kissed each of them, and her kiss seemed marked with a singular impression, and then—going out from the cabin, and making a mysterious sign to the fishermen who watched over her; she directed her steps in a straight line (as if she had been conducted by some mysterious power, or by an irresistible inspiration) toward a black point, which could scarcely be remarked upon the strand, and which was touched by the last line of foam, that the sea had left when ebbing. That point was a dead body; and the dead body was that of Josselin, that the sea had carried during night toward the shore. As to the two fishermen who had devoted their lives to preserve his, they were seen no more.

Teresa fell on her knees beside the body of her husband, and at first, it was thought she was praying.

The next morning a grave was dug at the western end of the church-yard, and in that grave were deposited, side by side, the remains of Josselin and Teresa. All the village attended their funeral. That day saw not on its waves a fisherman of Roscoff, and the sea-weed remained ungathered. H. K.

Happiness in Marriage.—"There is but one divine cement, Love. No substitute can atone for its absence; no talisman can produce consequences that belong only to this holy principle. Many joys are inherent in true marriage. It has sympathies, the most intimate of which mortals are capable; and it calls forth affections, such as pertain to no other voluntary relation of life. But these sentiments are the fruits of love alone. Disgust and aversion cannot produce them, nor are they the growth of indifference."

FLORENCE.

BY A. W. NONEY.

The character of an *accepted* lover is often known to assume, Chamelion-like, a very different shade and appearance from that which was most carefully preserved, while yet the event of his suit remained in suspense; and instances have been known where even the fondest and most humble of wooers, became of a sudden, cold, haughty, or independent in success, as if in reality he felt, that—

> "When all is won that all desire to woo,
> The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost."

The change may not, however, take place immediately after his triumph, for he generally knows and perfectly appreciates the inestimable value of his newly-acquired treasure, and is also too deeply enamored to feel, for a time, aught save the most exquisite gratification at his success, and fond delight in its rational enjoyment. He is most supremely happy, and feels as if the measure of his perfect satisfaction is accomplished, and lacks but a single drop to cause its overflow. Like Othello, he can exclaim, in the fullness of his joy—

> "If it were now to die,
> 'T were now to be most happy; for, I fear,
> My soul hath her content so absolute,
> That not another comfort like to this
> Succeeds in unknown fate!"

He regrets even the slightest absence from the presence of his betrothed—seeming to live but in her sweet companionship, and possesses, as it were, eyes and ears for little else save her blandishments. And he will sit for hours, listening to her gladness—gazing upon her loveliness, while his heart revels in rapture. Still there is a monotony in continuous bliss, as well as in all other sensations; and the unclouded sunlight of extreme happiness, like the calm and dazzling beauty of an unruffled sea, will lack relief, become tedious, and at length pall upon the cloyed sense. "Variety is the spice of life," yet some there be who deem it the chief ingredient of the dish. The imperious lover, secure of his conquest, becomes at length impatient of even uninterrupted felicity, and too often sighs for change. As the victorious Macedonian "wept for other worlds to conquer," he wishes for new excitements, since the contest betwixt hope and fear, when terminating in the total rout of the latter, is usually followed by too harmonious a peace.

There is a description of character, and by no means a rare one, which is composed of materials so very unnatural, as ever to wear its most uninviting and deformed aspect toward those to whom its possessor is bound by ties of consanguinity, or has become endeared through the knowledge only of its fairer qualities. Such belong to a class of persons, who, possessing peevish and irritable dispositions, joined with a love of vanity and petty tyranny, seem to have their enjoyment increased in a ratio proportionate with the acuteness of the mortification which their trivial acts of unkindness inflict, so long as the object is wholly within their power, submissive and uncomplaining.

This species of ingratitude, however, consists less in observable injuries originating from a desire to wound, than in a kind of exacting infliction of morbid humors upon persons who do not care to resent such, through disdain of their pettiness, or from friendship toward those who delight in this sort of domestic tyranny. These people think not of the pain such conduct must necessarily inflict upon sensitive hearts; but only consider the grateful influence which the exercise of power has upon their own imperious feelings—forgetting entirely that it needs but a look or a tone to wound most deeply the sensibility of those who love.

Frederick Moulton possessed a disposition of a peculiar nature, and, though noble in many of its qualities, yet still upon very intimate acquaintance it appeared of the capricious and exacting character we have described. He was, however, to general observation, manly, intellectual and refined, and as well entitled to respect and esteem of the world at large, as any other gentleman of the same condition of life, for his faults were not always revealed to the superficial view.

Florence Sterling, his affianced, was a joyous and laughter-loving creature, free and mirthful; yet still she possessed many very superior qualities allied to a guileless and intellectual mind. Her gaiety was but the pastime of an innocent heart that ever strove to convey happiness as well as enjoy it, and she was beloved by all who knew her amiable qualities. Her disposition was affectionate, trustful, and artless, and therefore naturally calculated to receive, early and easily, impressions of a tender nature. She was scarcely seventeen, when inexperienced and unsophisticated, she pledged her faith to Moulton, in fullest confidence of future happiness. She had been won upon, as susceptible and ingenuous young maidens usually are, by the fair and specious seeming of her lover's character, connected with the flattering consciousness of his deep and ardent passion for herself; until her heart was subdued by his sighing importunities, and she surrendered it unreservedly into his keeping. It was unwise in her to do this, for, however well and passionately a woman may adore her lover, if she would be prudent let her tell it not. Let her beware of betraying even the slightest intimation that her affections have been fully won, for then all is accomplished. Her heart is given into another's power, and loses even the semblance of freedom, while it may be asserted that possession is ever the most unfailing antidote to passion. Her wisest policy is to keep his knowledge of her feelings in a

state of suspense, like Mahomet's coffin, midway between hope and fear, and he will then be ever a true and devoted worshipper at their shrine.

It was but a short period after the acceptance by Florence of Moulton's suit, that a change unheeded at first, seemed gradually coming over his conduct; until it at length became so remarkable as to contrast somewhat strangely with the previous ardent and devoted fondness of his manner toward her. Still he remained the lover—attentive and constant; but, oh! how altered in tone and appearance! From the anxious watcher of her smiles—the humble suppliant after favors at her adored hand—the willing and devoted slave of her most extravagant pleasure; he became, as it were, suddenly transformed into the arbiter of her wishes and desires; and, under covert pretences and measures, sought to influence and govern the hitherto artless frankness of her actions. He wished to control the most true and enchanting of her qualities—the very ingenuousness of manner which added to the sweetness and amiability of her disposition, had from the first led him on to his success. He was also avaricious of her every smile and blandishment, but miser-like, wished them hoarded; while he seemed to have forgotten the lively relish that he once felt for her society and fascinations. Like the "dog in the manger," though indifferent himself, he grudged their enjoyment by others, and would fain have wished her to become, in a degree, even an unsocial being to all save himself alone.

Florence could hardly believe the reality of this strange metamorphose at first; but, gradually assuming a more decided character, it became too mortifying and convincingly apparent. She was deeply grieved—not so much, however, at its vexatious aspect, as by the inferences plainly deducible therefrom in regard to future prospects. Yet woman-like, she ever strove to balance the better attributes of his nature against his faults, that thus they might appear to lose much of their real deformity; and even when the latter predominated in the scales, she endeavored to suppy the deficit through the resources of much enduring charity, and by imagining those virtues which he might hereafter evince, when the charms and enjoyments of the domestic circle had thrown their enchantments over his heart.

Still these things could not but sink deep into her heart, and what wonder if they served to weaken and wean from him the fervor of her affections. She felt the sad reality of this change, although she evinced it not. Her joys were clouded and interrupted, and her fond, bright hopes began to hesitate and tremble for their safety. The devotedness with which she loved him only caused her to feel the unkindness of his cold and imperious manner the more keenly; even while she strove to excuse it, and weigh such with the love she knew he really cherished for her, in despite of the fault of his actions—of which she fondly hoped he would ere long become sensible and repentant.

And thus was passed an interval which should have been a season of perfect happiness—the green spring of requited affections. Sorrow lowered upon the sensitive heart of the hitherto gladsome maiden, and chilled all its most joyous aspirations. If such was the spring, what a sad promise did it hold forth of coming seasons! If such was Moulton's conduct as a lover, what might it be as a husband, when she should remain irrevocably in his power—the unresisting and bonded slave of his caprice! She needed but little assistance to resolve this question, for marriage is ever more intolerable than Moorish slavery, where the husband is disposed to enact the tyrant. And truly she had reason to congratulate herself that such was not yet her situation—that she still possessed the power to withdraw from so unpromising an alliance; or, at least, to exercise prudence and discretion with regard to future movements.

With all her grievances, however, she could not overcome the dread she felt of being thought fickle in her character. The reproach of inconstancy and faithlessness is held up to timid women to frighten them into submission, and, however they may have been deceived in their first choice, few have the hardihood to venture an exchange, even where there appears sufficient evidence that such might revert to their unbounded profit.

"Man to man so oft unjust is always so to woman!" and even in affairs of the heart, where she is worshipped as the sole and presiding deity, her wishes are scorned and contemned, her feelings trifled with and injured, and her rights and privileges basely trampled upon, while every means of redress are withheld from her power, and she is of necessity compelled to submission.

True, loving, and devoted woman! Would that man might fully appreciate thee as thou art! He would then learn to estimate his own poor worth by the favor found in thy approving eyes, and consider such as the standard of praiseworthy ambition. But it is written that the fool worketh his own evil, and Moulton at length began to realize the truth of the proverb.

It is the last drop which causes the full cup to run over, and it is the last act of oppression which arouses resistance, and incites rebellion against long and submissively endured grievances. At least, it seems thus to the thoughtless and superficial observer, for that which went before is less prominently revealed until the crisis is decided. Therefore we describe more minutely the event which induced Florence to throw off the chain that bound her, or rather to improve the freedom tauntingly given her by the circumstance of Moulton's breaking the tie himself, in the haughty supposition that like a long imprisoned bird she would return again to its bondage.

They attended an assembly a few evenings before

the intended one of their union, and both were in exceedingly happy spirits. The company was unusually large, and they moved among those who might have been termed their equals and peers; yet Moulton observed with pride that his affianced shone a star of magnitude uneclipsed, even when in conjunction with the brightest of that festal galaxy. But circumstances occurred to interrupt the pleasant harmony of their feelings. The proud, yet miserly lover foolishly imagined that his expectant bride was somewhat too prodigal of her smiles and blandishments, although he feasted upon the envy which his position toward her excited in the breasts of his less fortunate fellows. He thought that she used more exertion than was actually necessary to please her admirers, and also that she evinced a little more gratification than was called for at their compliments and expressions of admiration. He therefore imperiously undertook to check and control her joyousness, by reminding her with looks of meaning of her vassalage to his exacting and capricious disposition. These excited feelings of surprise in the breast of Florence at first; which at length increased until she became justly indignant at his undeserved manifestations of displeasure, and resolved to let him understand that she had not yet taken the oath of allegiance, and was still the mistress of her own proper actions. She resented his interference, and proceeded to follow her own inclinations and pleasure even farther than she might have done, but for the constraints which he unwisely sought to impose upon them, and she also seemed not to notice or care for the effect which her womanly spirit had upon his temper.

Moulton's feelings were of course inflamed by this, and he determined to retaliate upon her hauteur, after the same style in which she had for the first time set the example. He deemed there was sufficient excuse for the exercise of his tyranny over her; and during the remainder of the evening he proceeded to treat her coldly, and with a haughtiness nearly approaching to disdain. This attracted much attention, and Florence felt extremely mortified and insulted—and in a manner also to which she was too proud to submit. Taunt provoked taunt, and few words of conciliation therefore were offered on either side, and their parting at the close was reserved and dignified in the extreme.

The next day Florence principally kept her own apartment, for her spirits were much depressed by the occurrences of the evening previous. She revolved them over in her mind; but though they caused her sorrow, she was conscious that her own conduct did not merit reproach. Her motives, she knew, were pure, and she justly satisfied her heart that whatever it might suffer, another's was the blame. She reflected upon the past conduct of Moulton, and sighed as she compared it with what she was led to expect it might have been, from the ardor that he ever evinced before she gave him her consent to become his wife. She pondered mournfully over the sad disappointment of her hopes of happiness—those that had been implanted in her breast, and fondly cherished through his professions of passionate regard, until they became the leading ones of her existence; and then turned with gloomy forebodings her thoughts toward the future, where all appeared dark and portentous with evil.

The entire morning was passed in this manner, while occasionally the remembrance of the deep and fervent passion she had long felt for him—so burning at first, but now much cooled by the many annoying, though sometimes scarcely definable grievances which she had suffered, passed before her mind, and made her to give way more than once to tears—tears that arose with an involuntary and swelling flood, and fell upon her burning cheeks like the still droppings of a calm summer's shower.

These at length relieved the anguish of her bosom, and she was enabled to reflect less passionately. She began now to look with calm philosophy toward the future, and reason with herself upon the question, if she could wisely trust her happiness with such an uncertain hazard, that seemed too slender even to sustain a hope. And there was also a divided feeling active within her breast; a faint expectation that her lover would soon see and repent of the errors of his conduct, and seek her pardon—struggling with a growing, though scarcely definable idea that if he did not it would be quite as well in the end for herself. Still she could but think that something would soon occur to render him sensible of his unkindness, and perhaps reform his singular ways.

Moulton, though highly offended, was sensible of being himself to blame, inasmuch as his conduct was unreasonable and imperious. He knew that it was his duty to make all possible reparation to Florence's injured feelings; but he, however, chose rather to give vent to his excitement, while reason was subverted through jealous and angry feelings. He could not think of humbling himself so much to one whose happiness was entirely dependent upon his caprice. No! such would tend to reverse the natural harmony of their position. She must suffer for her folly, and thus by experience learn that submission is the nature of woman's social condition, or what would be the result hereafter! It was all very well to employ strategy during the seige; but bold independence and dignity was necessary to preserve the conquest when won, or the subdued might presume upon the policy of the past. And also in order to render her fully sensible of her dependence, and upon what dangerous ground she was carelessly treading, he proceeded with the utmost assurance to indite the following laconic and singular epistle to his affianced:

"Circumstances have led me unwillingly to believe that Miss Sterling may be impatient of the restraints which the fact of her betrothal imposes upon her actions, and would not, perhaps, regret if such were removed. The liberty to make another and a better choice, at this moment, I doubt not, would also be peculiarly grateful to her, and might soon be improved. I have merely to remark, that if such be her wish, the love which I have ever cherished for her is not of the selfish nature as to withhold that which she so much desires; and she is therefore at liberty to consider herself free from all exclusive restraint on the part of myself; while still my best wishes shall extend to her happier prospects.

I remain her very obedient servant,

Frederick Moulton."

This he despatched at an early hour toward its destination, and then began to speculate upon the mortification and alarm which it would, of course, occasion in the breast of Florence. Being still confident, notwithstanding his affected jealousy, that she loved him deeply and devotedly, he looked upon his course of procedure merely as a punishment for her improper spirit, and he also confidently supposed that she would submissively receive it as such. He even anticipated that his revenge would be doubly gratified by her usual course of conciliation and self-sacrifice; but he had forgotten the adage that there is a certain point where forgiveness ceases to be a virtue.

Florence received the note and read it, while her breast swelled with indignant emotions. Her lips curled with scorn, and her eyes flashed with excitement at this climax to his indignities; while she crushed the ungrateful and insulting message in her hand, and threw it from her with contempt. Her patience was exhausted, and could endure the trials imposed upon it no longer; and she now resolved to banish from her heart every remaining vestige of love for him which still clung feebly around its tendrils. She very naturally wept for a time; but when her feelings became once more calm, she reflected that there was quite as little reason of regret at this abrupt termination of their engagement as she had given cause for it; though her pride was naturally mortified at being thus cast off when hers alone was the grievance. But as the dismissal came from Moulton it would save her from the reproach of inconstancy which she had so long and so much feared.

To her extreme surprise, however, not long after she received a visit from the author in person, who came humble and penitent to crave her pardon, and repair, if possible, the error he had committed. He had himself been struck with alarm and remorse while reflecting upon the consequences of his rash act, and the fear very properly came across his mind that Florence *might possibly* see fit to accept of his *generous* releasement. He could not deny but that the act of itself gave her sufficient reason for so doing, even setting aside the probability of her still remaining offended at his behavior on the previous evening, and he now began to reflect upon his conduct with deep regret. He, therefore, acknowledged his unkindness and injustice with abject sorrow; and implored her by every passionate entreaty to forgive and forget his past actions, and receive him once more into favor—pledging himself by the most solemn vows never to give her in his life another cause of regret or sorrow.

Florence listened without interrupting him, while her bosom heaved with sympathy for his grief. She pitied his pangs of regret; but she felt that she could not in justice to herself give them relief. She had striven with the last remnant of passion once cherished for him, and subdued it; and when he had finished and waited in doubt and fear for her decision, she calmly informed him that *all* his errors were forgiven, and she would likewise strive to forget them. But she could do nothing further. "Their long continuance," she said, "had weakened and subdued the whole strength of the love she once cherished for him; and it was now chastened down to a feeling more akin to that of friendship, which she might ever feel for him; but nothing more."

"You are well aware, Frederick," she continued in a sad voice, while tears gushed involuntarily from her downcast eye-lids, "that when I gave you my consent to become your wife, I loved you with a deep and burning passion. You cannot doubt it even now, changed as that feeling is. But *you*, Frederick, are far more changed; at least, your conduct has been from what it appeared previous to that event. You were then—but I will forbear reproach, for your own heart, I doubt not, is fully sensible of all I would say."

"It is, Florence!" replied Moulton, with tremulous emotion, "deeply, painfully sensible of the wrongs which I have inflicted upon you, and bitterly repents. But believe me, that, notwithstanding my faults, I love you still most fervently; even though such would hardly seem to evince it. Why I have acted thus unkindly toward you I cannot tell, excepting that an evil spirit possessed me at the time and subverted my better reason. But that is past; and never, oh! never again shall you have cause to doubt my affection, while the endeavor of my future life shall be to atone for my injustice toward you. Give me back that hateful letter—forget the past, and be mine once more, dear Florence, and I will prove to you henceforth as true and affectionate as I have been unkind."

"It may not be, Frederick," replied Florence calmly and frankly; "my heart has lost that interest in you which is necessary to render our union happy. You gave of your own free will and accord, and because of your own fault, a release which I did not ever expect; and though the unkindness of the action is atoned for by your repentance, I feel constrained in the

present state of my feelings for many reasons to decline a renewal of our engagement. It is with pain, Frederick, that I do this, for I feel how deeply it will grieve you; but the truth is that *I have ceased to love*, and never again can feel aught save friendship toward you."

It can be but faintly imagined how like an icy chill those last words fell upon the heart and hopes of the humbled lover—benumbing them with despair. It was a sentence which he little expected, and was less prepared to hear, for he was a firm believer in the unchanging nature of woman's affection. He would as resignedly have listened to a decree of immediate death; for it was the knell to all his hopes of happiness. He remained silent for a few moments with his face buried in his hands, while his anguish appeared powerful and intense; and then he arose to take his sad departure from the presence of her whom he had lost forever. As he did so he glanced into the eyes of Florence, to convince himself that it was not possible (as the thought for an instant flashed through his mind) that she was only submitting his feelings to a just, though agonizing ordeal; but he was struck at their calmness, and become fully assured of his despair.

"Farewell, Florence," he said mournfully, taking her listless hand and pressing it with fervor, "farewell! My hope is that you may be happy—though such henceforth can never be my portion, for my heart not having experienced unkindness from yours, shall *never* cease its love or regret. I cannot blame your resolution, for I am sensible that I have deserved my fate; and my dearest wish is now that you may find—no, no, I cannot wish that. I would have said *another* heart—one more true and less ungrateful; but my tongue refuses to give utterance to so unnatural and palpable a falsehood. But I can wish, however, that you may never again be deceived as you have been in me. Farewell."

As the door closed upon his departing footsteps, Florence again burst into tears, and wept long and freely. Her mind was agitated by mixed and undefinable sensations, but her heart felt relieved from the sickening pressure of its gloomy forebodings. Sympathy for Moulton's grief—timid apprehension that her conduct might appear unnatural in the eyes of others, combined with a modest doubt in the infallibility of her own judgment, filled her breast, and caused it to thrill with fears of having overstepped the bounds of prudence, or rashly performed an action of which she might, perhaps, hereafter repent. But the consciousness of such having to the last been forced upon her without cause or deserving—and of the propriety of her motives in thus refusing to place herself again in a position where she had experienced so much unmerited sorrow at length re-assured her, and she banished these doubts and regrets from her mind. Her spirits now began to recover their natural elasticity—the prospect of unhappiness seemed to vanish like a cloud from the sky of the future; and Hope resumed once more a dominion within her heart, from whence she had fled before the portentous ills which lowered around its joys.

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A few years have passed, and Florence is now the happy wife of another; and though the freshness of passion may be said to have been wasted, she sees little cause for regret at the change that occurred in her prospects, or at the decision she made to improve them. But Moulton remains still a bachelor, and often casts a sorrowful retrospection over the past. He strives, however, to excuse his conduct, in his own mind, by affecting to believe that it was all intended to test the quality of his expected wife's disposition, and the strength of her passion, but without avail; for, though he feels conscious that he was innocent of *cruel* motives, he cannot deny that his actions at times wore an ungracious appearance, and Florence seemed also more pained than offended at his trials. But whether this arose from her extreme sensitiveness, or from the test having been too severe for endurance, he was not perfectly willing to decide. He has, however, changed his opinions entirely with regard to the undying nature of woman's love, and now often takes occasion to rail against it whenever he hears of a case in point; asserting in a jocose manner that it possesses as peculiar a quality as is erroneously attributed to the feline race.

THE FOUNDLING.

"TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION."

The feeling of surprise, if not of envy, will sometimes arise in our bosoms, at the apparently uninterrupted and perfect happiness of some favored individual, on whom it would seem the usual cares of life were not visited. Such appeared in early life the happy fate of Edward Stanton. Allied to nobility, in the possession of a large and unincumbered fortune, of fine talents and highly cultivated mind, amiable in temper, elegant in appearance and manners, he appeared the beau ideal of all the heart could wish. So at least thought Ellen Alston, who had long since bestowed her heart on Edward, in return for his oft proffered love. No impediment appeared to their union, and they were married, as soon as the few necessary preliminaries were adjusted, and lived the first year afterward in uninterrupted felicity.

They anxiously looked forward to the period, when they would be blessed with their first pledge of love, for that occurrence they deemed would crown their sunset of happiness. As the time drew near, however, dark forebodings would cloud the fair brow of Ellen, and draw her thoughts from this world to one brighter. Religiously educated, she did not shrink from the contemplation of what might be possibly her fate in the coming trial, but tried to improve her opportunities, and be prepared to meet with resignation whatever it was the will of her Heavenly father to inflict. Her delicate frame sunk under the hard ordeal, and the same hour that made Edward a happy father, seen him the bereaved husband. His mind had not been properly strengthened by religion, and he at first sunk in utter despair under the severe blow. At last the smiles of his infant daughter roused him from the depths of woe, and reminded him that he had still duties to perform, still something to live for. To train her infant footsteps, to watch the development of her faculties, was now his only source of pleasure; and as time passed on, and she numbered her second summer, and could lisp the name of papa, the sad recluse once more smiled, and took interest in what was passing around him. His being had been so entwined with that of Ellen, that her living image could alone again charm him from solitude; and that living image his little girl promised to be.

Perhaps he hugged that dear image too fondly to his bosom, for she too sickened and died. To paint now the hopeless distress of the wretched father, would be impossible. This second blow was almost too much for his frame to bear. Life now really appeared to have lost all interest for him. His friends urged him to travel, and to rid himself of their importunities, he consented to perform the tour of Europe. Accordingly France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, even Spain were traversed without any interest being excited in the feelings of the sad wanderer. At length, wearied in body, he determined to return to England by sea, and repaired for the purpose to Lisbon in the year 1755, ever memorable as that in which the dreadful earthquake took place, destroying the city, and burying thirty thousand of its inhabitants under the ruins.

Edward Stanton had gone some miles in the country at the invitation of an English friend, when the dreadful calamity occurred, and only returned to witness the desolation of what had been a gay smiling city. Wandering around the ruins of a spacious mansion, which had buried in its fall all its noble inhabitants, Edward's heart was softened. Here was distress far greater than he had suffered! He felt how wrong he had been to repine at his lot, and shed tears of deep repentance, thus meditating, a feeble cry reached his ear. He hastened to the spot, when he beheld a female infant, richly dressed, and unscathed by the storm. He raised it in his arms. Its age and helplessness reminded him forcibly of his lost daughter. He pressed the child to his bosom, and hastened to procure nourishment, for the want of which it was almost expiring. Under his judicious management it soon revived, and smiled on him sweetly with its soft dark eyes. The features and complexion, though decidedly Portuguese, were very beautiful. On enquiring he found that there was no relation left to claim the child, and accordingly he determined to adopt her as his own, and take her to England with him.

He returned to his native country a wiser and less sad man than he left it. He had now again something to live for. To educate his little foundling, and promote the happiness of those around him, was now his study. Religion had softened his character, and made him live more for others than for himself—and richly was he repaid. When time began to press on his noble brow the signet of age, it bore also the impress of piety and cheerfulness. His adopted daughter, under his guidance, became all he could wish. She was in sickness his kind nurse, in health the sharer of all his duties. She married well, and Edward Stanton lived long to caress her children, and to feel convinced *that afflictions are sent to us in mercy to wean our souls from this transitory world.*

H.

THE FATAL WALTZ.

BY MRS. C. K. POWNELL.

WHEN I was a young girl I remember paying a visit to an old venerable pile in the country, whose dark walls and intricate passages made an indelible impression on my childish imagination. It stood in a grove of ancient trees, apart from the rest of the village; and nothing can be conceived more solitary than this old pile, when the shades of night had stolen around it. I shall never forget my childish fears whenever I had occasion to travel its long echoing corridors after twilight, and when even the shadows of the trees without, falling across the floor, stirred wierd feelings at my heart.

I visited the place again in my nineteenth year, but it had lost much of its influence over my mind. The house seemed neither so large nor so solitary as when I visited it in childhood. I could now traverse its wide old staircase after nightfall without a quickened pulsation of the heart, and could lie on my pillow and hear the trees moaning without, and yet keep my head uncovered by the bed-clothes.

But there was one object about the old mansion which remained unchanged, appearing to my fancy just as she had appeared to me ten years before. I mean my aunt Mary. How shall I describe her? She was a cheerful old body, whose kindness of heart was discernible in every lineament of her face. She wore a close neat cap, and a gown of a pattern which had been out of date at least twenty years. A pin cushion usually hung suspended, by a silver chain, from her girdle; and in her hands were always to be seen the never-idle knitting needles. She was the village wonder in the way of simples, and had a knack of preserving peaches, quinces, &c. that few could equal. Her face was like a quiet landscape, soothing the heart by its untroubled expression. Her smile was ineffably sweet. Yet she had always a sort of half melancholy look, as if sorrow had, long years before, been busy with her heart. When I first visited her, I was struck with this settled yet subdued expression; but I was then too young to think much of the matter. On my second visit, however, my curiosity was aroused, and, as aunt Mary was an old maid, I busied myself in imagining a thousand versions of what I supposed to be the story of her heart. She had been unfortunate in love, of that I was sure. Aunt Mary saw my curiosity, and one evening, after we had drawn around the fire, and were alone, she gratified me with the following story.

I was once as young as you, Carry, and had the reputation of being handsome beside. I was certainly rather a belle in the village, and was in requisition at every ball or sleigh-ride. Flattered by the attentions paid me I became at length a flirt, and sacrificed many a worthy man to my vanity, by indirectly encouraging his attentions until he had staked his all on winning me, when I coolly dismissed him, affecting astonishment at his love. Ah! Carry, our sex little think of the misery we inflict, until, like me, they have met their punishment.

My heart, in this career of folly, for a long time remained untouched. But at length I was introduced to a person, who, from the first moment of our acquaintance, awakened an interest in my heart. He was at that time just entering on the practice of the profession of the law, and his friends were sanguine of the success which his talents would secure him. Certainly, I never met a more fascinating companion, and this fascination was to be attributed chiefly to his powers of conversation. Unlike all the rest I had met, he seemed insensible to my charms, and though his demeanor was polite, it had not the warmth which characterized that of others toward me. It was perhaps even cold—yet his heart was generous to a fault. This piqued me. I determined to win him.

I will not detail the means by which I succeeded in my design. But although my feelings at first were those only of pique, they grew rapidly into those of love—warm, deep, uncontrollable love! Yes! I loved Albert Charters as few women have loved, with all the fervor of a passionate soul, with all the intensity of a first affection. He returned my love. And when his passion had been confessed, and I had promised to be his, he acknowledged that he had loved me from the first, and that he had been restrained from confessing his passion at once only by the fear lest I might be the heartless thing, which too many were disposed to call me. How my heart upbraided me at these words!—for it was only by concealing this trait in my character that I had won his love. I felt the deception I had practised on him: I felt that, if he ever discovered it, his noble nature would spurn me from him. But I resolved to be, in future, all that he could wish!

Albert was indeed a being such as few women have ever been loved by—generous, and high-minded, he was calculated to awaken affection if ever one of his sex was. He had a lofty idea of a true woman. Above all he looked for her to be guiltless of anything like deception—I felt, from the first, that his love would cease if he came to believe me guilty of an untruth. But, with all this, he had the highest confidence in her he loved. I remember once when we talked of this subject he said,

"I cannot understand that love which has not the fullest reliance in the faith of the beloved object. Years might separate me from the mistress of my heart, but I should feel no jealousy. I could not love unless I believed her I loved incapable of betraying me."

I felt it was an honor to be loved by one who thought thus.

I have said he had a lofty notion of the female character. He disliked much of that which fashion tolerates; especially was he an enemy to waltzing. Often have I heard him say that he could never love a woman who would suffer an almost total stranger to encircle her waist in this amusement. How I feared lest some one would whisper to him that I had once indulged in this pastime merely to bring new victims to my toils. But happily we met while I was on a visit to a neighboring city, where there were few to betray me. Yet the consciousness that I was deceiving him was always a thorn in my bosom, and often would I have told him all if I had dared. Ah! never expect to win or retain affection by such means. My punishment was at hand.

The time came, at length, at which I was to return home, and a large party was given in honor of me a few days prior to my leaving the city. Among the guests was a gentleman who resided in our village. I trembled, I scarcely knew why, when I saw him enter—I trembled more when he advanced toward me and asked me to waltz. I declined. He seemed somewhat surprised; but I said nothing. Albert had overheard his request, and evinced, I thought, some surprise in his countenance, that an old friend, who must have known my sentiments, should have asked me to waltz.

"I am so glad you have come," said I, taking his arm, "for Mr. Carleton has been asking me to waltz. He is one of your quizzing kind, and is ever pestering me on the subject."

I felt my cheek burn as I uttered this untruth, but I feared that Albert's suspicions had been aroused, and it was necessary to allay them. His reply shewed me that my consciousness of guilt had awakened unnecessary fears.

"I am surprised at the rudeness of Mr. Carleton in pressing you about a subject, on which he knows your opinions. Let us," he continued, in a tone that convinced me he had entertained no suspicion of the truth, "let us promenade!"

In less than a week I took a tearful farewell of P——, and returned to my native village. It was October when I reached home, and Albert was to follow me in the spring. Until then I had to content myself with his letters instead of himself—letters, which however dear, were nothing to the eloquent voice of the writer.

I had heard often through the newspapers of the triumph of my adored Albert at the bar and in the Senate; for he had already entered political life, and was foremost in his party for talents and popularity. How my heart beat, how my eyes swam when I perused the accounts of the effect produced by his eloquence. His success endeared him more and more to my heart: I felt as if his triumphs were my own, and my pride rose in proportion.

But much as I worshipped Albert my vanity was still strong within me, and I had been but a few months at home before my love of admiration led me into many acts of which my conscience told me he would disapprove. At first my remorse was great, when, after spending an evening abroad, I returned to my chamber with the consciousness of having, in the excitement of company, sought as of old to attract admirers by those arts which I knew Albert despised, and which he deemed me above descending to; but gradually this wore off, and by the time the winter was at its height, I was as eager as ever for the applause of *salons*, as full of the arts of the coquette as I was before Albert had taught me to love. Often, however, I felt remorse for my conduct, and resolved to be really what my lover supposed me to be. But my vanity always triumphed; and I consoled my more selfish fears by the thought that he could never learn my conduct.

It was in the full tide of the annual round of parties which the winter brought with it, that I was invited to attend a ball at a neighboring village. I went of course. Mr. Carleton who had lately come into possession of a splendid fortune was there, and was the mark to which all the designing belles directed their charms. He was ignorant of my engagement with Albert, for the matter had been kept a profound secret, and on this evening my vanity was elevated by the particularity of the attentions he paid to me. I felt that I was envied by nearly all my sex in the room, and my spirits rose in proportion at my silly triumph. At length Mr. Carleton asked me to waltz. For a moment I hesitated, since, far as my folly had gone, it had not led me heretofore to break Albert's express wish on this subject; but after reflecting that he could not possibly hear of it, and thinking how it would add to my present triumph, I consented; and with my partner's arm fondly encircling my waist, and my breath mingling with his own, I was being whirled through this mazy dance, when, on looking up a moment, as we approached the lower end of the room, I saw the face of Albert gazing on me in sorrow and surprise. He seemed to have just come in. As his eye caught mine an expression of mournful reproof, which was succeeded by a look of the keenest agony, passed across his face. I felt the room swim giddily around me, and uttering a stifled shriek, I sank in a dead faint to the floor. I recollect nothing more for days.

When I recovered my senses I found myself lying on a sick-bed, with my dear mother watching tearfully beside me. She clasped me in her arms, and thanked heaven that I was still alive. Then, as my recollection returned to me, and I eagerly asked if Albert had called, she drew me closer to her breast, and wept afresh. I

knew by those agonising tears that my folly had met its own punishment, and I fainted away again.

I will not tire you with the account of my long recovery. It was only when I was convalescent that my mother put a letter in my hand, whose every word is engraven on my memory. It was from Albert. By the date I knew that it was written on the night of that fatal ball. The note had neither address nor signature. "Farewell," it said, "and forever. I see that I have been deceived; but—oh! Mary—that it should have been by you. Never more can I love you, since I cannot longer confide in your truth. Farewell!"

How many tears I shed over that little fragment of paper it avails not to say. I felt that it cut me off from hope; and I knew that my own folly had brought on this punishment. This aggravated my grief, and long kept me on the borders of the grave.

I learned that Albert, having been brought unexpectedly near our village by business, had determined to surprise me by a visit. He had stopped at the house, but hearing that I was at the ball, he had ridden over for me, as he had but a single day to spend at our house. Bitter! bitter! was that visit to me. And yet my deceit merited such punishment.

I never saw Albert after that fatal night. He returned to the distant city of P——, and thenceforth I was cured of my vanity. I trust this trial changed me, and made me a different being. And now you know, dear Carry, why I am an old maid, and why a shade of sorrow will often steal over me. Oh! take lesson by me, and discard vanity.

My aunt Mary ceased, and as she turned away, I saw her wipe a tear from her eye. The snows of fifty years had not quenched the feelings of her heart; nor could the lessons of religion wholly remove her sorrow. Often, during her narration; had her voice faltered with emotion

From that day I loved my aunt Mary more than ever; and from that day, I too, I trust, was a better woman.

Cincinnati, 1842.

GERTRUDE.

"GERTRUDE," said a low, but manly voice, as the hand of the speaker opened the glass door that led into an apartment on the ground floor of a neat little country parsonage "Gertrude."

At a table, within the chamber, sat a fair-haired maiden, her cheek resting on one hand, while, with the other she caressed an Italian greyhound, that nestled on her lap. As the door was softly unclosed, the animal sprung forward, and with a low whine of delight welcomed the intruder. Gertrude started to her feet, and, in a voice which ill concealed the joy his presence imparted to her sad bosom, exclaimed:—"Is this well done, Hector? I thought you had been on board the Windsor Castle by this time?"

"On board the Windsor Castle," he replied reproachfully, "on my voyage to the East, without other leave-taking than the cold formal farewell in presence of our relatives—without plighting to you my *troth*, and receiving yours in return;—no, no, Gertrude; you could not—you did not think so meanly of me."

A sad smile was her only reply, as Hector re-seating her, placed himself by her side.

"I had ascertained, before leaving the Rectory, that my presence on board would not be required for a few days; but kept my own counsel, and bidding a final adieu to your respected father, at the termination of the first stage, saw him set out on his homeward way. Lingering among our romantic haunts till night should shield me from prying eyes, I approached the rectory. The stillness within and without the house assured me that all had retired to rest, and traversing the shrubbery with cautious steps, I approached this side of the building, and never did the sea-tossed mariner hail with more intense joy the friendly port that offered him a refuge from the tempest, than did I the ray of light which streamed from your casement. I doubted not a cordial reception from the whole household; but the scene of to-day must have recurred to-morrow; I must again have uttered a constrained adieu—again repressed the overflowings of a bursting heart; and departed an unblessed wanderer to another hemisphere."

The feelings of Gertrude were too intense for utterance; she leaned her head on the shoulder of her lover, and burst into tears. The soothings of affection, a brilliant future, depicted by the pencil of hope, in no long time, however, calmed the agitation of her soul; and the first rays of the rising sun found the youthful pair still engaged in converse.

Six years previously to this period, Colonel St. John, on being ordered to India, had entrusted his motherless boy to the care of Dr. Montgomery, the rector of St. Bude, his school-comrade and college-chum; and faithfully had the worthy divine fulfilled the sacred trust. He regarded Hector with an affection little less lively than that he felt for his own Gertrude. As the youthful pair attained to the age of adolescence, the rector perceived, or thought he perceived, a growing affection between them, which he feared might ripen into love. He lost not a moment in communicating his suspicions to Colonel St. John, who, by the next packet, set his heart at rest, by requesting him, if he approved of his boy as a son, to let things take their course; but the spring arrivals from India brought an unexpected summons for Hector to join his father at Madras. For a moment, the confidence of the Rector in the honor and sincerity of his early friend wavered; but the same conveyance brought him an explanatory letter from Colonel St. John, in which he stated, that having obtained a lucrative, though not a permanent, situation in the civil department of the Government, for his son, it was necessary that he should embark with the first fleet. "The lovers are young enough," he added, "to wait two or three years, at which period Hector's engagement will terminate, when I hope also to visit my native land, and witness the union of my boy with the daughter of my earliest and most esteemed friend."

The heart of the good divine was lightened of a painful load by this communication, and he further rejoiced that no engagement had taken place between the lovers, which might have fettered their liberty, though it could not have endangered their peace throughout life; little was he aware of the midnight escapade of his pupil, or the solemn vows of never-ending love and fidelity the youthful objects of his paternal anxiety had pledged to each other.

The absence of Hector, who was an universal favorite, diffused a gloom over the household at the Rectory. Gertrude, habituated to self-control, suppressed her own sorrow, in order to administer to the amusement of her father. She supplied the place of his pupil at the chess-board, became the companion of his morning walks, and read to him in the fine summer evenings in a romantic grotto at the extremity of the garden.

During those hours, however, which Gertrude could call her own, she would hurry to those spots, consecrated by the tenderest and most endearing recollections; where, with Hector for her companion, she had enjoyed pure and unalloyed happiness—for it was a happiness unmixed with fears for the future.

Thus passed the autumn and winter after the departure of Hector; but when April, with its sunshine and its showers, began to deck the fields and meadows with the flowers and foliage of early spring, the hope of a letter from her lover created a restless anxiety on her bosom. Though aware that weeks and months must elapse before she could receive news from Madras, yet

he had promised to write from the Cape, or by any vessel they might hail in their course. Daily she scanned the shipping-list, started at the sound of the postman's horn as he passed through the village of St. Bude, only to meet with a new disappointment.

About this period, the anxiety of Gertrude was fated to take a new direction, or rather fears for the life of her parent were added to those she entertained for the weal. of her far distant lover. Compelled to undertake a hasty journey to London, in consequence of the failure of the banker who held the property of his late wife in trust for her daughter, he found on his arrival that his ruin was complete—that he had eluded the vigilance of his creditors, and sought a refuge beyond the Atlantic.

The Rector bore this reverse of fortune with the fortitude of a Christian, consoled with the conviction that Gertrude would not be less prized by St. John because she came portionless to his arms; and, without unnecessary delay, he proceeded on his homeward return.

His affectionate daughter, grieving little for the loss of fortune, was dreadfully alarmed at the changed aspect of her father. He imputed the alteration to fatigue, and retired early to his chamber. A low fever soon developed itself; and, in spite of the most unwearied attentions of his child, and the most eminent medical attendance, the disease proved fatal, and at the termination of a few weeks, the Rector of St. Bude became an inhabitant of the tomb.

His bereaved daughter sunk for a while beneath the afflicting stroke; but roused by the appearance of the new incumbent, she hastened, with the aid of an old friend of her father's to set about the necessary preparation for leaving the Rectory. The last night she spent beneath its roof was to her a night of acute and overwhelming agony, and with the dawn she left the home of her birth, and returned to the cottage of her aged nurse, in a neighboring hamlet.

Loved and respected by his flock, the orphan daughter of the Rector lacked no invitations from several families in the neighborhood; but the lofty spirit, which had laid dormant in the bosom of Gertrude, in the season of prosperity, became developed and shone out in the hour of adversity. She resolved, rather than drag the heavy chain of dependence, to employ those talents and accomplishments which had amused and embellished her idle hours as a recourse in her present altered fortunes. Her nurse had a daughter married in London, to a respectable mechanic, and apprising Margaret of her intentions, and selecting a few cherished memorials of other days, she proceeded to the toll-house to await the coach in which a place had been secured.

As she left the cottage of the nurse, which had been rendered snug and comfortable by the bounty of her father, and as the aged dame stood at the door weeping, and calling down blessings on her head, she felt a sinking of the spirits, which she vainly struggled to subdue.

The season was in unison with her feelings; it was the early morn of a cold wintry day, unusually dark and dreary; and as she entered the coach, a drizzling rain beat heavily against the windows, and a dense fog enveloped the surrounding objects. The embrowned and yellow leaves fell fast from the trees, which skirted the road, and those which still clung to the half-naked branches, exhibited a lively image of decay. It was past midnight when the coach drove into the inn-yard; but late as it was, Margaret and her husband awaited the arrival of the orphan.

The sight of a familiar face produced a powerful revulsion in the feelings of Gertrude, and throwing her arms round the neck of Margaret, she burst into tears. Johnstone, with genuine feelings of delicacy, left the parlor, and having procured a coach, he placed his wife and Gertrude inside, and mounting the box with the driver, directed him where to proceed.

The abode of Johnstone was situated in the outskirts of London, near to Finsbury Square, and while he assisted the coachman to remove the luggage, his wife conducted the weary traveller to a neat bed-room on the first floor, which was luckily untenanted when she received the letter of Gertrude.

After partaking of coffee, she undressed with the assistance of Margaret, and retired to court the repose her exhausted frame so much required. Sleep fled, however, from her pillow; and, when toward morning she sunk into a broken and unquiet dose, the painful thoughts which had occupied her waking hours recurred in broken and distorted images in her dreams; and when Margaret entered her chamber, she grieved to behold the ravages misfortune and grief had produced in her once blooming joyous countenance.

Resolved on the course she meant to pursue, Gertrude lost no time in advertising for the situation of a governess, and on the second morning after its appearance, a flaming chariot drove up to the door of Mrs. Johnstone's dwelling, from which alighted a portly dame, arrayed in the extreme of fashion. She inquired for the young person who wanted the situation of governess, on which Margaret ushered her into the little parlor, where sat Gertrude at work, in the unstudied negligence of a morning robe.

The stranger announced herself as the lady of Alderman ——, and in want of a governess for their two daughters.

She did not question—indeed, seemed incapable of questioning Gertrude in regard to her fitness for the office, but she inquired as to terms and references as to character, with a coarseness which grated painfully on the feelings of the bereaved orphan. But pertinaciously cherishing the belief that she was deserted by Hector,—

perhaps, her alliance contemned by his father, she firmly resolved, to struggle with her feelings, and accept the independence offered to her.

"I am a stranger in London," she said, "but Mrs. Johnstone, who is the daughter of my nurse can satisfy your inquiries, or if her testimony is deemed insufficient, I can furnish you with the address of the agent of my late father." Gertrude hastily left the room, and sending in Margaret, hurried to her own chamber to compose her agitated spirits. When again summoned to the parlor, the kind-hearted woman—for her visitor was really such —took her hand, saying, "Poor thing, poor thing; you shall come to us, and we will do every thing in our power to make up to you for the home you have lost."

On the following Monday, Gertrude Montgomery became an inmate in the villa of Alderman ——, at Streatham. Her pupils were unformed, but docile girls of ten and twelve years of age; and had received the rudiments of their education at a day-school in the vicinity.

The house was in sight of the public road, according to the approved plan of the London citizens; but the grounds behind were retired, and might be even termed extensive for the near vicinity of the metropolis.

Three years' residence beneath the roof of the worthy citizen had blunted the first keen feelings of the orphan; but she still cherished deep within her bosom the image of her recreant lover.

At this period the death of the Fourth George, and the accession of William gave occasion to many festivals and rejoicings; and on the night of the coronation the family at the villa proceeded in their barouche to view the illuminations. After driving to the bank, mansion-house, and other public buildings in the city, they proceeded to the west-end of the town. Opposite to the Admiralty, so great was the crowd, that for more than half an hour, the carriage could not move amidst the joyous multitude. The lone orphan had flown in imagination to another hemisphere, and far different scenes, when a question from one of her pupils recalled her back to present realities, and she raised her eyes to see what had excited the attention of the lovely girl.

At this moment an exclamation of surprise from a party of pedestrians attracted her notice; but the next they were lost amidst the crowd, and the barouche at the same time moving forward, she could not obtain another glimpse of the strangers.

What to her could be the exclamation of a stranger? yet Gertrude felt a feverish and restless anxiety on the subject during the rest of the evening, and throughout the night.

Next morning, at an early hour she was summoned to the parlor, and, on entering, was clasped in the arms of Hector St. John. All was explained—letters had miscarried, and the most persevering enquiries failed to throw light on the retreat of the orphan. It was, indee', unknown to every one, but her aged nurse, who before St. John's arrival in Britain, had become the inmate of Margaret's dwelling.

Hector had never, for an instant, entertained a doubt of Gertrude; he imputed her retreat to its true cause—a desire to avoid the ostentatious sympathy of "giddy fashion and low-minded pride," in her altered fortunes. But having found her, he protested that never should they part again. Their early engagement was communicated to her protectors, and one month after their accidental meeting the lovers were united in the presence of the worthy couple, who had acted like kind parents to the bereaved orphan.

It was not long before Colonel St. John arrived from the East. He purchased a handsome estate, on which he insisted that the young pair should reside, reserving only a suite of apartments for himself. Years of unalloyed felicity have flown over the heads of Gertrude and her husband, who still live surrounded by a family of beauteous sons and daughters. X.

THE GIPSY GIRL.

BY PERCIE H. SELTON.

It was a summer evening. The scene was a rural lane in old England, overshadowed by hoary trees, which might have dated back to the time of the conqueror. As the soft mellow light of sunset streamed betwixt the moss-grown trunks of the trees, a young man, attired in a shooting jacket, and mounted on a sturdy pony, might have been seen slowly pacing down the lane. But although there was nothing peculiar in his attire, it was not so with his face and air, both of which were obviously above the common order. His features, indeed, were singularly handsome. A dark eye, a broad forehead, and a fine contour of face were united to a frank, good-humored expression of countenance that prepossessed the gazer at once in his favor. He jogged on for some time listlessly, when suddenly his eye caught the glare of a gipsy fire through the woods.

"Ha," he said, "are these pilferers again about? I will have them driven off this very night. The villains! Our house has suffered enough by them."

"Shall I tell your fortune, good sir?" said a clear, silvery voice, suddenly interrupting the muttered soliloquy of the speaker.

The young man had by this time reached a rustic gate, opening out on a glade in the woods, and, as the voice which he knew to be that of a female addressed him, he looked up in some surprise.

"Kind sir, will you have your fortune told?" said the same silvery voice again, and, as the eye of the young man fell on the speaker, she blushed until the clear blood shone through her dark Andalusian skin. The young baronet, for such was the rank of the rider, gazed on her in surprise, and as he marked the beauty of the speaker his maledictions against her race faded from his thoughts. The gipsy girl was indeed a splendid creature. Those only who have looked on the divine sibyl in the Vatican can form an idea of the wild and overpowering beauty of the young Hungarian. She was at that period of life when the girl has just budded into the woman, and when every charm has mellowed down into its most voluptuous beauty. Her dark lustrous eye, the Grecian mouth and chin, and the long silken hair flowing picturesquely down from her head dress, formed a picture, which, when viewed in the approaching twilight, had a beauty almost supernatural. The young man gazed on her for a moment, completely overpowered by her bewildering beauty, and then, scarce conscious of what he did, extended her his hand. She took it, looked at it a moment, and burst into tears. Still more surprised at this conduct, he gazed at her enquiringly a moment, and as he gazed he felt a strange interest in the gipsy girl. What could be her motive? Was her agitation real or affected? He was still doubtful to which to ascribe it when the girl raised her eyes still wet with tears, and controlling her emotion by a violent effort, said,

"Pardon me, but I am not what I seem—this life is hateful to me—I cannot tell your fortune. You are young and happy, may you never be otherwise, go, and God's blessing go with you."

The girl spoke almost incoherently. If his interest had been awakened before, it was now tenfold increased. But the fear that all this was a well acted part, induced him to reply in a severer strain than his feelings dictated.

"Why are you not what you seem?" he said, "and why, if you hate the life you lead, did you waylay me here to tell my fortune?"

The gipsy looked proudly up at this, and her dark eye flashed as she replied,

"To save your property, perhaps your life," and looking cautiously around as if to see whether the very leaves did not wait to listen, she laid her hand on his arm, and whispered, "There is a plot to waylay you, and to-night it is to be executed. Do not pursue your way through the wood as you had intended, but return at once to the Hall. Believe me, oh! believe me," she continued, becoming more earnest in her language, although her cheek grew red, and her voice quivered with emotion—"you may think me unworthy of credit because I come of a hated race, but, as I said before, I am not of them, though alas! I know not who I am. Do not think that I am an agent to lead you into danger," she continued, as she saw a look of incredulity on the young man's face, "as there is a God above us, I warn you aright. I know not why I have ventured thus boldly to accost you, unless it is that something in these old woods, in this flowery lane reminds me of happy days I once enjoyed when I was a child, in some country retreat not unlike this. I heard the plot formed to waylay you, and as you had passed here last night, and as I understood you would pass here again this evening on your way to the village, I determined to wait for you and fore-warn you of your danger. I cannot say more, for it might lead them to suspect me. Keep on till the next turning and then strike back to the Hall. Oh! do not—do not neglect this, adieu."

During this hurried and agitated speech the young man had been deprived of the power of utterance by the variety of emotions that had filled his bosom. The manner of the girl was that of one speaking the truth, but yet there was a lurking distrust of her in his mind. He would have spoken, however, when she ceased, and endeavored to have elicited something more from her which would convince him or not of her truth, but, as she finished the last word, she turned hastily away and disappeared in the woods, leaving her auditor undecided what course to take. Nor, after more than a minute's

delay, did he know whether to adopt or reject her advice. At length, however, he resolved to trust in her. Her beauty and her tears, more than her story, led him to this conclusion.

"I will take her advice," he said, "for surely she is too young to engage in a plot to waylay, and perhaps murder one who has done her no wrong. Besides, if she deceives me, I can at least take care of two gipsy knaves, and if more assault me, and harm comes of it, there will be those left who will avenge my death," and soliloquizing thus to himself, he jerked the rein of his horse and pushed on his way.

The twilight was now deepening fast, and the young man could just pick his way along the narrow lane. When he reached the cross-road, he turned his bridle, and was soon on his way back to the Hall.

"What a strange interest I feel in that gipsy girl," he said to himself, "her face seems like one I have seen somewhere, perhaps in a dream. The old philosophers say that when we feel this toward a stranger, their fate is somehow connected with ours—what unaccountable link connects her with me? I have every reason to hate her people, for they kidnapped my sweet little cousin, whom I remember as a smiling babe, from this very manor, and God knows that, although her death—for dead indeed she must be—has given me broad lands, yet would I rather that she lived than that I gained wealth at her cost. Am I not wrong," he said, checking his horse, "to be deluded thus by any of the accursed race? It is surely a plot to lure me into their hands. But why should I fear? Besides the girl said she was not of their race, and she wore an air of truth. I would give any thing could I unravel this riddle. Shall I advance or even now go back? Ah! here come John and Thomas too—a lucky meeting."

The scene was changed, as he spoke, by the appearance of a couple of game-keepers on the road a few paces ahead. He called them instantly to his side, and in reply to their respectful salutations asked them if they had met any one on the road. They replied in the negative. This at once satisfied him that the gipsy girl had informed him aright, but he now resolved to face the danger, availing himself, however, of the aid of his two armed game-keepers. Without revealing to them his intentions, he told them to repair, by a cross-cut through the woods, to the place which the gipsy girl had named as that of the contemplated attack, and there, secreting themselves in the underwood, to await his coming.

"If you see me, still do not move. Lie by till I call you. Why—you will learn in good time. The cross-cut is a mile nearer than the road, and you will reach the place a quarter of an hour before me. Be cautious, and if you meet with other men, do not betray your vicinity. Only look to the priming of your guns," and with these words he dismissed the men, and began to retrace his steps.

"The villains," he said, "I shall catch them now in their own trap. Thanks to that sybil-like creature for her warning. Perhaps I owe her my life—my sister shall seek her out and reward her. What a splendid creature she is—and how her face haunts me! Ah! I shall have these murderous wretches in my power, caught in the very act, of highway robbery, in less than an hour." Thus soliloquizing to himself—now of the robbers, now of the gipsy girl—the young man retraced his steps until he reached the lane, when he continued his journey as he had at first projected.

Stanhope Vaux had a bold heart, as was evinced by his present daring movement, but as he drew near the place which the gipsy girl had pointed out as the spot where he was to be waylaid, he began to have uneasy misgivings as to the result of his undertaking. The least failure in the game-keepers to reach the appointed spot in time, would disconcert the whole plot, and leave him at the mercy of the gipsies, unless, as was highly improbable, he could repulse them alone. As he entered the low, dark dell, which the gipsy girl had told him was the spot selected for the attack, these misgivings acquired tenfold force. His heart, however, did not fail him, but the consciousness of his peril was increased. He rode, therefore, slowly and cautiously, narrowly watching every thicket, and he was not consequently taken by surprise, when a man, rushing suddenly from a covert, endeavored to check his horse, at the same time aiming a blow with a bludgeon at the head of Stanhope, which the young man dexterously avoided. Upon the instant, three powerful gipsies sprang into the road, and Stanhope found himself engaged with four persons, each one of whom was fully his equal. His own men did not seem to be within call, for, although he shouted for aid, no succor came. Luckily he was armed with a heavy riding whip, and backing his horse against the bank, he boldly faced his foes, dealing his blows around him with such effect that, for some minutes, he kept his assailants at bay. The odds, however, against him were too great for ultimate triumph. Three of the men still kept pressing on his front, and though the fourth one had momently disappeared, Stanhope knew his absence only boded further peril. Nor was he mistaken. Suddenly he heard a bough crackle above him, and looking hastily up he beheld the other gipsy on the bank overhead, in the very act of levelling a blow at him with a cudgel. It was the work of an instant to dash his horse forward, but this only exposed his rear as well as his front to the foe. The gipsies saw their advantage, and rushed with loud shouts on him, while their companion, springing again into the road, assailed Stanhope from behind. The young man felt that the robbers were overpowering him, and that, in another instant, he would be wholly in their

power. They were already inflamed by his resistance, and two of them were bloody with contusions, received from his loaded whip, so that he knew he should obtain no mercy from his conquerors. But he resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible. Circling his heavy whip once more around his head, he aimed a last blow at the foremost of his assailants, which brought the gipsy reeling to the earth, but, as Stanhope was recovering himself after the blow, the robber from behind, leaped on him, and pinioning the young man's arms in his own, secured their prey. At the same instant another of the gipsies rushed on the now defenceless Stanhope, and drawing a knife, raised it as if to plunge it in his bosom.

"Drive it into him," growled the one who had acted as the leader, "dead men tell no tales!"

"Hold! on your life," said a voice; and, at the moment, a hand pushed back the weapon, and the gipsy girl interposed betwixt Stanhope and his assailant.

"Perdition take the girl," said the first speaker, with a curse, "give her the cold steel for her interference—this is none of her business."

The man whose murderous intentions had been for a moment baffled by the daring of the girl, jerked back his arm at these words, and raising his knife once more, aimed it at her bosom. Stanhope saw the attempt, and, by a sudden effort, loosed an arm, so as partially to ward off the stroke; but the attempt was not wholly successful, for the keen blade, although diverted from her heart, was buried in her shoulder. The warm blood gushed over her swelling bosom.

"By all that is holy you shall suffer for this, villains—murderers!" shouted the infuriated Stanhope, as he saw the brutal wound given, and gaining, in the excitement of the moment, the strength of a dozen men, he shook off his assailants, and springing before the fainting girl, interposed his arm just in time to save her from a second and more deadly blow. But the contest was too unequal. Pausing only to recover themselves from the repulse, the gipsies again dashed on the defenceless Stanhope, and a surer and more unerring blow than had yet been made, was aimed at his heart; but at that instant, the sharp report of a gun echoed across the twilight, and the assailant, leaping up, fell dead at the feet of Stanhope, who stood unharmed. Simultaneously another shot rang on the air, and the leader of the robbers fell also wounded; while the two game-keepers rushed out from the wood, and hastened to their master's side. The whole scene passed with the rapidity of thought, and for a while Stanhope thought it was all a dream. A moment before, the blade of the assassin had been aimed at his bosom, and now the robber lay at his feet in the silence of death.

Stanhope's first thought was of the gipsy girl, whose unlooked for interposition had saved his life. She had fainted, and was now lying senseless on the ground. Lifting her gently up, he endeavored to staunch the blood from her wound, and in doing so he noticed, to his surprise, a ribbon, to which was suspended a miniature in a gold case. Wondering that such an ornament should be in her possession, he could not avoid looking at it. The first glance at the picture increased his astonishment. It was an old painting, and somewhat defaced, but the features were identical with those of a portrait of the late lady of the manor, the wife of his uncle, whose heir he had been. As he glanced, in curious surprise, from the miniature to the features of the inanimate girl, he saw with astonishment a counterpart of the picture, and the reason why the face of the beautiful gipsy had seemed to him not unknown, flashed on him at once. A wild thought shot through his mind—could it be?—yet no!—his reason was bewildered. He turned involuntarily to the wounded leader of the gipsies, whom the game-keepers were securing, and detected the man regarding him with a smile of meaning scorn.

"What know you of this mystery? In God's name speak! She said she was no gipsy—who is she?"

The man smiled as before, but made no answer.

"Answer me, and you shall go free—is she, as I suspect, my cousin?"

The game-keepers looked at each other, as if they thought their master's senses were wandering, but still the gipsy made no reply except by that meaning smile.

"I conjure you—I implore you, man, brute, devil, or whatever you are, satisfy my curiosity! I give you my honor you shall not be harmed, ask any thing else and I will give it to you."

"Ah! that is more like it," said the gipsy, with a brutal laugh, "why could you not have come at once to the point? I know, as you suspect, much. But I am cursedly wounded,—let me be taken care of—sign me a deed, giving me an annuity of fifty pounds a year, and then I will tell what you wish to know. But until that is done I will say nothing."

Stanhope saw that it would be useless to urge the gipsy further, and besides his attention was again engrossed by the wounded girl beside him, who now began to show signs of life. The strange interest which he had felt in this lovely being at first, was now exchanged for a deeper and warmer sentiment, and as he gazed on her face and thought how she had risked her life for him, the idea that she might be his long-lost cousin, made his heart thrill with delicious emotion. With more than a brother's care he lifted her on his horse, and staunching the blood as he best might, proceeded to the nearest cottage, where further aid was secured. Meanwhile the wounded gipsy, in furtherance of Stanhope's bargain, was secretly conveyed to the Hall.

A month had passed. In the deep embrasure of the great window of the dining-room of the old Hall, looking

out over a rich sunset prospect of hill, wood, and meadow, stood Stanhope Vaux, and at his side, half-reclining on a couch, was the gipsy girl. Her beautiful face was pale with recent illness, but her dark eye was even softer than when we last saw her. She was no longer attired in her gipsy garb, but a rich robe enveloped her voluptuous form. She leaned on one arm and gazed thoughtfully on the floor. Stanhope looked on her abstractedly in a reverie apparently as deep as her own.

Circumstances had greatly altered since we last presented them to our readers. The gipsy had made a full confession. Isabel—for such was the real name of our heroine—was the only child of the late possessor of Vaux Hall. Her father, a stern, bad man, had, when she was quite a child, deeply wronged a man by the name of Dawlor, one of his tenantry, and the man, determining on revenge, and knowing that the baronet's heart could only be approached through his affection for his child, had stolen her away, and eventually joined a gipsy camp. Isabel, however, was old enough to remember, although but dimly, that she had not always been a gipsy; and, although the man who stole her away, had endeavored to eradicate this impression from her mind, he had been unsuccessful. As she grew up, nothing could induce her to adopt the arts of the gipsy camp, and often would she have deserted it had she known whither to fly. By what fatality Dawlor, who had risen to be a leader of his gang, had been led to return to Vaux Hall, we do not know; but the scenery in its vicinity had awakened strange emotions in Isabel's bosom, as if a dream of the past had been realized. Whether Dawlor's hatred to her father had descended to the heir we cannot say; but knowing that Stanhope often rode in the forest after dark, he projected this robbery. The woman's nature of Isabel led her to revolt at this plot, which happily she had overheard. The rest is known to our readers. The identity of Isabel was proved, not only by the numerous trinkets stolen with her, and which the gipsy now restored, but by the old nurse, who recognized her charge by a scar on the arm, produced by her own carelessness in suffering the infant to burn itself severely. The reader may well imagine that the old woman wept tears of joy on the bosom of her long-lost, but now recovered child. All this, we repeat, had transpired since we last saw Stanhope and Isabel; and the knowledge of it is necessary to understand the following conversation.

We have said that Isabel was gazing abstractedly on the floor. At length, however, she looked up timidly to her lover's face. Their eyes met. Why did Isabel blush over brow, neck and bosom? Why did Stanhope betray equal emotion?

"Isabel," he said, after a pause, taking her hand, and his voice was perhaps somewhat tremulous as he spoke, "we love each other—do we not?"

The bosom of the beautiful girl heaved with emotion, and her long eye-lashes dropped to her cheek, while her glance once more sought the ground. But she made no answer.

"Isabel, *dear* Isabel," said Stanhope, dropping on his knees beside her, "you are my equal, in birth, why then should you refuse to be mine? I know we love each other. Dismiss your scruples then. Say, dear Isabel, say you will be mine."

The impassioned tones of the speaker increased the agitation of the beautiful girl, and she could scarcely murmur a reply, but though the words were broken and low, they conveyed the wished for response, coupled, however, with a declaration of her own unworthiness.

"You wrong yourself, dear Isabel," said the glad lover, imprinting his first kiss holily on her brow, "and so," he continued, rising suddenly as a lady entered the apartment, "my sweet sister will tell you. Think not love has blinded me—is it not so, Mary?"

They were married and went abroad; and for months it was the delightful task of Stanhope to educate his young wife's opening mind. When, after an absence of two years they returned to England, there was not, in the whole county, a more beautiful or accomplished bride than Isabel.

tender little song. Oh they were so gentle and so happy together!

"She was an angel of peace at home, at school, or at play. It seemed as if her loving presence excluded every angry passion. Every body loved her: he was always with her. And so they went on until he was seventeen, when his father sent him away to school. I did expect then that Adela would pine like a bereaved ring dove, but she continued to look as sweet and smile as bright as ever. But it was observed that when she sat in their favorite bowers, her songs were wild pensive plaints which we were sure she had herself composed, and this was evidence that her heart was ill at ease. I knew that Edgar never could forget her, but I always thought they would never be married. As the autumn drew on I observed that the delicate rose tint had faded from her cheek, and I mentioned the circumstance to her mother. But she said that Adela's paleness came from lack of her usual exercise, as she seldom went out upon the hills now, although grapes and chesnuts were abundant. I told her that I feared the lassitude of ill health kept her child from rambling, rather than that inactivity made her look ill. But she laughed at my fears, she could not believe that there was a canker in her fair rose. But she was to blame, for she allowed the girl to sit for hours in the evening air, gazing at the bright worlds floating in the blue ocean of immensity. Edgar came home at the holidays; and then I observed that although her eyes brightened to an unnatural lustre in his presence, her cheeks remained cold as snow, a sure sign that the links between soul and body were weakened, and the avenues of communication clogged by disease. The affection of the spirit was bright and strong as ever, but the body felt not the flow of its thrilling tides. Edgar's eyes were quicker than those of maternal love, or it may be that his heart felt the languor of her pulses, but he said that death had touched her life strings. He could not be persuaded to the contrary, and he wept over her with a bitterness that blighted life's richest blossoms. He went back to college, but from that time they maintained a regular correspondence. I hope their letters will be preserved, as I am sure they are all worth reading.

"Well Adela continued to droop until all that remained of her former self was expression, the smile, the spirit of the eye, and the music of the voice. Yet she was not, and even now, is not greatly emaciated. People said she was only love sick, and would be well when Edgar came home to live, but I had seen too much to hope that. The strings of her life were attuned to too high a key; they are breaking by their own tension. This is evident from the keenness of all her sensibilities, and the affections that brighten as her life grows dim, and then she has neither pain, cough, or hectic. At length his term at college expired, and he sat out for home on the pinions of impatience. Within a few rods of his father's gate the stage in which he travelled broke down, and although no other passenger received any injury, he ruptured a blood vessel, and bled so profusely that immediate death was apprehended. However, by skilful surgical aid he at length convalesced. During his period of danger Adela was ever near him. She seemed to know neither weariness or weakness until he was thought out of danger, then she was laid on her bed with a delirious fever. But that bedside was free from loathesomeness or terror. and the hallucinations of her mind were beautiful in the extreme. She must have been in heaven then, for her words were full of happiness and beauty, too exquisite for earth. Her fever turned at length, and the crisis terminated favorably. We now anticipated her restoration to perfect health, and for awhile she seemed full of joyful hope. But the prospect soon became overcast, Edgar experienced a relapse, and Adela drooped like a broken winged pigeon. He is now in a confirmed consumption, and his intervals of ease are few and brief. She is always with him, and her only care is to cheer his spirits, and alleviate his pain. 'T is beautiful to see her thus fondly sustaining her fellow traveller towards the grave. Last spring he was earnest in his wishes that she should be his wife for the little time that remained to them; and although for a time she seemed willing, she at length persuaded him to relinquish the design, pleading that no legal ties could bind their spirits closer, and that their wasting bodies would soon become one mould in the grave. She is on the wing for heaven, and if he ever laments his fate it is not when she is near him, with her sweet voice painting the blessedness of immortality with the light of Jehovah's presence ever filling the soul. And they have not long now to struggle with life."

"Poor young creatures!" ejaculated a young mother, as the speaker made a concluding pause; and her eyes rested tearfully on a fair babe that slept upon her lap; "'tis sad to die so soon."

"'T is sadder still," remarked one who was called a poetess, and whose intellectual countenance wore the chastening of sorrow; "it is sadder still to live when all our cherished hopes lie crushed around us; it is sadder to remain alone to weep over the grave of our early beloved; it is sadder to walk mournfully day by day over the thorns that remain where the roses of our young affections perished. Methinks 'tis sweet to pass away thus in the bliss and purity of youth and love; before the bitter waters of reality have poured their scalding currents on the heart. They will never know the agony of revulsed or slighted affection; or the rankling of that passion which is cruel as the grave; they will escape the many pangs of life which are keener than the dart of death, and which strike once and again, and leave the heart alive and writhing. Oh who should withhold those who stand on the threshold of heaven!"

"If my poor George and I could have died in our

young happiness, when we were blest with friends, and wealth, and love," murmured a woman who sat by herself at the lower end of the quilt, and whose clean cap and dress were of a quality that denoted poverty; "if we had died then he would not have gone down unhonored to the drunkard's grave; nor should I have lived to toil day and night for that tear steeped bread which merely preserves my despised little ones from starvation. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors."

"Well, after all, life is sweet," cried the buxom wife of a thriving farmer, who though scarce thirty, already numbered eight children. "Surely the old people who sit with their children and grandchildren, surrounded by comforts gathered by their own industry, have no reason to wish they had died young. The Bible everywhere teaches that long life should be considered a blessing."

"The ways of Providence are often wrapped in mystery," observed a solemn looking lady. "He snatches one from the midst of all life's blessings and honors, and suffers another to drag on a long life of suffering and infamy; it is vain to search for his motives, he does as it pleases him, and although his dealings may appear like cruelty, we shall doubtless one day acknowledge that they were just."

"'Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?'" quoted a plainly dressed woman, whose placid brow looked as if neither sorrow, care, nor discontent, had place beneath it. "However mysterious his dealing may appear, his children feel that he is supremely merciful. All that we have need of is a living faith! Once possessed of that, we feel that for us to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

At this point of the conversation tea was announced and the quilters adjourned.

GRAY'S FERRY,

WITH THE OLD FLOATING BRIDGE.

BY PERCIE H. SELTON.

Alas for bye-gone days! The march of improvement is removing, one by one, all the old haunts whither we were wont to resort, and soon there will be no link left to connect us with the past. The destroyer's hand has been at work in the home of our childhood. The trees beneath which we played; the old wooden bridge over the stream; the arbor of trellis work in the garden; the orchard; the shady lane; the antique mill; even the house in which we were born, all, all have passed away and are not. But such is the order of Providence in this world!

Among the relics of our forefathers which are still left to us, the old Inn at Gray's Ferry is peculiarly interesting. The erection dates back beyond the Revolutionary times; and even the green-house belongs to the last century. Here, when our grand sires wore queues, and their wives sported hoops and high heeled shoes, the denizens of Philadelphia were wont to resort, and many a wintry evening has this primitive inn resounded with mirth and festivity, sure accompaniments of an old fashioned sleighing party. But these days have gone forever. Of all the curiosities of the place the old inn alone stands. The floating bridge has disappeared; the gardens have been neglected; a modern hotel crowns the rock to the left; and only a few aged trees, white with the mementoes of the past, tell of the former glories of the place.

The accompanying view is executed from an original picture, representing the ferry and bridge as they stood in 1828, ere even a thought of the present improvements had been entertained. The place had then a romantic beauty which it has since lost. The old floating bridge, moreover, was a curiosity. Excepting a modern flooring, it was identically the same structure which the British threw across the Schuylkill river, at Market street, when they were in possession of Philadelphia. At the ferry itself, the enemy established an outpost, and many are the tales told of the ruthless deeds committed by the soldiery. Some of these have come down to our day, and, at a fitting time, we may while away an hour by narrating one or more of them.

The new hotel, erected on the hill to the left of the picture, on the site where a private mansion once stood, has become, of late, as popular as its more humble rival was in the olden time. The new rail-road bridge, over which the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore rail-road is carried, crosses the Schuylkill at this point, the western abutment resting on the cliffs that here frown over the river. The scenery, in the vicinity, is lovely and interesting.

THE HEIR BY LOT.

BY B. F. DEWEES.

It is now some five or six years, since two cousins, Albert and Ferdinand Drummond met together in the same attorney's office in Chancery lane. The object of both was the same—it was to attend the opening of their uncle's will. They met as if at a common centre; but the one came from the Exchange, and the other was not many hours free from the fascinations of Crockford's.

The two cousins were very nearly of the same age—but they were strangely contrasted with each other both in their dress and manners. Albert, whose youth had given rise to the strongest hopes of his distinction in the world, had miserably disappointed the ambition of his friends; for, instead of devoting himself to a profession—the law—in which he was sure to have attained the highest honors, he had abandoned himself to idleness, and all those pleasures that idleness flies to for distraction. The income allowed to him by his uncle could not suffice for his prodigalities; but then he soon found his way into the society of the Jews, the bill-brokers, and the money-lenders, and they gave him all that he required on the condition that they should obtain all that he might be entitled to on the death of his uncle—they lent him money then, in order that they might be repaid a few years after, at the moderate interest of eighty per cent. Ferdinand was the very opposite of all this. He devoted himself to commerce. He had great talent, great cleverness, great aptitude for taking advantage of "the turn in the market;" but then all his qualifications were not merely marred, but rendered absolutely useless, by an excessive modesty, and an almost helpless timidity. Any one who knows the world must be perfeetly aware that at this time of day, a modest diffident young man has not the slightest chance of making his way through a crowd of charlatans, and a mob of individuals, each of whom advertises his own value, and sends forth a prospectus of the merits to which he pretends. Besides, what right has any one to expect that others will repose that confidence in him, which he does not place in himself? Thus it was with Ferdinand Drummond. He appeared to vegetate in his office. All his plans failed—all his projects came to nought—because he was sure to break down in the first step that he made. The mercantile community refused to recognize those talents that he himself did not appear either to respect or to trust; and we cannot find fault with society for thus acting; for society, and especially in the city, has seldom time to penetrate into mysteries, or to solve riddles. The two heirs met together, and it must be said in favor of both, that real grief was pictured in their countenances. Their uncle had always acted toward them as the most kind, tender, and generous of relatives. They regretted him sincerely; but still grief for his loss did not altogether absorb their feelings at this moment. The uncle had been for some time back lamented with real tears, and now both the young gentlemen felt an extreme anxiety to know how they were provided for in his will. As to the fact of his having left them his money, they did not entertain a doubt; for their uncle, they knew, had a good fortune; they were both his only relatives living—they had been always treated with the same unvarying affection; and then the deceased had always led a quiet regular life—exempt alike from violent passions and from great faults; and they had no fear of a favorite housekeeper before their eyes.

"Make your minds easy, gentlemen," said the solicitor to them; "there are, I know, twenty thousand pounds clear, in addition to what has long since been equally settled on each, which can be easily divided between you."

At these words the two cousins looked at each other. They understood one another in an instant; and Albert called Ferdinand to one side, and thus addressed him:—

"The moment has now arrived," said he, "in which I can see plainly, perfectly, and distinctly the abyss into which my follies have cast me. When the evil is irreparable, wisdom comes to tell me that it is so. It is not *I* that am about to become an heir to a portion of my uncle's property; it is my creditors, who must have all that I am entitled to. The half of my uncle's fortune will be precisely the sum required to pay for my past errors, and to satisfy the avidity of those who have robbed me by anticipation."

"Did our uncle know your situation?" asked Ferdinand.

"Pretty nearly, I think. I know that he was inquiring into the state of my affairs."

"In that case you can still have hopes. No doubt he will have given you an advantage over me."

"You say that very quietly."

"Because I care very little for any diminution in the portion that I expect. I would not care to have either the half, the third or the fourth."

"You are singularly disinterested."

"Not at all—and certainly not in the way you think. It is quite true that I am enough of the philosopher to be satisfied with little; and the fortune I have already received from my uncle will be sufficient for my moderate wants; but, then, circumstances will occur in the course of a man's life to fill him with great desires, and to animate him with an extraordinary ambition—and I, unhappily, am at this very moment in such a situation. I, who before now, have neither thought of nor cared for money, would now wish to be rich—far more rich than I hope to be made by any legacy my uncle may have left me."

"That is to say, that you want to have it all," remarked Albert smiling.

"Yes, nothing more, and assuredly nothing less would do for me. Had I it all, it would perfectly satisfy me."

The solicitor interrupted this discourse for the purpose of reading the will. The grave air of the functionary—the noise that he made in breaking the seals, and the crackling of the parchment as he unfolded it, combined with his solemn air, and his affectedly impressive voice, did not cause the slightest emotion in his auditors; who believed that they had nothing either to fear or to hope from the document. They brought to the matter indifference, and that loose attention that one gives to the performance of what is regarded as a mere formality.

"I have," said the testator, in the document that was now read, "but two relatives living. These are Albert and Ferdinand Drummond; both the sons of my two deceased brothers, and both dear to me by the same title of relationship. It gratifies me to state here, that neither the one nor the other has ever forfeited my affection. They have always shown the greatest regard, affection, and tenderness toward me, and if I treat them differently in the distribution of my property, I wish both to know that it is for reasons that are not at all affected by their demeanor toward me:——"

The two heirs raised their heads at the same moment; they started like men who are suddenly aroused from sleep. Ferdinand looked at Albert, as much as to say, "I guessed rightly," and the solicitor continued—

"My entire property will be found to amount to the sum of thirty thousand pounds, now vested in the three and a half per cent. consols. There is in addition, five thousand pounds at my private banker's, which is the result of my domestic economy for the last five years. The use that I have made of my fortune, shows to me that it is sufficient to make a man independent, and to assure to him an agreeable existence, while its division must place each of my nephews in a situation of mediocrity that could not be pleasing to the ambition of either. They would be, therefore, but half satisfied, and sooner than displease two, I choose to make one of them completely happy. I will have, then, but one sole heir."

A double exclamation of surprise re-echoed these words, "but one sole heir." The hearts of Albert and Ferdinand beat violently. Their eyes shone with the light of excitement, like those of a gambler who stakes his entire fortune upon a single throw. And were they not, in fact, playing then for thirty thousand pounds?

The solicitor resumed:—

"Deep thought, profound reflection, and mature consideration have led me to the adoption of this determination. If I am wrong, I trust that he who is injured by me in consequence of it, will pardon me. It remains, then, for me now to choose between my nephews; and as I have not any preference, as they have both equal rights to my tenderness and my property, I feel myself in a great embarrassment. Albert has created the necessities of luxury, and a large expenditure for himself, and a fortune, therefore, is indispenable to him; but then, on the other hand, Ferdinand is too timid and too diffident to make a fortune by his own unaided efforts. Why can I not leave thirty thousand pounds to each of them? However, I must decide between them, and since neither my heart nor my reason can turn the balance in favor of one, or against the other, I leave the decision to fate! I invoke the assistance of Chance. I place in an urn the names of 'Albert' and 'Ferdinand.' My hand trembles while I draw out one of the fated slips of paper on which the name of him who is to be chosen is written. The name that I draw out is that of ——"

The two cousins, moveless and speechless, awaited the sentence that was about to be pronounced.

"Is that of Ferdinand," continued the solicitor.

Albert's head fell between his two hands, and Ferdinand could not restrain a cry of joy.

"That is not all," continued the solicitor, "permit me to finish the will."

"I nominate and appoint, then, as my sole and only heir, my nephew, Ferdinand Drummond. But, then, knowing that my nephew, Albert, has run into debt, and not wishing to have him so situated, I allot to the payment of it, the five thousand pounds at my private bankers. Provided, however, if, contrary to my expectation, this sum should not be sufficient to satisfy his creditors, and if, on receiving it, they do not each and all of them give a full, entire, and absolute release, such as will be required by my present solicitor, then I desire that not one shilling be paid, and that the five thousand pounds be restored to Ferdinand Drummond, my sole heir. Lastly, I desire that my nephew, Ferdinand, do not enter into the possession of my property until the lapse of a year, from and after the date of the day on which this will is opened—and that the income of that year be applied to the expenses of my funeral, burial, &c., and the residue to the purchase of a diamond ring to my solicitor."

"It is over," remarked Albert, "and I freely and fully forgive my uncle. He believed he was acting rightly. I only regret that he did not make more strict inquiries as to my precise situation. He might then have spared me from the horrors of the Bench or the Fleet; for my creditors will, certainly, never be satisfied with a sum which would not pay one fourth of the engagements into which I have entered. Thus, you see, my dear Ferdinand, the five thousand pounds will go to you, with the rest of the fortune."

"You know that I am perfectly sincere," answered Ferdinand, "when I swear to you that I would this moment destroy the provisions of that will, if my happiness,

and what is of still greater moment, the happiness of another, did not depend upon its fulfilment. You remember what I said to you before I was thus enriched; and now let me finish my story."

"You are in love, and you are loved in return, that is clear, and all these advantages come to you at the same moment."

"That is it precisely, Albert. I love a young lady, who has a fortune of eighty thousand pounds, and whose father has declared that he will never marry her to any other than a monied man. It was only yesterday that he said to me, 'If you were the sole heir of Mr. George Drummond, I should not hesitate in giving you my daughter.'"

"Hasten, then, to tell him this piece of good news; while I shall go and take my revenge on the usurers and the bill-brokers, who have so long lived upon me. They will have even longer faces than myself, when they learn that I am disinherited. Did our uncle know anything of your love for this young lady you mention?"

"I believe he did."

"Then I suspect that he did not leave the entire matter to chance. Besides, he must have known very well, that my debts were more than five thousand pounds. And yet it astonishes me to think, that he should, the very evening before his death, have said, with a sly air to me, 'I hope that Ferdinand and you will both be satisfied with what I have done.' Did he desire to deceive me to the very last? But no matter. I can only now think on all the kind and generous things he did for me while he was living."

"If I could have supposed him to have any preference, I would certainly say that it was for you. And then, I may add, that my affection for the wealthy Miss Magnall did not appear to please him. He knew the avarice of my intended father-in-law, and that his enormous wealth, I may candidly tell you, is said to have been accumulated by means that are declared to be a little suspicious."

The two cousins separated. The one full of joy, went to ask the lady he loved in marriage, and his proposal was instantly accepted. The other, sadly preoccupied with the thoughts of the future, and reflecting with sorrow on the portion of his life he had lost, as well as the wretched follies that must be so bitterly expiated, summoned his pitiless creditors to meet at the solicitor's office the next day.

The meeting of creditors was remarkable for its noise and violence. Five thousand pounds were offered to the usurers, who had bills amounting to twenty thousand —what a wretched nibble was this for the cormorants?

"Arrange the matter among yourselves, gentlemen," said the solicitor. "You see what is provided by the Will, five thousand pounds or nothing; and you know, besides, that Mr. Albert Drummond has no other property to inherit."

"It is impossible!" they exclaimed, "we cannot accept so miserable an offer."

"Then, in that case, gentlemen, you may retire and take proceedings against your debtor. The five thousand pounds go to Mr. Ferdinand Drummond."

"But we will have a suit in Chancery. We mean to have the will broken."

"That will be difficult; for the deceased could leave his money to whom he liked, and to be disposed of how he liked."

The creditors saw they had nothing to hope for in a court either of law or equity. They could only put Albert into prison, and five thousand pounds were much better than nothing from the Insolvent Court. They then, considering that all they could lose was the greater portion of the usurious interest on which they had calculated, accepted the money tendered and gave to their debtor receipts in full.

Albert was thus freed from his debts. His liberty was no longer in danger, and he saw that his uncle had calculated correctly as to the value of the money he had received. Besides, no wrong was done to the property he had to bequeath; for if he had received his half of the thirty thousand pounds, it would have all gone to his creditors, while he himself could not have been a farthing the richer.

"Decidedly," said he, "my kind and excellent uncle managed every thing for the best. He has been able to make Ferdinand quite happy, and at the same time to do me no wrong."

But, then, if the usurers would not threaten him any longer, so was he left, too, without the slightest hope of accommodation from them. He instantly lost all credit, and could not receive ten pounds upon a promissory note of his for a hundred. He must, then, abandon all his luxurious habits—he must cease to be an idler, and he must learn to live frugally and support himself by his industry. Albert was a young man of noble spirit and of great talents. He separated himself from his companions, and devoted himself sedulously to his profession.

Ferdinand married: and as soon as he was rich, all things succeeded with him. When he no longer stood in need of assistance, every one proffered him aid. When he had a fortune, he found fifty, aye! a thousand, means of increasing it—and he did increase it greatly. "What cleverness he has," said one—"What an excellent man of business," said another—"What a certain, safe, and successful speculator," added a third. It was the work of his uncle that had brought all his good qualities and his talents into notice. Already had his real cleverness brought him a fortune nearly of a hundred thousand pounds—made by himself—when the twelve months passed away, and he was again summoned to the solicitor's office.

Albert had also received an invitation to come, and

he said as he entered the room, "I really do not know why the poor disinherited nephew should be asked here."

"Disinherited," said the solicitor, "how do you know that? for here is one of my partners who has another Will. The date is later than that which I read for you; and it seems, as to this second will, that it was the intention of the testator that it should not be opened until this day."

The inheritance of Mr. Drummond was, it appeared, to be a second time a matter of doubt; and that at least some alterations had been made in the provisions of the former.

This second Will, which was dated the day before the death of the testator, was in these words:—

"This is, assuredly, my last will and testament, for I already feel the approaches of death. I declare, then, that it always was my intention to have but one sole heir; but I now annul that which chance had directed, and therefore I bequeath my entire fortune to my nephew, Albert. I hope that by the time that this decision of mine is known, my heir will have made wise reflections upon his past conduct—that he will have arranged his affairs, and renounced those follies that could only have made his life at best most miserable. I hope, also, that my nephew, Ferdinand, will have taken advantage of the position in which I placed him for a year. I bear with me, then, in dying, the pleasing and consoling thought, that my two nephews will appreciate the motives for my conduct, and that both will be satisfied with me."

MR. HENRY GOWEN.

BY MRS. C. K. POWNELL.

"What a lovely girl Emma Wharton is," said Charles Lawrey to a chance acquaintance whom he happened to meet in the street, and as the young man spoke he glanced his eye across the way to a young lady whose graceful step and elegant figure attracted universal attention.

"Ah! is that Miss Wharton?" said Mr. Henry Gowen, the person whom he addressed, "I've heard she is rich; but there's no knowing certainly now-a-days, since if a girl has but a thousand dollars she is made an heiress by the popular report."

"I do not pretend to know how wealthy Miss Wharton is," replied Lawrey with some coldness. "She is an old acquaintance, but I have never troubled myself about her riches."

"Faith, now, that's the first thing I *would* trouble myself about. There isn't a girl I have known for a month, a knowledge of whose fortune I haven't at my fingers' ends. It don't do to throw oneself away on an angel without a sixpence. Catch me at it."

Mr. Henry Gowen spoke frankly. He made it his business to ascertain, at the earliest possible period after an introduction, the exact fortune of every single lady whom he honored with his acquaintance—we say *honored*, for as Mr. Henry Gowen had a few thousands of his own, and was thought to be the handsomest man in his family, he considered it quite a condescension in him to make the acquaintance of any lady. On marrying a rich wife he was fully resolved. That such advantages as his should be thrown away on a penniless girl was not to be thought of, and if ever a hawk had a keen eye for its prey Mr. Henry Gowen had one for an heiress.

From what Charles Lawrey had said, the fortune-hunter suspected that Miss Wharton was really worth more than he had at first suspected, so he lost no time in making her acquaintance, and, as a matter of course, began to prosecute his enquiries as to her wealth, with what effect will appear from the following conversation held with Charles Lawrey about a month subsequent to the preceding interview.

"I can tell you all about Miss Wharton," said Gowen, as they met in the street.

"Ah!"

"Yes! I soon ferreted it out. Leave me alone for an enquiry such as this is. Miss Wharton is worth exactly one hundred and ten thousand dollars, in ground-rents, mortgages, and houses. She has also twenty thousand dollars in stocks. Her income must be at least seven thousand dollars—a very pretty pill as times go. And then she's deucedly handsome. Faith! I've made up my mind to make love to her, so if you know any body who has an eye that way you can give him a friendly hint that it's no use," and Mr. Henry Gowen pulled up his shirt collar with all the coxcombry and conceit of a finished exquisite.

There might have been seen a look of surprise on the face of Lawrey when his acquaintance first announced his intentions toward Miss Wharton, but this expression quickly subsided into a quiet smile, which also soon passed away, so that ere Mr. Henry Gowen had finished speaking, the countenance of his hearer had assumed its usual composed appearance.

"Pray, when do you intend to bring matters to a crisis?" asked Lawrey.

"In a month at farthest. When I've once made up my mind I lose no time; and I flatter myself that I've already made a considerable impression on Miss Wharton."

"You conceited coxcomb!" muttered Lawrey to himself, and, after a few common place expressions they parted.

"Emma," said Lawrey that evening, as he entered the parlor where sat his betrothed, "who do you think is about to aspire to your hand, or rather to your fortune, for it seems he has found out that you have one?"

"Who?" said the lovely girl, "oh! surely you must mean Mr. Gowen—he is the only fortune-hunter among my acquaintance," she added laughing, "and now I recollect he has been acting very killingly of late, and has even gone so far as to send me this piece of verse—poetry he calls it."

Lawrey took the manuscript and read the poem, laughing with Emma over it. At length he spoke.

"As no one knows of our engagement, dearest, this fellow has made me his confidant, and told me to warn any body that it would be useless to pretend to your hand, while he is in the field. What think you of that Emma?"

Emma's fine eyes flashed.

"I will bring down his coxcombry yet, with your permission, dear Charles. The impudent fellow! For the sake of my sex I ought to expose him. Pray, did he honor you with the exact amount of my fortune?"

"To the very cent, a piece of information I never possessed before. I wondered where he learned it, for his minute particularity convinced me that he spoke with authority; but to-day as I was going to Court, I met the clerk of the Surrogate, who called me to him. He asked me if I knew you, and then if I knew Gowen, 'for,' says he, 'that gentleman has been here looking at the late Mr. Wharton's will, and calculating from it the daughter's fortune. Now, I do not know Miss Wharton, but I think she ought to be acquainted with this.' So you see, Emma, your suitor has it all by the card."

"Oh! the wretch," said Emma laughingly, "and he thinks himself so irresistible that he can win a lady at once."

"And he tells me he will propose for you in a month, and that his success is certain," said her lover with mock solemnity, and then both, looking a moment into each others faces, burst into a merry laugh, which lasted for some minutes.

"A thought strikes me," said Emma, at length, her eyes sparkling with mischief, and then she recounted to her lover a plan which she had formed, which only increased their laughter. What the plan was that so pleased Emma and Lawrey will appear in due time.

The attentions of Mr. Henry Gowen to the fair Emma Wharton, soon became the theme of conversation, and many an opinion was hazarded as to whether the attachment was reciprocal. Of the sentiments of the gentleman there could apparently be no doubt, since his attentions were constant and minute; but the conduct of Emma was not so easily unriddled, since, although she did not reject the attentions of her new lover, she could hardly be said to encourage them. The gossipers, however, came at length to the conclusion that "it was to be a match," and that the deportment of the lady was to be attributed wholly to coyness.

A fortnight, meantime, had elapsed since the conversation betwixt Lawrey and Emma, when Mr. Henry Gowen again met Lawrey in the street.

"Deuced fine girl, Lawrey, is that Miss Wharton," said Mr. Henry Gowen, "I was never so deeply in love in my life."

"With her fortune, you mean," drily said Lawrey.

"No, faith, with herself—I confess, betwixt you and I, it was her money that first induced me to pay attention to her, but I'm afraid I'm more deeply interested in her than would be prudent, if there was any danger of a refusal."

"So you think your success is certain."

"Why, yes, I may say so—I fancy there is little doubt. Emma is a little coy, to be sure, but, aside from that, every symptom is favorable! Ah! but here comes the angel herself—good bye—don't you wish you were as happy as I am."

"A precious rascal!" said Lawrey to himself, as he bowed to Emma, and exchanged with her a meaning smile.

Mr. Henry Gowen hastened to join the side of Emma, and accompanied her home. Soliciting a few minutes *tête-a-tête* with her he entered the parlor and took his seat by her side. Then, in a set speech which he had duly composed and committed to memory for the occasion, he tendered to Miss Wharton his heart, hand, and fortune. Emma heard him out gravely and then replied,

"I certainly ought to feel honored by your proposal, sir, but as I attribute it wholly to my fortune and not to myself, I cannot be so highly flattered as I should under other circumstances. Excuse me for declining your proposal," she said, rising, "and take a word of counsel. 'Never go again to the Surrogate's Office to learn a lady's wealth.' Good morning, sir."

These words, without the tone in which they were pronounced, would have been sufficient to discomfit even a greater coxcomb than Mr. Henry Gowen. He felt as if he could have wished the floor to open and swallow him from the scornful look of Miss Wharton. Seizing his hat he hurried to the door, and before night was on his way to the Springs.

A merry laugh had Emma and her lover that evening over the discomfited fortune-hunter. And when, a few months later, Mr. Henry Gowen saw their marriage in the newspaper, and recollected that he had made a confidant of Charles Lawrey, he wisely concluded that even the Springs would not save him from ridicule, and sailed at once for Europe.

HERBERT MORDAUNT.

BY GEORGE HAYDN.

Skill, or prudence in availing ourselves of our natural talents and advantages, will compel favor and patronage, even where it is held from prejudice or ignorance.

— *Scott's Antiquary.*

"Well, Herbert, I have seen Mr. Baldwin this morning, and he says that one of his students has lately qualified, and he shall expect you in a few days to supply the vacancy," said Mr. Mordaunt, one of the most opulent citizens of New York to his son, a young man about twenty years of age, who sat twirling a light summer hat on his hand with an air of negligence, that evinced how utterly indifferent he was, to the princely display of wealth around him.

"If such are his expectations, I must say that he will be sadly disappointed," said Herbert Mordaunt.

"You will have a delightful time of it, as there will be five students besides yourself, all of them sons of the wealthiest men in the city," pursued Mr. Mordaunt, seemingly inattentive to the reply of his son.

"I doubt not, that I should find their companionship highly agreeable, nevertheless I must debar myself of that pleasure; for (although it sorely afflicts me to thwart your wishes) a professional man I can never be!"

"Why, what particular objections can you have, to being esteemed one of so numerous and respectable a class of men—a class for whom your brother Felix there, whom the ladies already begin to recognise as *Dr.* Mordaunt, has ever shown such a decided preference?" said Mr. Mordaunt, pointing to a sofa, on the side of which rested an extremely delicate hand, which an observer could scarcely have failed mistaking for that of one of the gentler sex, had not a side-long glance at the person's stolid features, as he lay supine on the elastic couch, proved him to have been the beau ideal of a whiskered dandy.

"Simply because my calling leads me another way," replied Herbert Mordaunt.

"Then it is not on account of any prejudice against the profession?"

"No, sir! for had I a turn that way, I would not hesitate to study a profession."

"Ah, well! doubtless then you will waive this frivolous objection in consideration of a life of ease, and a yearly income of five thousand dollars—come, that's a temptation not easily to be got over—only reflect on it now, five thousand a year."

"Never!" said Herbert Mordaunt firmly, yet respectfully; "for was I to engage in a profession from which I could derive no pleasure, I should become, instead of a useful member, a drone to that community, in which an all-wise Providence has allotted us our respective stations."

"And pray what may be this vocation, for which you would exchange a professional life, and the many advantages attendant upon it?" asked Mr. Mordaunt.

"The cabinet-making business, for which you must be aware I have ever, even from childhood, evinced a considerable talent."

"Great God! and shall it be said that a child of mine is a mechanic? that one of my family earns a livelihood by the sweat of his brow? No—no! sooner would I see him hugged in the cold embrace of death!"

"What! a mechanic, Herbert? oh! fie, fie for shame!" shrieked the horror-stricken Mrs. Mordaunt—whilst the lip of the supercilious student of medicine, curled with a bitter sneer of contempt.

"Why this inveteracy against the mechanics, father? Is it not among them we find the brightest gems of society? Are they not the pillars, on which rests that magnificent edifice—our Republic?" said Herbert Mordaunt, who seemed less likely to yield to the united efforts of his parents, to banish from his mind the idea of becoming a mechanic, than resolutely to combat them.

"Marry, you are truly eloquent in praise of these ignorant and unpolished beings—a class with whom no one of standing should associate, and whose ranks, give the penetentiary but its due, would be reduced to one half their number."

A flush of indignation passed over the countenance of Herbert Mordaunt, and his eyes sparkled with more than their wonted brilliancy; but he suppressed the tart reply that rose to his lips, and said in a deferential tone—

"The trades, I expect, like the professions, are not without their unprincipled members; but I shall endeavor to avoid these, and keep company with the more honest ones."

"Ah! Herbert! little did I imagine when I was expending hundreds, aye, thousands in educating you, that I should be thus recompensed."

"I am aware, father, that there is a heavy debt due you on that score, and sincerely hope (however improbable it may at present seem) that circumstances will enable me at some future period to discharge it."

"Come, come, Herbert! do away with this foolish idea of yours, and go down to Mr. Baldwin's this evening, and inform him that you will be prepared in a week or ten days, at farthest, to commence your studies—otherwise I shall be compelled to annul my will, (which you know I have by me,) and cut you off without a dollar," said Mr. Mordaunt, who thought his son's reply savoured somewhat of relenting.

"Touching a professional life it is needless for me to speak, as you already know my mind on that point, and as to your fortune I ask not a farthing of it; for I am convinced, if I have not overrated my abilities, that I shall be able to maintain myself in competent independence."

"And you still persist in the determination of becoming a cabinet-maker?"

"Yes, sir."

The violent passions which had been long gathering within, now burst forth with the uncurbed vehemence of a tornado, and striking the centre-table with a force that threatened to shiver it to fragments, Mr. Mordaunt exclaimed—

"Then, by heavens! you shall seek a home elsewhere, for I henceforward renounce you—Begone, and forget that you have a parent in existence!"

Too thoroughly acquainted with his father's fiery temperament, not to know that further delay would but engender harsher words, and excite to a higher pitch his ungovernable rage, Herbert Mordaunt rose from his seat and advanced to receive the parting embrace of Mrs. Mordaunt; but she—she who had watched over his infancy with all the tender solicitude which a mother can possibly feel for her offspring—allowing the false pride of the world to gain the mastery over maternal feelings, waved him off, and pointed significantly to the door. Finding now the entire household highly incensed against him, because of the resolution he had formed to follow a vocation, for which he felt an inward conviction, he possessed a fine natural talent, Herbert Mordaunt dashed away the tear that glistened on his eye-lash, and left his father's home in silence and in sorrow.

Notwithstanding he had been cradled in the lap of affluence, Herbert Mordaunt happily had not imbibed those little prejudices, which parents of the wealthier order—by ridiculing the awkward manner and inaccuracy of speech of the poorer class, under color of training their children in the rules of gentility—but too often manage to instil into their minds, and which eventually imbitter their feelings, and bring them to look with aversion upon a mechanic, however meritorious he might be. Thrown on his own resources, to shape a course for himself through the world, Herbert Mordaunt no sooner found himself in the street, than he bent his steps toward Mr. Daley's, a skilful cabinet-maker, in whose shop his latent genius had first developed itself, when, while yet a mere child, he was in the habit of stealing off from his comrades, to bend with all the intenseness of soul over such articles as the good-natured journeymen would place in his hands, to quiet his importunities, and reward his seeming industry. Arrived at Mr. Daley's, he engaged to serve a three-years' apprenticeship under him, and in accordance with that worthy gentleman's wishes, immediately entered upon the duties of his occupation. Thus in the space of a few hours was Herbert Mordaunt transformed from a dashing young gallant, apparelled in the height of the fashion, to a cabinet-maker's sober apprentice, decked in the coarse habiliments of the laboring class.

So rapid was Herbert Mordaunt's progress, that at

the expiration of six months, he far excelled every apprentice in the shop, and yielded the palm to the journeymen only in the nicest and more difficult branches of the trade. Stimulated by his extraordinary advancement, which far exceeded what his most sanguine hopes had led him to anticipate, he now applied himself with renewed ardor, and at the end of a twelvemonth was accounted the best workman in the shop.

Daley's work now began to acquire a much higher repute than it heretofore ever had, and ere another six months rolled round, was sought after with avidity by the whole city. Orders without number for sideboards, scrutoires, ottomans, sofas, and numerous other etceteras of a similar nature, poured into the shop. To meet this flood of custom, all Herbert Mordaunt's energy was called into active operation; and from early dawn till long after the whole city had sank to repose at night, he sedulously toiled at his bench. Nothing that skill or assiduity could accomplish, was left undone. These disinterested exertions to advantage his welfare, did not pass unheeded by the kind-hearted Mr. Daley, for when two years had passed away, he generously released Herbert Mordaunt from the remainder of his apprenticeship, and offered to take him in as a partner; but this he declined, proposing to retire to one of the flourishing inland towns in that state, where he set up business on his own footing.

In the populous town which he had pitched upon, as the place of his future abode, Herbert Mordaunt's honest countenance and frank manners won the good-will of the public, and he had soon work sufficient in his shop to keep him steadily engaged. Every mouth was loud in praise of the extraordinary young artificer; the men spoke of his exemplary habits and close application to business, and the ladies (who are invariably more zealous than the other sex, in whatever they undertake) vowed they would each order a toilet, a workstand, or some such article, were it but for the sake of getting a look at his handsome face—whilst his exquisite workmanship was a source of admiration for all.

In a little time his custom increased so rapidly that he was forced to employ several journeymen to assist him in his labors, and even then it was with much difficulty he could satisfy the eager demand of the people for his work. The second year, the fame of his skill having been trumpeted abroad, he did a still more extensive business; and was now acknowledged by all to be decidedly the most steady, diligent, and skilful mechanic in the town, and one not likely to squander the fortune which he was evidently realising. It was the third year after Herbert Mordaunt had left his native city, to seek a home among strangers, that Mr. Allenwood, one among the most respectable men in the town, called at his shop to purchase a workstand for his niece, a sweet auburn-haired girl, who leant fondly upon his arm. No sooner had Herbert Mordaunt encountered the mild glance of the latter, than the quenchless fire of love was kindled within his bosom. Yes, reader, Herbert Mordaunt was fascinated with the playful smile and damask cheek of a girl, whom he had then, for the first time seen. His heart thrilled with emotions hitherto unknown to it, as he stole timid glances at her countenance, in the artless expression of which, innocence and intelligence seemed struggling for the mastery. It seemed as if he could not sufficiently admire her bright laughing eyes, and he was convinced, as he watched her graceful attitudes, as she stood admiring the elegance of the different objects around her, that he had never beheld half so perfect a form as that of the beautiful and accomplished Theresa Allenwood.

Before leaving the shop Mr. Allenwood, whose keen perception could detect under the garb of a mechanic, the bearing of a gentleman, gave Herbert Mordaunt a kind and pressing invitation to visit him, which he assured him he would not fail to do. A few days afterward he accordingly called upon Mr. Allenwood, who occupied a neat yet small dwelling on the suburbs of the town; for his income—although it yielded a plain and very comfortable support for himself and niece, enabling them to dress in a style beseeming the high station which they filled in society—was too limited to admit of his taking a larger and more elegant house. Mr. Allenwood he found to be a strong-minded, jovial old bachelor, who had read much, travelled much, and was possessed of a thorough practical knowledge of men and their ways, which he had gained by a long intercourse with the world.

When courteously questioned during his visit by Mr. Allenwood respecting his birth-place and family, Herbert Mordaunt—aware that an attempt at concealment would but create embarrassment on his part, and probably beget unfavorable suspicions in the mind of Mr. Allenwood—frankly revealed the estrangement that existed between his parents and himself, with the circumstances attending it; and was happy to learn that the course he had pursued was highly approved of by him. He also flattered himself by the kindling of Teresa Allenwood's dark and voluptuous eyes, that if she was less forward in expressing it, she was by no means less warm in her approbation thereof than her uncle.

Before two weeks had elapsed, Herbert Mordaunt again called upon Mr. Allenwood, at whose house he became in course of time a constant visiter. The more he knew of Teresa Allenwood, the higher he learnt to appreciate her amiable qualities; every succeeding visit served to bring to light some new and valuable trait in her character, which on the previous one he had judged faultless. The frequency of his visits at length removed, as it were, the screen of reserve—through which her

attractions had partially shone—from before her; and she stood forth a blushing, merry-hearted maiden, free from all ill-timed prudery, and with great good-nature, a well cultivated mind, and rich vein of wit, which she was ever ready to apply to a good effect. He was now on terms of great intimacy with her; he read with her, and accompanied her on the piano with his rich, manly voice; and often when Mr. Allenwood was confined to his room with an attack of the gout, a complaint with which he was much afflicted, would call for her on Sundays, and attend her to church. It was on one of these occasions that he poured into her ear his eager tale of love, and wrung from her the acknowledgment that his passion was ardently returned. A few weeks afterward, with the consent of Mr. Allenwood, they were united.

It was about two years after his marriage that Herbert Mordaunt was seated in a comfortably, and even elegantly furnished room of a private dwelling, situated in the most fashionable part of the town. Opposite him sat his happy Teresa, blooming as ever, but somewhat more staid and matronly; whilst between them on the carpet, lay a lovely chesnut-haired child, which alternately caressed a pet kitten that it hugged closely in its arms, and held up its plump little hands to shield its fair brow from the heat of the fire that blazed cheerfully in the grate; for it was a chill November day, and the wintry wind howled around the corners of the house, and down the chimney-flue.

"Yes, dear! to-morrow we will start for New York, and once there we will not leave till we have brought about the long-desired reconciliation between you and your parents," said Mrs. Mordaunt, resuming the conversation which had been broken off to observe the playful mood of the child.

"You appear very sanguine, Teresa, but I very much fear that our dearest hopes will be dashed to the ground—that we shall find them inexorable; for once during my apprenticeship I called at their door, but was refused admission; and since my residence here I have repeatedly written to them, but each time have my letters been returned unopened," replied Herbert Mordaunt.

"Surely when they come to hear how well you have prospered at your trade, and once set eyes on our dear little Charley, whom we have called after your father, and whose smiling face will plead eloquently in your behalf, surely then they will not—they cannot refuse to receive you again into favor," said the artless Mrs. Mordaunt.

"I sincerely hope it may be so, Teresa, but nevertheless I have my misgivings."

"Your mother, at least, whose enviable disposition I have so often heard you speak of in such commendatory terms, would receive you with open arms after so long an absence."

"She was actuated by the impulse of the moment, and very likely would gladly welcome me back; but my father is of too proud and stubborn a nature easily to retract when once he has——"

They were here interrupted by a black waiter, who made his entrance saying—"Massa! berry old gemmen at de door supplicate de ams."

"Eh? Bob! a gentleman beggar?" enquired Herbert Mordaunt, aware of his waiter's usual antipathy to that class of people.

"Sartin, Sir! he be not one o' de wulgar class o' beggin fokes!"

"Well, Bob! show him into the front-room, and let him know that I will attend him in a few minutes; for his wants must be very urgent to drive him abroad in such weather as this."

"Yes, Massa!" said Bob, leaving the room to do his master's bidding.

After brushing his hair, and adjusting his cravat, Herbert Mordaunt proceeded to the front room, which he had no sooner entered, than exclaiming "Oh, God! it is my father!" he sprang forward and caught the old man in his arms; and both father and son losing the power of utterance in the joy of the meeting, stood silently locked in each other's embrace. As soon as the first burst of feelings had subsided, Mr. Mordaunt extended his hand to his son, said—"Farewell! my boy, my much injured boy; for the father that dealt so harshly with you, now suffers his just punishment, and must go sorrowing on his way till the brief space, which intervenes between him and the grave, shall have been completed!"

"Oh! no—no, father, this can never be! you must not leave us! stay with us and all that comforts or attention can do, you shall have," said Herbert Mordaunt; and he was warmly seconded by the tears and entreaties of Mrs. Mordaunt, whom the unusual noise and sudden exclamation of her husband had now brought into the room.

"Well, Herbert! if you and this kind, forgiving angel," drawing Mrs. Mordaunt, who held him by the hand, to his bosom, "will have it so, then I must tarry with you; but little did I expect that the child whom I turned from my door on account of his determination of being a mechanic, would become the stay and consoler of my old age, whilst my professional son, whom I pampered with high notions of family dignity, and whose every wish I indulged, reduced me to beggary!" said Mr. Mordaunt, and the big drops coursed down his cheeks, on which time and care had made sad impressions.

As soon as Mr. Mordaunt had regained sufficient self-command, and was snugly seated by the fire, with little Charley on his knee, he related the history of his misfortunes, which was briefly as follows:—

For the first two years after he had turned Herbert Mordaunt from his house, his affairs had gone on prosperously, and his son Felix was all that his heart could have wished him. His brilliant talents were a theme of conversation for more than one fireside-circle, and he was generally looked upon by all as a young man destined, at some future day, to fill a lofty station in the world; but alas! the germ of self-will had been too early engrafted in the young sapling for it ever to become a stately monarch of the forest! At the end of two years strange and painful rumors of his profligacy and dissipated habits began to be afloat, and his repeated demands for money served to confirm them. Mr. Mordaunt took him to task, and censured him for his conduct—not with the sternness of decision and severe tone of authority which it behoves a parent to assume, when reprimanding a child for misconduct, but in a lenient manner that tended rather to hasten than to check his progress along the high-road to ruin. The tone of popular sentiment was now changed, and Dr. Mordaunt was no longer spoken of as the young man of splendid capacity and great promise, but as the abandoned profligate, the frequenter of tippling-houses, and the companion of vicious and unprincipled gamblers! His former comrades now shunned him as they would a viper, but he heeded it not; for vice and debauchery had blunted the keen edge of pride—he was completely dead to all sense of shame and honor—every generous and noble impulse was paralysed within him. His demands for money, to squander in scenes of vice and reckless dissipation, became at length so frequent and for such heavy amounts, that Mr. Mordaunt was awakened to an alarming consciousness of the rapidity with which his fortune was being reduced, and forced, though reluctantly, to deny him all further supplies. The parents were now to experience a severe retribution for the forbearance they had exercised in the tutoring of their child! for when Dr. Mordaunt felt the restraint imposed upon his licentious passions which hitherto had been permitted to pursue their wild and reckless race unchecked, he immediately forged a check, and drew every dollar of the old man's fortune from the bank, in which he had deposited it. The same evening he embarked for England, but the packet ship in which he had taken passage was never heard of. She must have foundered at sea, and every soul on board perished!

Being deprived of their favorite child, Mr. and Mrs. Mordaunt were struck with a sudden consciousness of their cruel treatment to their younger son, and would have sought him out and asked his forgiveness; but they knew not where to find him, for the postmaster whom Mr. Mordaunt had directed always to return his son's letters, as soon as they arrived, had left the city, and gone he knew not whither. Abandoning all hope of ever again beholding their discarded son, they took a room in an obscure part of the city, where they continued for some months to eke out a miserable existence, subsisting upon the pittance that remained to them from the sale of their splendid house and furniture, which their necessities had compelled them to dispose of under the hammer. Oppressed by grief and misfortune, Mrs. Mordaunt in a short time sank into the grave, penitently imploring the forgiveness of Heaven for her unnatural conduct toward her son.

After the death of his wife, Mr. Mordaunt was forced either to beg for a support or to become an inmate of the alms-house; but too proud to receive charity at the hands of those whom he had once considered his inferiors, and too prejudiced to become the latter, he left the scene of his former glory, and with the aid of a few dollars which he had scraped together, reached the town where Herbert Mordaunt resided. Having arrived the evening before, he had that morning set out fully determined to attempt the lowly employment of a mendicant as the means of gaining a livelihood; and fortunately the first door at which he had summoned resolution enough to stop was that of the child whom he had renounced. Having concluded his narrative, the old man again gave vent to the overpowering tumult of his feelings in a violent flood of tears. Herbert Mordaunt detained his father with him during the remainder of his life; and no one to have seen him administering to his wants, and endeavoring by every possible care and tenderness to soften the winter of his days, would have supposed that he had once been driven from that father's door, a friendless outcast on *the world.*

IDA ILDERTON.

BY H. J. BOWLES.

A WARM and delightful evening in the middle of July was fast closing, the deep clouds of night were rolling majestically over the horizon, bearing darkness and silence onward, and telling that nature was hastening to repose. The inhabitants of a fashionable square had risen from their dinner-tables, and in all the drawing-rooms might be seen the light of numerous chandeliers, and groups of lovely women seeking amusement: some with the latest novels, others with lively conversation, and some (and they were not a few) sat inhaling the delightful breeze, loaded with the perfume of the flowers which were placed around the rooms and on the balconies. In one of the principal houses of the square, and in a magnificent drawing-room sat Ida Ilderton, the loveliest belle of the season, surrounded by all those little luxuries which are so indispensably necessary to highly-refined women; where a consciousness of high birth and large possessions are augmented by mental culture and intellectual attainments. On a low ottoman at the feet of Ida lay a beautiful greyhound decked with roses, and a small, delicate love-bird rested on one of her richly-jewelled hands, while a handkerchief of lace was held carelessly in the other. She sat apparently unconscious of the admiration she excited, and talked in a low voice to the bird, who picked anxiously at the snowy hand which supported it. Ida's beauty was captivating; it was so delicate, so pure. Her face was cast in the Grecian mould, with sleeping orbs, veiled with dark lashes, resting on her delicately-tinged cheek; her mouth was small, and at each corner of her coral lips sat a light curve, displaying her pearly teeth. Her smile had a charm perfectly irresistible.

On this night she wore white Mechlin lace over rich white satin, and a girdle of silver confined her sylph-like waist; her sleeve fell over her arm to the elbow, and then displayed a beauty of *contour*, a classical perfection, which Praxitiles vainly had attempted to surpass; her hand was equally faultless, and the long taper fingers were whiter than the handkerchief they held. Around her were bouquets of flowers, and vases filled with oriental perfume stood beside her; the rich plumage of far-famed birds gleamed from cages of golden wire; pedestals of marble and scagliola supported pale cold statues, or *bijouterie* and articles of *vertu*; thus the room was one delicious temple, dedicated to Luxury and Art. Ida had sat playing with the bird for some time without noticing her guests, who had sought different occupations till the gentlemen arose from dinner, and most of them had gone with Mrs. Ilderton to walk in the conservatory, leaving Ida and her favorites together. At length the gentlemen ascended to coffee,

and the ladies returned to the drawing-room, when conversation light and fashionable began to circulate among the different groups. Near Ida sat a favorite cavalier of the party, vainly endeavoring to obtain a glance from her lovely eyes; and opposite to her, apparently engaged in looking at a print, stood the heir to an earldom, wishing he was the bird, or the greyhound, or the handkerchief, or anything that Ida loved or admired; but Ida neither looked at the one nor the other.

"It was the opinion of Charles the Fifth, Miss Ilderton," said the heir, "that we speak English to birds."

"And Italian to ladies," was the cool answer. "Why not speak *la bella lingua* to me, if you follow the Emperor's maxim?"

Ida smiled as he said this, and glanced toward a window, where sat a young man, holding a cup of coffee in an easy manner, perfectly displaying a finely-formed white hand, and seemingly intent on taking the pattern of the carpet in his mind's eye, to compare it with others on some future occasion.

"Listen!" said Ida, starting from her couch; "there is music:" and the sound of a harp was heard beneath the balcony. Instantly the windows were thrown open, and the visitors rushed to hear the Harpiste; while Ida drew near the farthest, and stood by the silent young gentleman, who smiled, and offered a chair as she approached. From the blaze of light within, and the brightness of the gas without, the figure and face of the Harpiste were clearly seen, and her rapid and brilliant execution astonished and delighted her audience.

"I have seldom heard such a thrilling touch," remarked Ida. "What a pity she should play thus, and find such small encouragement: for nothing but absolute necessity could have obliged her to seek bread by itinerant playing."

"She is *une demoiselle Francoise*," said the young man, gazing firmly on Ida's lovely face. "Listen! there, she sings!" and a perfectly natural voice arose in all its wild beauty, singing a pathetic French romance.

"Has she not a pretty style, Mr. Beresford?" asked Ida, who seemed pleased with the musician; "I fancy there is a touch of romance about her. I feel an interest in her; she is as youthful as myself, and a wanderer."

"You are a little enthusiastic creature, Ida," was the answer. "Now, surely, you do not fancy her a princess in disguise, or a maiden escaped from a haunted castle, where some malignant genii confined her. Tell me, what do you imagine?"

"Some disappointment; a faithless lover; a father banished for breaking the laws; and, after a bright happy girlhood, she becomes what she is now, with a life of desolation before her. Have I drawn a touching picture Beresford? Is not that sufficient misery for a novel?"

"Not quite; truth is stranger than fiction. I am sure Ida there is more real wretchedness, more deep misery, in many hearts than any novel could describe (and Ferdinand Beresford spoke for the first time feelingly.) Perhaps you have no idea of the meaning of grief, and if you have not I hope you never will."

"Thank you, I can only wish you the same. Now we must contribute to the Harpist; it ought to be a shower of gold. Viscount Lyvil first:" and Ida moved away toward the spot where the Viscount stood, and a handsome collection was soon made, sufficient to awaken joy in the heart of the fair Harpiste.

"Ask her residence and her name; tell her to return to-morrow," were Ida's commands, and she once more returned to Ferdinand Beresford. A moment only elapsed, when she quitted his side, and for the remainder of the evening a beautiful blushing rosebud decked her bosom. It was not more lovely than those favorite children of Flora usually are, but Ida had never possessed one so inestimably valuable before.

Ida Ilderton was devotedly attached to Ferdinand Beresford; she loved him better than aught else besides, and to win his esteem she would have resigned all her wealth and power; and of this Ferdinand felt quite conscious, and not a little proud. In the society of Ida he seemed pleased but reserved, and a languid melancholy stole over him, which added a degree of calm repose and thoughtful grace, of which those around him were bereft.

Mrs. Ilderton had long and silently seen Ida's growing attachment, and determined, by slow degrees, to find the exact point at which it had arrived; for Ferdinand was scarcely a desirable match for her daughter, his father being the seventh son of a duke, and himself the youngest of nine children, all depending upon their grandfather's patronage for appointments in the army and navy, or small lucrative places about court; and by dint of being seen in the Duchess' carriage in Hyde Park, and introduced at the different drawing-rooms, Ferdinand's three sisters were titled and tolerably rich ladies, who all united in saying he was too handsome for anything but a secretary, and that he accordingly became, with a salary of five hundred pounds per annum, but no better prospects. This did not suit Mrs. Ilderton's projects for her child, and she determined to seperate the lovers; therefore, on the night in question, she believed she had seen sufficient to warrant her so doing.

It was late before the party broke up, and as Ida received the farewell of Ferdinand Beresford, for a moment his reserve was thrown off; he caught the little white hand and pressed it to his lips, and left the delighted maiden to ponder on this his first act of love.

The sun had past the meridian before Ida arose, and putting on a simple robe, threw herself on her couch to breakfast alone. Many new feelings crowded on her

heart, and she sank her head on the soft satin pillow to dream; they were dreams of bliss, of love, and of Ferdinand Beresford. The voice of her maid aroused her with the intelligence that the Harpiste had returned according to her orders, and waited any commands Miss Ilderton wished to give.

"Bring her hither," said Ida; "I will converse with her, it will amuse me; and let her harp be brought also; I wish to hear her sing:" and with a ready alacrity the waiting woman obeyed, and in a moment the Harpiste stood in the luxurious boudoir of Ida. There was a great difference between the beauty of the young *noblesse*, and the striking face of the wandering child of song; it was not a beauty to be painted and hung in a print-shop, to attract the notice of passers-by, nor to be sculptured for its fine regularity. No; it was a beauty in which shone mind, and feeling, and firmness, combined with easy good nature and vigorous thought. Her face was shaded by a white cap, with large borders falling on her dark cheeks, and her hair, of glossy chesnut, was braided beneath; her forehead was high, and her eyes of dark blue. They had once been merry, laughing eyes; but their look of joy was gone; and save when she smiled with a strange, brilliant smile, her face wore no joyous expression. Her dress was of coarse blue merino, and a large shawl of red and black plaid completed her attire. Yet she stood before Ida, not boldly but easily, and seemed to look without any feelings of admiration or wonder on the luxury which surrounded the heiress, while Ida addressed her in pure Parisian as follows:—

"You are a native of *la belle* France; is it not so?"

"Yes, my lady," was the timid reply.

"Have you been long away from home—long in England?"

"I have no home, my lady; I have been three weeks in this land," was the answer. "I have not had a home for years; this is the only relic now remaining (and she placed her hand on her harp,) and it gains me my bread."

"You are not self-taught," asked Ida; "you play too well for that. How long have you practised the harp?"

"I learnt my art from one of the finest masters France possessed, and it is years since I commenced. I do not play so well as I used; my fingers seem stiff and less pliant than formerly. So many things are recalled to my mind by the tones of my harp, that sometimes I would rather weep than sing."

"Have you a father or mother with you?" asked Ida feelingly; for she felt interested in the girl.

"I have neither now, my lady. A mother I never knew; a father I had, but his love is forfeited, and I am quite alone."

"Why did you leave your home, poor exile? was your father's displeasure the cause? Have you no friends here; are you quite alone?" asked Miss Ilderton, with tears glistening in her eyes.

"Oh, it is a long story, my lady, and you will condemn me I know. I have not met with such kindness for years, as I now meet with from you. No one has manifested kindness for me; I am an outcast, wretched and alone."

"Sit down there," said Ida, pointing to a velvet ottoman beside her; "and if it grieves you cease to speak of your home. It is sufficient to know you are happy. I feel for you; I pity you much."

"Oh, no, dearest lady, I will tell you all," said the Harpiste, "lest thoughts of my unworthiness to receive your kindness steal into your bosom, and thus once more I become friendless, even as before I heard your voice. My father was tutor in the family of an Italian nobleman, and alternately resided in Italy and France, till, having completed the education of his pupils, he left them, married, and retired to the environs of Paris. I was his only child. My mother died shortly after my birth, and I grew up till the age of ten years with him alone. It was then he sent me to Paris to school, and there I learnt the harp, which now gains me my livelihood, and became the favorite pupil of a too-indulgent master. Could he see me here, the abject creature I am, would he recognize in the homeless wanderer the once happy Lucille Beranger? No, he could not, would it were but a dream. I remained five years in Paris, and then my father recalled me, and I returned home. Oh! how well I remember that evening, when the diligence entered my native village, and I saw my father's cottage peeping out among the trees, the summer sun setting behind the hills, and the roses twining round the casements of my long-remembered home. Beneath the porch stood my father, and beside him a person I had never seen. I thought at first it was one of his old pupils, come to visit their kind tutor; but the face was not Italian, and the smile was too sweet to be ought but English. As soon as the diligence stopped, my father rushed forward and embraced me, and led me into the house, followed by his strange companion. 'This is Mademoiselle Beranger,' said the stranger, stepping forward; 'we wanted only the presence of a lady here to complete our happiness. We shall be too happy with Mademoiselle Lucille.' I saw my father's eyes glisten, and he smiled upon him; then, turning to me, introduced him as his pupil, and passed a high eulogium on his kindness and talent. It seemed that my father felt lonely after I left him, and had become melancholy and desponding, when one of his former pupils came to him, and introduced an English lady of good connections but limited fortune, and asked him to educate her youngest son. My father willingly complied, and the young Englishman was to remain till his education was completed. All the morning did my father devote to study,

and during that period I sat alone in my little boudoir, happy as ever young maiden could be, till I heard the door of the library shut, and I knew the hours of study were over. Then I listened for the sound of footsteps, and with a joyous heart I used to hear my father's pupil come silently into my room, and hang over my chair, with some offering of flowers and fruit for *chere* Lucille. He gave me birds, and books, and plants, and all that could make my home happier. At length—time passed on rapidly—his education was finished, and the day was appointed for him to leave. It was the first grief I had ever known, and I shut myself up in my room alone to weep. The day on which the letter came to recall him I saw him not, nor my father, for he had gone to see some friends at a distance, and the servant told me his pupil was in the library reading, and we remained apart the whole day. Toward evening my heart began to break with grief, and I laid my head on the table, and sobbed aloud. I could not bear to lose my kind companion, and I wept with passionate earnestness at his coldness—till I felt a hand laid affectionately on my shoulder, and I saw him standing looking attentively in my face.

"Spare me the recital of all that passed then," cried Lucille, raising her clasped hands to Ida imploringly. "Suffice it to say, that in six months he promised to return and claim me as his bride, and bear me to these shores. He left us, and six months passed away and he came not; I heard nought of him. My life became a burden, and my heart was breaking, and I came to the rash determination to quit my home in search of my faithless lover.

"It was a lovely moonlight night, cloudless and starry; I could not sleep, and I felt my brain grow dizzy with suffering; my head burnt with pain. It was the work of a moment to throw my shawl round me, and take with me my beloved harp, and before dawn I was far away from my father, an alien and a beggar."

Here Lucille paused, as though the intensity of her feelings would not allow her to proceed, and sat weeping silently till Ida fondly took her hand in hers, and asked if she had found her lover.

"Oh, no, no; if I had I would not be here; I would go back to my poor old father and ask his forgiveness. I would bear that faithless one to our peaceful home, which for two long years I have not beheld, and in quietude pass the remainder of my life."

"Can you tell me the name of your false lover? Do you remember him perfectly now?" said Ida softly. "Tell me, and if I can aid you in finding him I will."

"Remember him! Oh, I shall remember him until I die," sobbed Lucille, "and on my heart is engraved the name of Ferdinand Beresford."

A change passed over the beautiful countenance of Ida, and a deadly paleness overspread her cheeks and lips. She could not speak; and save the convulsive throbbing of the veins on her marble brow, there was no sign of life. The shock had come suddenly but surely, and Ida was from that hour a changed creature.

Lucille stood by her for a moment in silence, till a thought seemed to cross her brain, she sank down beside her, clasping her hands in agony, and hoarse with emotion exclaimed, "You know him! you have seen him! Oh, restore him to me, my long-lost Ferdinand! Give me but a hope that I may yet see him once more, and I die in peace! Oh, say he is not wedded; I cannot bear suspense—my heart is breaking—I beseech you tell me all—*shall we ever meet again?*"

In a wild manner Lucille uttered these incoherent expressions, and Ida, with an effort at self-control, rose up to answer her enquiries:—"Return to-night at nine, and you shall meet Mr. Beresford," was all she could say. Her heart seemed filled with restrained emotion, and she again sunk back on her couch. To describe the joy of Lucille is impossible; her burst of deep gratitude to Ida: her ardent love for her old companion; and her sorrow for the grief she had occasioned her poor father; all seemed in turn to animate her bosom; but even there a tender regard for Ida predominated, and she looked with an anguish on the woe she had caused.

It was not for some time that Lucille could be prevailed on to leave her new-found friend; but, at the earnest entreaties of Ida to leave her to repose, she at length consented. Ida lay still in bitter misery; her heart's best hope was gone. To know he had loved another was madness; to believe he still loved her was a torturing agony; and Ida allowed herself to doubt he remembered that Lucille Beranger existed; but she was deceiving herself: Ferdinand Beresford loved with earnest devotedness his betrothed Lucille. He was not to blame; he had acted nobly to his parents; he had told them he loved his tutor's daughter, and resolved, on attaining his majority, to wed her. He was answered by taunts, threats, and revilings; forbidden to hold the least communication with his betrothed, and finally thrown, by the consummate art of his sister, Lady Vesey, into the society of Ida Ilderton, to win his thoughts from the young French maiden. All their efforts failed; he burst their chains asunder, but it was too late. The letter announcing to Lucille his faithfulness, his continued love, reached its destination two days after she had quitted her home, and was never answered. He wrote again, thrice, but no tidings came; till at length he received his letter back, with the mournful news that his old preceptor was dead, and his once happy daughter a voluntary wanderer in other lands. Here all intercourse ceased, and Ferdinand Beresford mourned over his faithless Lucille.

It was impossible for him to recognize in the wandering Harpiste his favorite companion; her voice bore no

resemblance to that of the young French girl; it was mournful and sad; that of Mademoiselle Beranger was glad and joyous; while in her disguising attire, under the clouds of night, he could not suppose for one instant the lovely face and sylph-like form of Lucille were concealed; but still the tones of the harp recalled her to his mind; and it was the knowledge of the anguish he himself had endured, which prompted him to wish happiness to Ida. Little did he dream he was the being on whom her happiness depended; he loved her as a brother loves, but nothing more.

It was night, dark, gloomy, desolate night to such hearts as Ida's; but it was day—bright joyous sunshine—to the expectant Lucille. The lamp shone brightly, the jewels sparkled gaily, and, harp in hand, she stood beneath the centre chandelier of the magnificent drawing-room, where Ida sat in desolation, to meet for the last time Ferdinand, her idolized Ferdinand. It was late when he entered, with a smile on his lip and a sparkle in his eye, as elegant, as polished as a monarch need be; and as the first tone of his voice fell on the ear of Lucille, she sprung forward, and in a moment the parted lovers were closely wrapped in each other's embrace. I pass over the scene so painful to Ida; to feel she loved, but in vain; and in despair to hear the words of love; to hear the tale of long-remembered days gone by, was more than Ida's heart could bear, and she could only bless them and bid them farewell.

Three weeks after this a marriage appeared in the "Morning Post," celebrated first at St. James's, Piccadilly, and afterward at the Catholic Chapel, Warwick Street, Golden Square: it was the marriage of Ferdinand Beresford and Lucille Beranger; and immediately below that were these words:—"Died of a rapid decline, Ida, the beloved and only child of Horace Ilderton, in the nineteenth year of her age." She was dead; her heart was broken; and in the long white fingers, cold and stiff, lay the faded rose-bud, given by one who was that day wedded.

THE INFIDEL LOVER.

BY A. W. NONEY.

"Do you see that lady who is just crossing Fifth street?" asked a rather elderly looking gentleman of his companion, as they sat gazing listlessly upon the crowd, passing and re-passing up and down Chesnut street.

"What! that red-haired old maid, uncle, in a dark dress!"

"Pshaw, Charles, do not speak in so disrespectful a tone of one in whom the very fact of her being an old maid is a virtue, and a bright one among many others of pure and radiant lustre."

"You know her then, do you? Pray, who is this very virtuous maiden lady?"

"Her name is Charlotte Hamilton."

"Well, uncle! will you not continue, like an author of romance, to tell me her past history?"

"If you wish it, Charles, I will endeavor to relate a short story of the circumstances, which doubtless formed the principal reason of her present unmarried condition in life."

"Miss Hamilton, when I first became acquainted with her, was not far from eighteen years of age. She was at that time somewhat better looking than at present, though never very celebrated for beauty, as the sweet and modest expression, which ever graced her pleasant features, formed their principal attraction, although each, when viewed separate, might have seemed to be almost perfect in itself. Yet their arrangement did not exactly harmonize, and then her red hair (though in olden time such was a favorite hue) did not in the least add to their effect. Her figure, you might have observed, is even now full and graceful, and was much more elegant in her youth. For sweetness of disposition, for intellectual capacity, and for purity of soul, however, she was, and is now eminently distinguished among those who know her; and these worthy qualities, in connection with her large fortune, rendered her an object of regard, particularly to the young unmarried men of her acquaintance.

"You smile rather distrustfully at this. Why, Charles, although she is now an old maid, I can vouch to the fact of at least *six* capital offers of marriage, made by different worthy young gentlemen, and each proposal pressed upon her acceptance with all the ardor of true and fervent passion. But then her heart was not her own, although her hand was free, and she hesitated to dispose of the one unaccompanied by the first, even while the possessor of the treasure of her young, pure love was all unworthy of either. Yet such is the nature of woman. Her heart is as true and constant in its affection, when once formed, to even the meanest of creatures, as when its devotion is reciprocated by the idolatry of a high and noble nature.

"Still I do not wish to be understood that the envied object of her love was in any manner degraded, in the common acceptance of the term, although utterly unworthy the possession of such an angel as was, and doubtless is Charlotte Hamilton. To illustrate this fact, it is scarcely necessary to state more than that she is a pure-hearted and professing Christian, while he was utterly reckless of his own principles, and careless of her solicitude and anxiety after the welfare of the immortal part of one so dear to her as himself; and yet he passionately lovéd her, and she knew it, although others might have imagined his affection to be of a more mercenary nature than it really was.

"But, before I proceed with her story, I will just describe to you a circumstance in relation to my first acquaintance with her. I attended, one evening, at Dr. B.'s Church, and listened to a lecture of deep and peculiar interest. The subject was upon the beauties of true Christianity, pure and unadorned, as inculcated by the doctrines of its divine founder, the meek and lowly man of Nazareth. The learned and reverend doctor likened religion to a young and lovely female—beautiful exceedingly, and endowed with every elegant attribute which imagination could devise, or fancy portray. And truly, did she seem a goddess worthy the love and adoration of an enlightened and unenthralled world. Simple, artless and unassuming, clothed in modesty as with a garb of light, and shielded by the dove-like innocence of her nature from rude assault, for

> 'It is said the lion will turn and flee
> From the maid in the pride of her purity;'

she moves along, winning with her smiles the reluctant admiration of even those who would oppose her blissful progress, and subduing all hearts by her native goodness, her artless simplicity, and by the divine truth and poetic beauty of the inspired sentiments she utters in a voice of Æolian softness.

"Who can refuse to worship at such a shrine?' asked the speaker, with thrilling emphasis, as he finished his glowing metaphor: 'and insensate and cold indeed must he be!' I doubt not was the voiceless response of every beating heart around.

"The church was crowded to overflowing, and in the press and confusion attendant upon the egress from it, a young lady placed her arm within mine, as if innocently claiming its protection, while passing through the mass then pouring like a flood out of doors. I gave a hasty glance at her personal appearance, and then elbowed *our* way with an air of increased importance, into the street, where I could but suppose, my voluntary protegee would, after thanking my *gallantry*, modestly decline all farther escort, even though I might then freely offer it. To my increased surprise, however, such did not seem her intention, for she still clung as familiarly to my arm as if she had been acquainted with me for years,

and we proceeded onward. Thus far, amid the throng, not a word had been spoken by either of us; but, from the modest confidence of her manner, I felt assured that she labored under some mistake relative to the identity of her companion, which was soon made apparent, by her addressing me with a title other than my own, and inquiring in a voice of plaintive sweetness whether I had been pleased with Dr. B.'s discourse. I replied quickly that I had been delighted with it; but scarcely were my words uttered ere she sprang from me with an exclamation of astonishment, and appeared ready to sink to the ground through affright. A few words of explanation on both sides, however, partially re-assured her, and as her real companion (a brother) did not make his appearance, she then timidly accepted my attendance the remainder of her way homeward.

"Thus commenced my acquaintance with Miss Hamilton; and often, very often has that reverend lecturer's metaphor been re-called to my mind by the close similitude of the picture drawn, to the almost angelic nature of her disposition and character; and sometimes has the reflection crossed my mind, that even such a maiden was in his mind's eye when he drew that exquisite portrait. Nor would aught have been exaggerated, save perhaps the plainness of her features; yet even these were so beaming with sweetness and intellectual expression, that it required no very great stretch of imagination to suppose her actually beautiful.

"But to proceed with her story. I said her heart was not her own at the time when so many were eager to win it—it had long since been surrendered to one whom her careful parents did not favor, because his religious and moral principles were in direct opposition to her own. It was strange that one so devoted should fix her young heart's choice upon an infidel, a denier of the truth of the religion which was her guide, and a scoffer at that very faith in which her pure soul trusted; yet, perhaps, she deemed that her bright example and sincerity might, in time, impress him with a knowledge of his error, and bring him, like a strayed lambkin, back into the fold of Christ.

"Her lover, whose name I will call Edward Perry, pressed her, with every persuasive argument in his power, to join her fate with his, even in opposition to her parents' wishes; but she was firm in her filial duty, and would only reply to his importunities, that he could not surely be sincere in his desires, but merely wished to test the strength of her principles, when weighed against the ardor of youthful passion. And then he would reproach her with deeming him a fortune-hunter, and insincere in his professions.

"'Indeed, Edward, you mistake us,' she answered, 'such is not, I am certain, in my dear parents' thoughts, and you surely know me too well to think that I could so interpret your feelings. My prospect of wealth may have at first attracted your attention; but I have since flattered myself with the belief that now it is not for this alone you pursue me. We women, except we are blinded through vanity, can easily recognise the truth or falsity of our lover's sentiments; though sometimes we may be carried away by our own feelings, in spite of reason or judgment.'

"'Then why do they persist in refusing you to me? Is it because they consider me an unworthy match, or that they have some other destiny in view for you.'

"'Neither, Edward, it is from quite another cause, and one which you are not in ignorance of, that they refuse you.'

"'You mean it is that we differ somewhat in our opinions upon a certain subject. But why, Charlotte, should that influence them or you? You surely cannot imagine I would prove a less kind and affectionate husband because of our difference thus?'

"'No, I cannot say that I do; yet still, how much happier would they be, if husband and wife had ever feelings, desires, and hopes the same. My parents object to you for many reasons, but all originating from this one; and I doubt not if this were removed they would be happy in my choice.'

"'They do not wish to have me profess what I cannot believe; for surely sincerity is more honorable than specious hypocrisy.'

"'No, Edward, such is not our wish. But how easy is it for you to believe what is self-evident, far more so than to disbelieve, when it seems to us all, that the reality of what you disavow must be continually forcing itself upon your mind, as you look around and see so many of your kind, intelligent and noble as yourself, bending, in fullest confidence, a lowly knee at the shrine of its truth, and relying upon its saving grace; and when you think upon the many proofs of its divine origin, or the miracles it hath wrought, and the wonders it is every day working, and the heaven-like blessedness of its peaceful character, how can you doubt—how can you deny and smile at the signs held up to warn unbelievers of their error?'

"'But how, Charlotte, can I convince myself that such are not founded upon the superstitions of a past age, and supported by the bigotry of this?'

"'And where, Edward, is the foundation of that upon which *you* rely? It has *no* foundation! it boasts none! It is but an idle and profane phantasy arising from a professed disbelief of the divine truths you *will* not comprehend. Oh! Edward, if you would but exert one half the will to convince your senses that you do to shield their blindness, how soon would the light of our blessed gospel become clearly apparent, and you might walk therein as in the beams of a meridian sun. Could I prevail upon you to cast aside the prejudices of the world, and search the deep fountain of religion with a

desire after conviction, I am assured the time must not be far distant when its purity would become blissfully evident to you, and you could then exchange the uncertainty and doubt of disbelief for that of faith and hope in a pure and eternal reward. And then we might be happy. There would be no bar to our union—there would be no drawback upon our enjoyments. We could both of us rejoice in the same gladness—we could both partake of the same comforts under affliction without despairing—and most of all, in the fulfilment of the invaluable trust reposed in us by heaven, we could then rear up any offspring in the true knowledge of him who is our Creator and King—our Lord and Saviour through Jesus Christ his crucified son.'

"In this manner would she endeavor to reason with him upon the subject which formed the bar between them, as much for the safety of his soul as for the end it would be likely to attain with regard to their earthly happiness; until at length he became fully convinced that his only hope of ever winning her rested upon a conversion to her principles of faith. And such seemed unto him but a mockery of hope, for how could he learn to believe that which through life he had been convinced was nothing but bigotry and superstition. He could not do it. The idea seemed desperate, and he strove for a time to resign himself to his fate—but unavailingly, for true love is of too powerful and buoyant a nature to submit calmly to disappointment, and it ever re-acts and strives with despair, even when hope is irrevocably fled. But still Charlotte's manner toward him was ever the same—cheerful in her assurance of affection, though firm in her filial resolution never to wed him without her parents' consent, which she knew would only be given upon his reformation.

"After a time in this position of affairs Perry resolved to leave his native city, and endeavor to wean his heart from her, amid the scenes and novelties of some distant land, where he would neither see her or hear from her—and doubtless, thus deeming he might forget his unavailing passion.

"His departure had a great effect upon Miss Hamilton's feelings, for she felt that he was driven away by wretchedness to seek relief from utter despair. And she also grieved deeply for his absence, though she deemed it was all ordered for the best, and, therefore, placed implicit reliance in this assurance of faith, while she strove to bear her sorrow with meek resignation. There were still some hopes faintly flickering within her breast, that through the goodness of a bountiful Providence a change would overtake the blind wilfulness of his stubborn heart, and then he would return again to woo her, and not in vain. Yet such a hope seemed too blissful to be cherished, for she feared his eyes might never be opened to a knowledge of their blindness, except through the merciful interposition of the God whom he denied. Whither was his destination she knew not, or when to look for his return again; for he left her, as well as his friends, unexpectedly, and in doubt even as to his perfect soundness of mind.

"During the absence of Perry, other suitors came forward and aspired to the honor of her hand, for her loveliness and many estimable qualities, rendered her a prize worth seeking in the opinion of every one who knew her, while her amiable fascinations and sweetness of disposition captivated the hearts of all who came within the sphere of her attractions. Yet she never sought for conquest, but strove ever to avoid giving the slightest encouragement to the hopes which her unaffected kindness of manner could not help but enkindle. And when impelled forward by the strength of their passion, her admirers ventured, in spite of discouragement, to unbosom their feelings and sue for her favor—though they were sometimes earnestly seconded by her beloved parents, she could not yield her consent, but was firm, though kind in her steadfast affection for him to whom she had given her true heart fully and irrevocably.

"It was nearly three years afterward, when she heard of him for the first time since his departure, and then news came that he was on his return home; and with it came also a rumor that he had, during his absence, been awakened to the divine truths of that gospel he hitherto disavowed, and was at length convinced of the errors under which he had so long labored. These were glad tidings to Charlotte, for she had long mourned him as lost to her forever, and they re-animated the hopes that for a time lay dormant within her breast. If he was still constant—and she could not doubt it—there existed now no obstacle to their union—no impediment in the way of their future happiness. How sweet was the reflection that bright days were yet in store for her, after such a long continuance of clouds and darkness! and how dear were her anticipations of the blissful communions they might hereafter enjoy while heart beat responsive to heart with the same pure and holy rapture, allied to the exquisite thrillings of requited affection. Those only who have had their dearest hopes, after lying cold and inanimate for years, as if lost and dead, suddenly re-illumined with an unexpected turn of fortune, can imagine or realize the wild excitement which seized upon her; she seemed almost beside herself in the extravagance of her delight as she thought upon the double gratification his return would afford her. There was ecstasy in the fond anticipation of hearing him, who had so often profaned the name of his omnipotent Creator, acknowledge that He, in his divine mercy, had deigned to interpose his grace in behalf of a rebel and outcast, and had blessed him with a change of heart. And as he would say this, he might, perchance, also add, in those sweet, low tones of passion to which she had often

delightedly listened, that 'now, dearest, the obstacle no more exists which hitherto debarred our union, and we can be happy as you wished.' How this great change had been effected with him she heard not; but she hoped and did not doubt that it was permanent and sincere, for she knew him too well to deem that he could stoop to deceive, even where his dearest desires were centered.

"He came, Charles, but with him came also one who enjoyed the delights which Charlotte had so fondly anticipated. This was a bitter disappointment to her glowing hopes, and the fearful revulsion that acted upon them nearly blighted the heart that cherished as pure and devoted a passion as ever warmed a maiden's breast. He came, and introduced to her with apparent indifference, while his eye could but mark the deep and intense thrillings which agitated her, as his wife a fair daughter of the sunny south, in which clime he had for so long sojourned. His wife! the sound of that word rang in her ears as the death knell of all her hopes, but so strong was her trust in his love and faith that she could hardly believe the evidence of her own senses. Yet she had no claim upon his constancy; he never promised to be faithful—she had never requested him—nor could it have been expected he would prove so, for he had been driven forth in despair of ever obtaining his wishes, as he then imagined the obstacle between them was insurmountable.

"But after the first shock of her cruel disappointment was over, she strove calmly with her feelings, and bore up against her sorrows. The consolations of her faith sustained her, and applied a healing balm to the wounds of the heart which 'bleeds longest, and but heals to wear that which disfigures it.' There still was pleasure in the knowledge and reflection that he had forsaken the ranks of sin and rebellion, and was at length enrolled under the banner of the cross; and she felt that the prayers she had unremittedly offered at the throne of grace in his behalf, were not heard unheeded, but blessed with triumph.

"In their subsequent intercourse, however, the indifference with which he at first greeted her melted quickly away, and he seemed to regard her as still being very dear to him, though they both avoided all appearance of aught save common friendship. But they could not deceive each other. Love will betray itself, though the midnight darkness of despair may strive to hide it from sight—though it may be securely buried in the inmost recess of the heart, still its thrillings will be felt and known in every throb of the vital current which issues therefrom. Yet there was a confidence on the part of Charlotte, from his married state, which did not seem to render it necessary for her to shun his society, for she felt that she could control her own feelings, and his were under a restraint which he could not disregard. Why he married when his heart went not with his hand was scarcely understood by her, yet such things were of too common occurrence to excite in any great degree her especial wonder.

"One evening, not long after his return, he called upon her when she was alone, and they sat together for some time conversing upon subjects of a general nature, until Perry, to appearance, casually introduced a reflection upon their past intimacy. On the instant a change seemed to operate simultaneously over both, though with different effects upon either. The one was agitated with the trepidation of anxiety and fear, that thoughts might be awakened which would prove painful and distressing to themselves; while the other was burning with the fire of that passion he had long endeavored to smother; but which was now on the point of bursting forth as with the power of a volcanic eruption. Each struggled with their emotions for a time without speaking, till at length Perry suddenly broke the silence by exclaiming, in a voice that betrayed the deep intensity of his feelings—

"'It is in vain, aye, more than vain, to attempt to stifle that flame which will consume me, if still pent up within my bosom. Charlotte, *dear* Charlotte, do not turn from me; but listen. I have, believe me, striven with my utmost powers with the unconquerable passion of my heart, but it still burns fiercer than ever. What *can* I do? Oh! how can I bear up against it?'

"'Avoid me!' she replied, with an unnatural tone of calmness, 'shun me forever, and pray, Edward, for strength from on high to overcome the evil which afflicts you!'

"'It is in vain!' he returned with intense feeling, 'my prayer would not be answered!'

"'You know not that, Edward! but at all events you must shun my presence!'

"'How can I do even this? and what will it avail me? Have I not tried for three long weary years of wretchedness and despair, and unsuccessfully? I may flee from your presence; but you are never absent from my thoughts, and wherever I wander it is still the same.'

"Charlotte could make no answer to this impassioned speech, for she was too powerfully agitated to give utterance to her thoughts, and he continued—

"'And you are not changed, dear Charlotte! you still love me? Is it not so, dearest? and you will yet be mine?'

"'Sir!' she exclaimed in astonishment, 'what mean you? Remember yourself, Edward Perry! Think upon your wife and your position!'

"'Wife!' he returned, forgetting himself in the torrent of his passion, '*I have no wife!* Who could ever be my *wife* save *one?* and she is cold and cruel to me. Do not mock me, Charlotte!'

"For a moment she was speechless with astonishment, and gazed at him with a vacant stare, while his

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glance cowered beneath hers, and the blush of guilt burnt deeply over his face.

"'Do not *you* mock me, sir!' at length she replied with all the stern energy of her nature.

"'I do not. It is true what I have rashly betrayed!'

"'Then who, sir, is she whom you call your wife?'

"'She knows not the title!'

"'Forgive him Heaven!' was the scarce audible prayer she murmured, while she raised her eyes with an imploring expression of astonishment toward the sky.

"For a few minutes neither spoke, and both seemed waiting with painful anxiety, for the other to proceed. Charlotte broke the silence.

"'Listen to me, Perry, for a few moments, and these will be the last words I shall ever say to you upon the subject. You have long known how dearly I loved, and you have fully understood also the reason why we could not be united; and now do you come to me with deceit and infamy added to your error, with the hope to win me? Insulting, degenerate mân! have you no respect for one whom you profess so passionately to love? Does this evince the purity of your affection? Is *this* the *change* that has been effected within your heart? Degraded man! crouch down, and crave humbly for pardon and mercy from Him you have so wickedly defied; for it is not me alone you have striven to deceive; and may He, in his infinite goodness, forgive you. Go, sir, leave me; and know that from henceforth I banish every thought of you from my breast forever!'

"He turned away from before her just anger, awed and unable to reply; yet ere he reached the door, she called to him in a voice husky with intense emotion, to come back and pray with her for divine mercy. But he heeded her not, for his heart was too deeply oppressed with shame at her reproaches, and he left her to struggle with the deep and painful grief of her soul, which was so powerful as to overcome, for a time, the weakness of her physical nature. But she shortly recovered, and is now doubtless much happier than she would have been, had she married with Edward Perry, or with one whom she did not love."

"And what become of Perry? Is he an old bachelor?"

"He was struck with remorse by Charlotte's last words to him, and ultimately became a better man. He married her whom he had estranged from the paths of virtue, as an atonement in part for the sins he had committed; and strives now to act a wiser part than that which degraded him heretofore. The deceit which he attempted to practice upon her whom he loved, overreached itself, for in endeavoring to incite regret in her breast at his supposed marriage with another, he found himself incapable of sustaining the fictitious part he had thought proper to enact."

THE JEWESS AND THE CHRISTIAN.

BY J. T. EVANS.

CHAPTER I.

He who has travelled on the high road of Lusa, cannot but have remarked that in the midst of that species of gulph that opens on the right side of Mount Cenis, there are erected some few very small cottages, thatched with straw, and that look so tiny and so frail, that they seem to tremble when exposed to the rude blasts of the north wind. It may be affirmed, that in the spot where they are located, the sun never gilds the rocks with his rays, and that the only appearance of animation that is given to the scene is that conveyed by the dull monotonous brawling of a brook, that seems to be enclosed in the mountains, and with difficulty forces its way into the lower regions of the plain. The ice and the snow constitute the sole covering of these steep rocks, and the barren earth is more ungrateful to the tiller than the rugged lands of Switzerland. It is desolate, but there is about it not one single feature of grandeur; it affrights the spectator, but does not fill his mind with awe. Such is the Novelese.

It was upon a certain evening in the year ——, that there were observed upon one of the narrow and steep paths of the Novelese, two mules; they advanced with apparent difficulty. There was seated upon one of them a very old man, and in his looks might be remarked the pleasure with which he contemplated the barren prospect that was before him. Its sterility did not affright him by its wildness, and desolation seemed to be an enjoyment to him. Upon the other mule, there was a very young maiden, clothed in white, and whose limbs seemed to be frozen by the cold and bitter blasts that she encountered. She cast no glance around her; she seemed to be a stranger to the country through which she was passing, and its novelty had evidently no charms for her. These two were preceded by one individual, who was clad like a rustic, and over whose shoulders were cast the rough skin of a bear. Just as the travellers appeared, dark and reddish clouds covered Mount Cenis, and at the same time, a thin cold rain began to fall. The mules continued to advance, and their sweet-sounding bells were heard, until, at length, they stopped before a cottage, from which there soon issued an old woman, supported on the arm of a strong and athletic mountaineer. The old man then alighted, and he instantly went to help the maiden from her mule. The delicate creature was so exhausted, either by grief, or so transfixed by cold, that she could not move from her pillion, and they had to carry her in their arms, into the cottage.

"Rachel!" exclaimed the old man, "Rachel, my daughter, thou art now suffering; but the Lord will have mercy on thee. Hath he not delivered us out of the hands of Pharoah? Hath he not given us to drink of fresh water, even in the arid sands of the desert? I have saved thee, thee, my beloved one, from the snares of Ammon. Lift up, then, thy head, thou child of Israel."

The maiden made no answer; but she turned her eyes from the brook to the high summit of the Alps, and shuddering, affrighted, panting with grief, she showed in her look, and in her attitude, that she was about to fall into a paroxysm of despair; but then, in a moment afterward, an idea, as if it were vague, obscure, and half-formed, seemed to come to her mind; it warmed her cheeks with blushes; her eyes shot forth brilliant glances; and her soft, low, and musical voice pronounced the single word, "Louis." It was uttered with a charm so ineffable, that as the Jew listened to it, his hands were clenched as if in agony, and the hoarse growl of despair was heard to issue from his lips, as if torture alone had forced it from his heart.

In the small cottage, which had received the Jew and Jewess as guests, there might be observed an air of the greatest neatness. Two lovely infants played close to the fire, and, as they did so, they eagerly tried to bring warmth into the limbs of the hapless Rachel. Her father, Solomon, took the young mountaineer to a dark recess in the cottage, and then the two were seen to converse in whispers for a very long time.

The remainder of the day was passed in sighs, in tears, in counsels, in expostulations. The wild air of the rough mountaineer contrasted strongly with the appearance of all else that was in the cottage; and it might be noticed, that every time the harsh tones of the mountaineer's voice were heard, a cold shivering made the white robes of Rachel tremble, as if the wind had blown upon them.

The last rays of the sun had already cast a crown of gold upon the pinnacle of Mount Cenis, when Solomon Levi again disappeared in the passes of the Novelese, for the purpose of proceeding to Susa, from which conveyances can easily be procured to Turin.

CHAPTER II.

Already a cruel month of feverish expectation had passed away. It was gone before Louis, who loved the Jewish maiden so dearly, and by whom he was as tenderly beloved, could discover her retreat. He had, however, discovered the neighborhood in which she was concealed; and, in order that his absence might not be remarked, he had stated to his attendants, that he intended for a few days to sport in the mountains. He set out then one fine morning, with his fowling piece in proper order, and his horn well filled, and followed by two of his dogs. It is not necessary to

say, what was the direction that he took, or what his thoughts, his hopes, his desires, and his wishes.

During that month—the month in which he was searching for her—how many days were there not of slow and cruel agony for Rachel! She, alas! had fallen into that species of paroxysm that, little by little, is sure to undermine health, and, eventually to destroy life. How often had the echo of these Cis-Alpine rocks repeated the beloved name of "Louis!" How often might the unfortunate maiden be seen, her hair scattered in disorder, and leaning as if from the summit of the mountain, and measuring with a haggard eye those abysses that Nature has dug out, as if they were so many vast graves yawning to engulph her?

Antonio, for thus was the mountaineer named, was, as if it were by a species of enchantment, always to be found near her, even in the moment of her greatest despair, and her most bitter sorrow. He placed himself between Rachel and every precipice that was beside her path; and then, looking at her, his hands clasped together, he seemed to supplicate her to live, and by a sort of smile which he gathered upon his lips, he appeared anxious to remove from his face all that was lowering, and to put off those fearful impressions that his coarse and savage voice were likely to excite. There was in the man something so strange, that it was easy to comprehend that some emotion stronger than that of of pity characterised his conduct. Reared in the midst of the Alps, he had dreamed more than once of that happiness that steals on the soul, when one gazes in the face, and looks into the eyes of a beautiful maiden. He now felt it, but he dared not to tell to Rachel what were his feelings.

How could he, so low, so foul, so base, and so obscure, presume to look up to the loveliness and the brightness that invested her, and that followed in her footsteps; her beauty that, in such a situation, rose, like a resplendent vapor, from a dark, dark valley. But then, if he could not give free vent to his love, he could, at least indulge, in all its energy, and with all its strength, the hatred of the Jew against Louis. He cursed Louis; he hated the very thought of Louis; and when that dreaded, detested name was uttered by the lips of Rachel, then did his horny hand grasp, with a firm, deadly gripe, the dagger fastened in his belt.

Solomon had charged this man to watch Rachel attentively; and the manner in which he executed this duty, showed that there was a stronger motive for his conduct than the mere desire to please the father. The state of the young girl gradually became worse; her sufferings daily were greater; and her heart was so full, that even the tears that she shed could bring to her no consolation, and in no wise assuage her sorrows. Like unto bodies deprived of life, and submitted to the voltaic battery, there was no pensive electricity to her, excepting one—the name of the Christian that she adored. To her every thing else was a mass of confusion—senseless, charmless, graceless, cold, cold as ice. Already consumption, that disease as cruel and remorseless as it is insidious, had seized upon her, when Solomon, one day, came to tell her of the death of her mother, her excellent, her affectionate, her beloved mother; and yet, she remained, on hearing this, like to one who has been stricken by a thunder-bolt; broken down—nerveless—her eyelids drawn back—her breath stopped, and incapable of uttering a single word. The Jew wept as he clasped her to his heart; he endeavored, but in vain, to reanimate her scattered spirits. He would have sacrificed all his fortune to save her from this frightful lethargy; but he would sooner have followed her bier, than wed her to a Christian. The hatred of fanaticism has no pity, no sensibility, no feeling, no remorse.

Time thus passed away, when, one fine evening, Rachel, sad and silent, walked along a narrow path that leads to the mountain of the Three-Lances. She had just reached a mass of shapeless marble, which witnessed the passage of the Alps, by Hannibal, when she suddenly stopped, and, raising her eyes to Heaven, she murmured forth sounds, that though they might be said to be inarticulate, still betrayed what was the secret of her heart. The hoise made by the crackling of some wild plants, as they were crushed beneath the feet of some traveller, first drew her from the meditation in which she was plunged. She looked—a piercing cry came from her lips—she could not move—she had to lean for support against the block of marble. Louis the Christian was at the feet of the Jewish maiden.

How can one draw an exact picture of that interview? It was on the one side, as on the other, joy, the very delirium of delight, the intoxication of supreme happiness. There were questions without end, and there were answers that were perfectly incoherent. They were insane with love, and it was necessary for both to resay a thousand times that which both had a thousand times before repeated.

The moon had already begun to shed its beams through the thick foliage of the old oaks, and Rachel had not yet returned to the cottage! The mountaineer stood at the cottage door, and called her; but he called in vain. Never before that evening had she failed to answer him. He felt this, and then he bethought himself of the orders of the Jew, and of the fears which the father had expressed in their last interview. Instantly he determined to go in search of her.

Armed, according to the custom of the mountaineers of the Novelese, with a broad cutlass, he bounded over the rocky torrent, and he climbed the ascent of the Three Lances, with all the agility of a chamois-hunter. The only thing that broke the silence that reigned around him was the rustling of the branches as he rushed along.

It was not until he had traversed a large portion of the mountain, that he thought he heard the sound of voices, mingled with sighs. Then, and not till then, his pace was stealthy. He proceeded silently, and at last he was able to see that Rachel was not alone.

The dogs of Louis started up suddenly, and their loud and vehement barking could be heard far and near.

The two lovers, absorbed alike in their sorrow and their affection, seemed to be ignorant of all that was passing around them, when the mountaineer, who had contrived to conceal himself behind the block of marble, suddenly appeared, and, it could be seen, foaming with rage, while his right hand brandished his cutlass, which he presented at the breast of Louis. A frightful struggle took place. Louis in vain endeavored to make use of his fowling-piece; it was held by a more vigorous hand than his own, and, as he sought to free it from the grasp of the savage, he felt that he was wounded in the breast. He writhed with pain, and as he did so, the mountaineer's brawny arms grasped him as if he were a child, and bearing him to the edge of a deep abyss, hurled him down, the body crashing, crackling, and bursting, as it descended!

Rachel, clinging to the Mountaineer with all the energy that despair can give to weakness, sought also to precipitate herself into the gulph; but drawn back by the vigorous gripe of her lover's executioner, she was flung upon the bare face of the rock.

In a few moments afterward, nought could be heard near the place where the lovers had met, but the howling of the dogs as they scented the blood of Louis.

CHAPTER III.

It was in the middle of the month of November in the same year ——, in which the transactions already detailed took place, that the Lords of Savoy were summoned by order of his Majesty, the King of Sardinia, to examine into a case of great importance. It was in November that these senatorial Lords were to be seen seated upon their thrones of crimson velvet, whilst there was brought before them Solomon Levi, the Jew, accused of the wilful murder of the Count Louis.

These senatorial Lords seemed alike to forget their character as Christians and as judges, when they beheld the unhappy Jew, heavily ironed before them. It was indignation alone that animated them when they gazed upon the Israelite surrounded by his guards, and, by a sad combination of human prejudices, even the crowd that was collected in the Court, shuddered as the unhappy man passed through them, as if there were contamination in misfortune, and that a difference of creed could justify the obliteration of all traces of humanity. The accused was more calm, more cool, and more collected, than his judges, his accusors, or the auditory. He had that calmness that results from innocence and resignation.

Unfortunately for the Jew, he had arrived at the cottage, in which he sought a retreat for his daughter, upon the very evening that her lover Louis had been assassinated. Rachel, who had been carried thither by the fierce mountaineer, could not, when she arrived, recognise her father. She had lost her reason, and with it, the remembrance of the past. The Jew, however, observed that there were some drops of blood upon her dress, and, driven to despair, he asked what had occasioned this unlooked-for misfortune. The assassin stuttered out an explanation, namely, that he had found Rachel stretched at the foot of a rock, and at the same moment, he had remarked a hunter, who fled away through the passes of the mountain.

"Ah!" cried the Jew, "it was Louis—Louis, who must have discovered where I had hidden her, as I thought, from his sight:" and saying this, he turned to his daughter, and exclaimed, "Daughter of Jerusalem—gentle flower, whose tender head had been struck down by the tempest. I thought to have preserved thee pure from the Christian; I thought to have placed thee here as in a promised land, where thou mightest be saved from the hands of Pharaoh——." But he could not continue, so much was his soul afflicted by the cruel spectacle that he gazed upon. All that night he watched by the pillow of his daughter, and aided in his cares by the ancient female cottager. The mountaineer, on the contrary, hid himself in a corner of a cottage, keeping his blood-stained countenance carefully concealed beneath his cloak.

The next day Rachel had, in some degree, recovered her strength, and she was immediately removed to Susa, where the most watchful and tender cares were bestowed upon her. The same day, a shepherd, who was passing along the stream, discovered the dead body of Louis. It was frightfully disfigured from the fall; two dogs were resting beside it—the one seemed to be watching the first fatal wound that had been inflicted on his master, while the other was nestling close to that face, to which hitherto it had looked up with affection, and that had always repaid it with smiles.

In a few days afterward, the Hebrew was arrested at Susa, and he was dragged from the arms of his daughter to be plunged into the dark cells of the senatorial prison. Many attempts were made upon the Jew to induce him to avow his guilt; but he withstood them with a firmness in which innocence when subjected to the agonies of the torture has often been found wanting.

At length, the Jew was taken from his prison to go through the forms of a trial, and to find that for one of his tribe there is no mercy. The sentence of the judges was already determined upon, although the proofs were defective, and the witnesses could state nothing certain.

All had been determined, even though Rachel was not yet able to utter a single word, and that her distraction was a negative proof of the innocence of her father. Her presence, however, in the Court was deemed necessary; and she, too, was brought to the bar to assist at this last sacrifice to injustice. At length, she appeared, and then pity—which seemed to have fled from the hearts of all—took possession of them, and asserted her supremacy. A murmur of compassion accompanied her on her way from the prison cell to the court-house. To look at her, so innocent, so pure, so completely thoughtless of self, and, dressed, as she was, she looked in her white robes, contrasted with the blood-red robes of her judges, like an angel in the midst of the flames of purgatory. The change produced by this apparition was terrible. The hapless Jew made a movement, as if he would approach to her, but the chains—the cruel chains—with which his arms were bound, would not permit him to open them, in order that he might clasp his child—his dear, his only child to his heart. He could not kiss his daughter, but his groans could be heard by every one.

She was asked several questions, but to none did she give any answer. She only waved her hands, and made some unintelligible motions with her fingers.

The judges then consulted for a moment, and the president arose to declare that they awarded the punishment of death to Solomon Levi, as one guilty of the wilful and deliberate murder of the Count Louis. Even as the sentence was pronounced, a noise was heard at the lower end of the court-house. Rachel shrieked, and then, with one bound, she was in the midst of the spectators, holding, as it were, with a grasp of iron, the mountaineer, who made many efforts to flee, and to disengage himself from her grasp.

"Here!" she shrieked out, "here—here is the assassin of the Count Louis—of *my* Louis! Ah, what has happened to me, wretched girl that I am? Methinks, I still see the dagger that this monster plunged into the heart of my beloved! I see the ruffian enclose my Louis in the embrace of death! I see the villain bear him toward the precipice! My Louis disappears,—and, now, all is darkness—all is obscurity—all is horror! My Louis fought valiantly, but this wretch—this miscreant—this tiger—drank his blood——." And as she uttered these words, the Jewess was seized with the convulsions of death. She fell in the midst of the crowded court. She lay stretched before the eyes of all, lovely, beautiful, but as destitute of all the powers of vitality as the full ear of corn that the sickle has just stricken down. When they raised her from the pavement, their hands were cumbered with a corpse.

On the first of January, in the year ——, there was a large crowd collected around the principal gate of the city, for before it were erected two gibbets—one was for the Jew, and the other for the mountaineer.

KATE BENTLEY.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"Why do you flirt with Alfred?" said Emma Glendroy to her beautiful friend as they sat one afternoon at the house of the former.

"What a question!" replied her companion, "and how on earth could it have come into your head? Here we have sat for half an hour, without a word being spoken, and just when I thought you were lost in abstraction you look up and ask me why I flirt with Alfred," and Kate Bentley laughed merrily.

"But that is not answering my question. Why do you flirt with Mr. Townsend?"

"Oh! since you will have an answer, it's because I like to tease the dear man. What's the use of being young and called pretty without one can worry the beaux?"

"But surely, Kate, you would not thus treat the man you intend to marry?"

"And who, my dear little preacher, said I was going to marry Mr. Townsend? Surely I never said so——"

"No, Kate, I admit that; but then you *know* you think more of him than of any one else—for *that* you can't conceal from one who knows you as intimately as I do."

"Pshaw! But suppose I do, what then? Can't one torment a man before marriage?—we all have to be teased enough after it. I take my revenge beforehand, and, even if I loved Mr. Townsend, I should plague him wofully before I consented to have him. But what have you seen in my conduct toward the gentleman that induces you to say I flirt with him?"

"Listen to me, Kate," said her companion. "Every body knows that Alfred loves you—his attentions are so marked that they cannot be mistaken—and your friends give you the credit to believe that you feel his worth," —here Kate looked laughingly at her companion, who paused and added—"at least do not despise him. You certainly, at times, give him encouragement such as no lady ought to bestow on a gentleman she would not be willing to marry. But, at other times, you are as cold as an icicle. Again you smile on him; and then you flirt with others. Now, as you know that Mr. Townsend is serious, you ought, if you intend to marry him, at once to cease torturing him; but, if you find you cannot love him, then it becomes your duty to shew him, with all maidenly reserve, but still in a decided manner, that his suit is hopeless. Condemn him, dear Kate, at once to despair, or else scorn further trifling with the man you love. But to smile on him to-day only to frown on him to-morrow, is—disguise it as you will—the part of a heartless flirt."

Kate's color had come and gone more than once during this plain address, and her companion had trembled at every word lest she should give offence by what she felt bound to utter. But when Miss Glendroy had finished, Kate remained a moment silent, and then, rising up, she said, with a merry laugh,

"Well, however, you deserve a medal. Really you preach better than nine-tenths of the modest young men one hears in a pulpit. Surely aunt Mary must be right in saying that you lost your heart to the handsome young minister at the Springs last year—and I suppose you are practising on your friends in the way of exhortation in order to be *au fait* at the business when you become the Rev. Mrs. Newall, and have to hold forth monthly to the Sunday School. Isn't it so, my pretty preacher?" and Kate put both her hands on Emma's brow, and looked into her eyes until the fair girl blushed in spite of herself. The conversation was not resumed, for the tide had been turned; and Miss Glendroy's well meant expostulation was, as she thought, forgotten.

But it was not so. Kate Bentley, although a gay, wilful creature, had a good heart, and her companion's strictures made an impression on her which she was not willing to admit. Kate's character was a striking one. Pride was one of her dominant faults. She had moreover a constant flow of spirits, was young, beautiful, and witty. She was courted and caressed by all. She was naturally, therefore, wilful; and perhaps too much given to what she had thoughtlessly considered innocent flirtations.

A few days after this conversation a ball occurred, whose projected magnificence had been the theme of conversation for several weeks. Kate was the belle of the night. Never had her wit seemed more sprightly or her beauty more dazzling. Admiration attended on her every movement. In spite of the resolutions she had formed, after parting from Emma Glendroy, she gave way to her old habit of flirtation, not only dancing with every suitor for that honor, but showering her smiles freely around. Her lover saw this with renewed pain, for although he worshipped Kate almost to idolatry, he was not blind to her faults. He knew she had many good qualities, and he had trusted that time would teach her the folly of her errors. But, on this evening, he almost despaired. He saw her practising all the arts of coquetry merely for the gratification of the passing hour —smiling on those to whom to-morrow she would not deign a look—endeavoring to lure admirers to her shrine only that she might make a sport of their devotion. Townsend could not restrain himself, when he accompanied her homeward, from expressing how deeply his feelings had been hurt. From Kate's conduct toward him, especially during the last few days, he was led to believe that he was not wholly indifferent to her, and

he felt it to be his duty to speak to her frankly on the consequences of such conduct. Kate heard him out in silence; but the color faded and deepened constantly on her cheek as he spoke, although, by leaning back in a corner of the carriage, she concealed her countenance. At length she answered him, and her tone was cold and haughty, for her pride was aroused.

"Indeed, Mr. Townsend, you take a liberty which I shall allow to no gentleman, however acceptable he may think," and she emphasised the word in bitter scorn, "he may have made himself to me. For my conduct I am accountable to myself only—those who do not like it, need not seek my acquaintance."

A sigh from her companion was her only answer, and the next instant the carriage stopped. Without a word her lover handed her out. Already Kate began to repent what she had said, but pride checked her from retracting it. Coldly Alfred bowed to her, and coldly Kate curtsied in reply; and then she passed into the house determined angrily never again to behold her lover. But, in a minute afterward she hurried to her room, where she burst into tears. They were tears of mingled regret and passion.

When Kate awoke the next morning her first thought was of her conduct toward her lover the night before. She felt that she was wrong. Her pride had passed away, and she determined, when her lover called, to shew her penitence by her conduct, and if he alluded to it, frankly to own her error.

But Alfred had received a shock such as he could not speedily forget. He had borne with Kate long, but her bitter scorn of his advice, on the preceding evening, had finally convinced him that her errors were incurable. He resolved never again to enter the presence of one who had spurned every well meant effort for her reformation. He had flattered himself that what he said would be listened to kindly—alas! how had he been deceived.

All that day, and all the ensuing day Kate watched for his coming, until at length her anxiety became nearly insupportable, and her heart fluttered whenever the bell was rung. Still Alfred came not. And when, on the third day, Kate heard that he had left the city for the south, where he expected to remain several months, she felt that it was to avoid her presence that he had gone. Never, before that hour, was she fully aware of the depth of her love for Alfred. So long as he had been her worshipper, and ever, as it were, in her presence, she had been unconscious of his worth, slighting his delicate attentions, and wringing his noble heart with her thoughtless coquetry. But now he was gone, and forever! This conviction was insupportable to the penitent girl, and she fell into a violent illness, which led her to the very brink of the grave. Her pride was now wholly gone. Oh! what would she not have given to have been able to ask forgiveness of him she had so deeply wronged.

Kate rose from her sick couch an altered being. She was still beautiful; many thought more beautiful than ever; for her countenance now wore a sad, sweet expression, such as it never had in her happier days—an expression which irresistibly interested the beholder in her. Few knew the cause of her illness, and she soon had as many admirers as ever. But no one now charged Kate with coquetry. Firmly but kindly she declined every offer that was made to her; while the time which she once devoted to pleasure was now surrendered to the poor, or to the improvement of her mind.

Two years had passed ere Alfred Townsend found himself once more in his native city. One of the first persons he met was an old friend.

"A hearty welcome to you, Townsend," said his friend, fervently grasping his hand, "why, you 've been absent so long that, I 'm afraid, you 've almost forgotten us. There have been some changes among us since you went away, as you may suppose; but we 'll be none the less glad to welcome you back. There 's Harry Smith, and Norton, and Beaufort all married, and I myself am about to become a Benedict. I am very glad you 've returned, for I was wishing to-day that I had you here to wait on me."

Alfred bowed and expressed the happiness he should have in being of any service to his friend, who continued,

"But you little dream who is to be my bride. You recollect Emma Glendroy?"

"Is she your affianced? Then let me congratulate you on having won the sweetest and most amiable of all our old acquaintance."

"Emma will thank you for the compliment," said his friend, "but she will be sure to demur to it. Nor can I say but what she will have some truth on her side, although certainly *I* can 't be expected to admit that there is any one more amiable than my sweet girl."

"But surely there is no rival to Emma—why we used to call her, by general consent, the loveliest of the set in which we moved? I know of no one even approaching to her."

"But I do."

"Surely you jest, or my memory betrays me. Who do you mean?"

"Why, who but Kate Bentley, the most amiable and best of girls."

Alfred had nearly betrayed himself, but checking his emotions, he said, as calmly as he could,

"Kate Bentley!—she was, when I went away, a spoiled coquette. Witty, beautiful, and flattered, she was the very antithesis to lovely and amiable."

"It may have been—she certainly was very different when she was young, but now—as you will say on seeing her—she is the sweetest of girls. By the bye she

is to be bridesmaid to Emma, and I cannot pay you a higher compliment than to assign you Kate as a partner."

Alfred could not refuse, after having accepted the invitation, and besides, since his friend seemed ignorant of his former love for Kate, he determined to do nothing that might betray him. He felt too by the flutter of his heart that his love for Kate was not wholly eradicated, and he asked himself "if she is really so changed may we not yet be happy?" Nor will we deny that the fancy, that his abrupt departure may have had some influence in bringing about this reformation, rose up before his mind.

"I have brought you a new beau, Kate," said Emma's betrothed, as he entered the room where the two girls were sitting, "or rather an old one, come to life. Moreover, I have asked him to be your partner at my wedding —have I done right?"

"Oh! yes," said Kate smiling, and little expecting the answer, she added, "but who is he?"

"As noble a fellow as ever breathed. You know him well, Emma—Alfred Townsend."

The blood rushed to Kate's very brow, and she felt her senses reeling; but making a powerful effort to command her feelings, she rose and would have left the room.

"Are you ill, Kate?" said Emma's unthinking lover, but at a glance from his affianced bride he was suddenly silent. Kate rushed from the room followed by Miss Glendroy, and as soon as the door was closed, the overwrought girl fell weeping into her friend's arms.

The next day Alfred, who had learnt all, was at Kate's feet begging forgiveness for the past; but the sweet girl took all the blame on herself, and said it was she who ought to be penitent.

"Let us forget the past then, dearest," said he, "and look only to the future."

And Kate answered, smiling through her tears!

KATE LLEWELLYN.

BY H. SYMMES.

Situated in one of the most picturesque counties of Wales, Glyndervin was deservedly admired for the splendor of its mansion, and the beauty of the scenery by which it was surrounded. Commanding an extensive view of finely-grouped mountains, a broad, winding river, and rich woodlands, it also possessed unequalled charms in the luxuriance of its shrubberies, the gaiety of its gardens, and the endless variety of graceful trees, which intermingled their varied foliage in all the matchless loveliness of nature. The house was of the Italian style of architecture, adorned with numerous terraces, bright fountains, costly marbles, and all the tasteful decoration peculiar to that style.

The period at which our tale commences was a bright evening in the May of 18—, when the beauty of the landscape was heightened by the brilliant glow of the setting sun, which "bathed in a flood of light" mountain, valley, wood, and water; and the rich melodies of the songsters of the wood, as they warbled forth their evening hymn, charmed the ear, and added fresh beauties to the inanimate objects. It was, indeed, a scene calculated to inspire all those who looked upon it with feelings of happiness, such as are derived from the contemplation of the glories of nature, and which, whether clad in smiles or frowns, cannot fail to elevate the mind of man, and inspire it with holy admiration and sacred thoughts.

Joyous as nature was around Glyndervin, and calculated as it was to fix the attention of all within her reach, there were two persons seated at the open window of the mansion who seemed unconscious of the beauty by which they were surrounded. A settled melancholy sat upon their features, and their eyes were directed upon the form of a fair girl, who lay on a couch between them. The elder of the two was a lady of perhaps some fifty years, though sorrow and care had stamped upon her fine countenance the furrows of many more; and the present expression of grief was only equalled by the settled melancholy of the lovely girl, who with herself was watching the pale face of the fragile being beside them. What a contrast to the joy and beauty of the scene without! The beauty of the flowers, that filled the room with their sweetness, the melody of the birds, all were unseen, unheeded, by those sad watchers. Every sense, every feeling, seemed concentrated in that form, so delicate, so fragile, so fair, so motionless, you would have thought it the spiritless body of an angel, did not the bright though pensive expression that lighted up the heaven-directed face show that a spirit that owned more of heaven than earth dwelt there; nor did she seem insensible to those objects which her companions did not heed: for the bright eyes wandered from flower to flower, from hill to dale, and a tear trembled on the lid: an offering, perhaps, to those past days, when she, so young, and bright, and joyous, bounded among the flowers with the butterflies, and made the woods resound with the silver tones of her merry voice—but it died in its beauty, as again they were upturned to the blue sky above, with a smile so sweet, so lovely—oh! it was too bright for earth!

The elder lady's sadness seemed to lighten, as she whispered,

"Does the air refresh you, dearest?"

"Yes, dear mother, thank you," was the only answer.

Soon after, they wished to remove her from the chilliness of the evening; but that fair young girl prayed to remain, to watch the dying glories of the King of Light; and as she lay upon her couch, one of the songsters of the wood left his companions in the grove, and, flying into the window, stationed himself unabashed upon the ground, and pouring forth a gush of melody, soft yet rich, flew gently out again, and perched upon the window sill, singing still. What chord did the young bird strike in that sad, aching heart? Why was that fragile form borne, senseless, away in her mother's arms?

Three years before, Kate Llewellyn had entered upon the world a lovely, bright, and joyous girl; worshipped in society for her beauty and accomplishments; adored at home for her amiability, her gentleness, her goodness. The idol of the poor, her chief delight was to visit their humble dwellings, and relieve with a generous hand and kind voice their bodily and mental cares; and fully was her attention repaid by the welcome that ever greeted her appearance. The children would leave their play to gain a smile from kind Miss Kate; and not one of all those motley groups but had a word of kindness, or a gentle admonition, or some inquiry, from that dear Miss Kate. The aged blessed her as she passed; and by old and young, parents and children, her coming was hailed as the visit of a ministering angel. Often by the bed of sickness might she, the worshipped idol of the rich and great, be seen soothing the miseries of decaying nature, and pouring into the sick man's ear the treasures of the Book of Life. And, oh! how her rich voice grew richer, and her gentle manner more eager, as she read those lines she herself had studied so diligently.

About two years ago, Kate's own children, her adopted poor, noticed a great change come o'er their "dear young lady." The joyous smile was seen more seldom; her voice had lost its silver laugh; a shade of melancholy was upon her face, and sometimes even a tear would glisten in her soft blue eye. Various were the surmises as to the cause of this alteration. None could tell why it should be. "Perhaps she was ill." "Perhaps one of the friends she loved so well was ill." "Perhaps," said a pretty newly-married girl, "perhaps she is crossed in

love." "But no," said another, "that cannot be; for who would not be too proud to have the good and beautiful Miss Kate!" But that young girl was not far from the truth. Kate Llewellyn had bestowed all the ardor and affection of her young heart on one who had never breathed a word of love to her. A young soldier, whose merits bore a name of unblemished honor, and a character which promised to rank him among the great ones of the age; his faults, the poverty of a younger son. But, to a mind such as Kate's, there was a sympathy in this high-born spirit, and the noble bearing of this graceful form, which bespoke a frank and open heart; and though their acquaintance had been short, the impression of this, her first love, was lasting. She felt he loved her, and what happiness it was, when a letter, breathing all the honor of his high principles, and all the diffidence of his unobtrusive nature, came to her mother, craving permission to address her daughter! But how great the trial when, the first excitement over, her mother represented to her, what her own heart acknowledged to her as too true, the madness of uniting herself to one on whom she would entail a poverty hitherto unknown to him and to her. To *him!* that was the deciding point; and with the self-sacrifice which woman's love only knows, and a sense of filial obedience, she desired a refusal to be returned; and nothing reached the ears of that beloved one, until the name of Edward Dalrymple appeared in the list of departures for the Peninsular.

From that hour, the sadness that had been gradually growing upon her increased; and all the proffered wealth and titles that crowded to her feet caused not for a moment one thought treasonable to the younger son. All noticed the change, but Mrs. Llewellyn less than any; for Kate's struggles to appear the same to her mother had deceived her. In the gay world she was set down as a regular flirt; too great a coquette to marry. "But if she did not mind she would die an old maid." To Emily Melville only had Kate confided her secret; and her confidence was repaid with a friendship as devoted, as faithful, as her fond heart could wish.

One summer's evening the two friends were enjoying the beauties of the scenery. Kate was more cheerful than she had been for some time, and Emily hoped from her long silence on the past, that time had effected a salutary change. And, oh! how thankful she was! for she knew that which she had long wished to communicate; but feared to do so, dreading the effect it might produce.

Now she thought was a good opportunity; and putting her arm round Kate's neck, she said,

"How glad I am, dear Kate, that you seem to have got over the recollection of the celebrated Lieutenant; for I heard the other day that he has gained a wife as well as laurels in Spain."

But what were her feelings when Kate, starting up, threw herself upon her knees, and clasping her hands in agony, gasped out,

"Bless, bless him, and make him happy! God's will be done!" and in another instant she lay senseless on the ground.

They were far from the house, and Emily was hesitating what to do, when Kate recovered, and faltered out,

"I am better now, dearest. I can walk home;" and she added, grasping Emily's arm, "Never breathe this to mortal being, my dearest friend. It is all over now!"

The gay halls of Glyndervin looked desolate and gloomy. The servants wandered about the house with noiseless steps, whispering to each other with countenances of woe. Silence dwelt there undisturbed, save by the sobbing answers of some weeping maid to the anxious inquiries of the many poor, and aged, and infirm, who husbanded their feebleness to come and inquire for the invalid, who there laid in all the agonies of a raging fever—their own beloved Miss Kate.

There, in a room darkened with curtains and rich stuffs, whose massive draperies seemed to mock the frailty of human nature, lay the attenuated form of a fair girl, pale as marble, motionless as a statue; not a breath disturbed the stillness of those pallid lips; no sign of life was seen in the heavings of the bosom; all denoted, if not death itself, a nearer approach to it than sleep. It was indeed, the anxious, nervous, terrible crisis of a fever. The only outward proof that Death did not dwell in that chamber was the countenances of the group which surrounded the bed. On one side the doctor kept his attentive watch, his hand gently pressing the seat of life, his ear bent with profound attention to the mouth of his patient. With eyes upturned to heaven, and hands clasped in earnest supplication, knelt a white-haired old man, the venerable parish priest. Beside him also knelt a lovely girl, whose dark eyes were fixed as by fascination, on the face of her who lay so still, and nearest to the invalid, clasping her fragile hand, there half lay upon the bed, half knelt upon the ground, the woe-stricken figure of a despairing mother! What speechless agony was depicted on that countenance! Oh! would it e'er know peace again! Hour after hour that group remained unmoved and motionless, waiting the moment that human wisdom had assigned as the one which would restore to life that being they loved so fondly, or bear her to another world, and to her kindred spirits.

The time arrived. Oh! what untold agony was there accumulated! But hush! the dread stillness is broken by a song, sweet, musical, which seems to fill the air with its melody. Can it be an angel's voice, calling to their own sister to come and dwell with her? or is it the voice of mercy, that grants to earth a continuance of

her sojourn there? Hush! See! the lips move, the eyelids open! She murmurs "Mother!"

Thank heaven! the fatal hour is passed! By slow degrees the strength of Kate gradually returned, at least, if it could be said to return; for she varied fearfully, and her sweet spirit seemed to hover so uncertainly twixt life and death, that those who watched her trembled lest their very look should break the frail thread that bound mortality to immortality. But the change in Mrs. Llewellyn was almost as sad. She was so unconscious of the cause of her daughter's illness, and it burst upon her so suddenly, that no wonder was it that she became stupified, almost childish.

Emily Melville had complete control over her, and she looked upon this amiable girl as a superior being—the only creature who seemed to afford pleasure to her during her affliction. And so the mother used to sit, hour after hour, day after day, watching every shade that flitted over her child's face; and as a smile or a tear settled on it, so her own countenance imaged the expression. It was a sad sight to see those three take the same place every évening, the watchers not a whit less sorrowful, the sufferer not a whit less fragile. Emily had indeed an arduous task to perform; on her devolved the duties of the household, and the care of the two invalids, whilst her mind was unceasingly preyed upon by the torturing thought that she had been the cause of these misfortunes.

The evening after the one on which the story opens, the group was at its usual place, the same as ever, save that the countenance of the invalid was lighted up with an expression of such sweet calmness, almost cheerfulness, that seemed to her mother the harbinger of returning health; but to Emily it was the last burst of light of the expiring lamp. Yet she almost dared to hope that a change had been wrought by some unknown cause, and she was surprised at the calm manner in which she alluded in whispers to the past.

The sun was just setting behind the distant hills; it had hitherto been shrouded in dark black clouds; when suddenly their heavy masses were divided, and it poured forth its beams in one broad flood of light; the birds resumed their evening song, and the zephyrs seemed to be warmed into new life by the effulgence of the god of light. The rays fell on the watching group, and Kate, as she clasped a hand of each of her companions, said,

"I am so happy now!"

At that moment a servant entered the room, and begged Miss Melville to step out for a moment. It was very strange. No one was allowed to intrude upon the sacredness of those hours of watching. Mrs. Llewellyn looked surprised, and her astonishment did not seem decreased when Emily re-entered, her countenance as different to when she left the room, as the glorius sun was to the fragile girl. Such a mixture of hope and fear, and withal so much joy, that the woe-stricken mother started at her in amazement; though she quietly obeyed a sign from Emily, to leave her and Kate alone, and retired to the other end of the apartment.

Emily now approached the invalid with trembling step, and kneeling down took her hand between her own, and gazing in her face with such a look, as though her own life depended on the expression she there should meet, whispered in a faltering voice,

"My sweet Kate, just now you were speaking of the past, and said you should like to hear of—of *him*. Strange to say, you may now gratify your wish; for one has just called here," and her voice trembled still more, "who is acquainted with *him*. Tell me truly, dearest, do you wish, and do you feel able to see this—"

"Oh! who is it? Tell me. Let me see him directly! Oh! let me see him!" almost cried Kate, raising herself in her couch, then sinking back again, and covering her face with her hands she muttered, "Oh! God, help me in this trying hour!"

With a desperate effort Emily flew to the door, beckoned Mrs. Llewellyn back to her seat, and, ere Kate recovered from the exertion, a tall, graceful figure, wrapped in a cloak, entered the room. His head was bent upon his breast, as though bowed down with grief. One hand covered his eyes, whilst the other was placed in Emily's, who led him to the window. He removed the hand from his eyes, bowed respectfully to Mrs. Llewellyn, and, with a faltering step, approached the couch, knelt down, and taking one of the small white hands, that now hung lifelessly by her side, between his own, bent over it with the solemnity of a worshipper, and a suppressed groan issued from his lips. At that moment the cloak fell from his shoulders, and displayed to Mrs. Llewellyn's bewildered gaze the form of Edward Dalrymple. What a moment of intense anxiety was this to Emily!

Kate opened her eyes, cast one look upon the kneeling figure; her lips moved, and murmured,

"Thank God!" One second more, and she lay senseless.

Mrs. Llewellyn, scarcely heeding the oft-repeated fainting fit, was gazing from one to the other, seeming by her looks to beseech Emily to explain the mystery. But by this time another had been added to the group. A young man of commanding figure and fine countenance, who had entered the room unobserved, gently took Mrs. Llewellyn's hand, and led her from the invalid's couch. Her attention was now diverted from that all-absorbing point, and it was with an exclamation of joy that Arthur Llewellyn was welcomed to his home by his mourning mother. He scarcely allowed the first transports to be over, ere he led her to a distant part of the room, and in a subdued voice hurriedly explained to her the cause of the blight that had fallen on their

family. Kate's love for Edward; the principles which had induced her to conceal that love from her mother; the unfounded report of Edward's marriage, and his devoted affection for Kate.

With what wonder did she listen to his tale! with what eagerness she seemed to drink in every word he said! and when at last he told her that the stranger who then knelt beside her daughter's couch, was that same Edward, her countenance suddenly brightened, and she exclaimed, clasping his hand,

"Then, my dear boy, there is hope!"

That despairing mother too returned to the couch with a smile upon her face; and when she saw the agonizing suspense, the deep devotion depicted on the countenance of him, that now stood somewhat apart as though feeling himself an intruder, she thought the heart and feelings written on that brow worth almost all her child had suffered. But again her thoughts were bent upon her daughter, who was showing signs of returning life; and as she gradually raised herself from her reclining position, she turned to Emily and whispered,

"Is he there still?"

But her mother heard the question, and answered,

"Yes, dearest!"

As if surprised at hearing him alluded to by her mother, she almost started up, and rubbing her eyes as though to awake herself, and looking round, not seeing him she sought, for he stood behind her, she sunk—down again, and muttered,

"I thought it was a dream."

"Not a dream, my sweet child. See, he is here."

Again she opened her eyes, and looking around at each and all of the anxious faces that stood around her, an exclamation of joy burst from her lips as her brother clasped her in his arms, and muttered,

"God bless you and *him!*" and a look so full of happiness and peace, lit up her lovely face, that with one accord those around now fell upon their knees, and with hands clasped and eyes upturned to Heaven, breathed forth a prayer of peace and gratitude to Him who had wrought so blessed a change.

But now Edward Dalrymple, although the expression of woe had given place to one of happiness, still continued apart, seemingly fearful, and uncertain how to act. But all eyes were fixed upon him, and Mrs. Llewellyn with tearful eyes went up to him, and with a tremulous voice said, "The cause of the sorrow that has so long darkened this house has been, for the first time, revealed to me this evening; and I believe I need no apology if, in welcoming you as the messenger of returning happiness, I now lead you to that couch, and place in your hand that of one, who having found no heart on earth to match her own save yours, had well nigh sought her kindred spirits in the world above. But now, with the blessing of God, she may live to rejoice in the love of him in whom she so rightly placed her happiness; and, oh! may the fervent blessing of a grateful mother rest on your heads, my children; and may the joy you feel on earth, be only equalled by the bliss that shall repay you in another world, for a life spent in holiness and peace!"

Ere her blessing was completed, Kate was clasped to that breast, which had only beat for glory and for her.

In three months, Glyndervin was resounding with preparations for the wedding; and was it not worth all she had suffered, when joyous faces and fervent blessings lined her path to the altar of her parish church, where, with all the solemnity befitting the occasion, and all the timidity of a gentle girl, she plighted her vows to the noble Sir Edward Dalrymple, the hero of a hundred fights; and when she returned, at the expiration of the honeymoon, to be present at the marriage of her brother and Emily Melville, no one would have thought the spring time of her life had been o'ershadowed by so dark a cloud.

THE LADY BEATRICE.

A STORY OF VENICE.

BY MRS. MARY V. SPENCER.

It was a golden sunset, and the fair waters of the Brenta, flowed on sparkling with unwonted effulgence, while the western sky glowed, like a city on fire, along the summits of the distant hills, when a young man of noble exterior, but simply attired in the guise of a student, might have been seen wending his way through the rich grounds attached to the summer palace on the Brenta of the Vivaldo family of Venice. From the caution with which the student moved—now concealing himself in the shrubbery if a footstep was heard approaching, and now venturing out, when the footstep had passed, but yet moving only through the most secluded pathways—it was evident that he was there on some secret mission. That his object was not mean or unworthy, however, might have been seen by the most casual glance at his face and mien. His brow, scarcely concealed by his low student's cap, was high and ample; his dark eyes shone with a brilliancy and genius that betokened him of no common order of mind; and the whole character of his face was that of a high-minded, resolute, and intellectual man. Nor was his bearing less marked. His figure was singularly beautiful; graceful, well-knit, and athletic—and the proud step with which he strode on his way might well have become an emperor's son. His progress, however, was soon brought to a close, by his arrival before a small ruined Gothic chapel. Here he stopped, but instead of entering the ruins, he noiselessly secreted himself in the neighboring shrubbery, and watched cautiously to see if the chapel was tenanted.

A slight rustling, as of a female dress, soon convinced him that the person he sought was already in the ruin, and withdrawing from his concealment he advanced toward the chapel; but before he had gone many steps he stopped, as if involuntarily, to gaze on her he sought. Often had he looked on that fair girl before; but now she seemed to him even lovelier than ever. And rare and wonderful indeed was her surpassing beauty! At the moment when her figure met the vision of the young student she was leaning on an old ivy grown tomb of some crusading knight; and chance, as if to heighten her extraordinary loveliness, had placed her in a position where every thing around seemed to be arranged after the most picturesque effect. Far away in the background could be seen the landscape, dotted with woods, villas, gentle hills, and here and there the glittering waters of the Brenta; while over all the declining sun had flung a mantle of glory such as Guido, with almost divine inspiration, has transferred to the canvass, to be at once a reproach and wonder to the world. In the rear, and on the right of the maiden, rose up the shattered shaft of a window, with a portion of the rich tracery work above, all covered with ivy, still hanging from the top. On the other side of the fair girl was a massy cross, rude and grey, yet unshaken by time—a fitting emblem of that religion of which it is a type, and which, in the words of Holy Writ, "endureth forever." But the maiden herself!—she was the all in all of the picture.

The age of the maiden could not have been more than nineteen. Her tresses were of that pale gold so rare under an Italian sky, and her dark soft eye was of the deepest azure tint. She was attired in a simple white dress, with no ornament but a rose placed in her bosom. Her hands, on which she leaned, were folded on a book; but her eyes were cast pensively down, betraying that her thoughts were far away from the storied page.

Her features were exquisitely moulded, and yet her face was full of expression. The snowy forehead; the classic eye-brow; the dark, soul-lit eye; the small, rosy, pouting mouth; and the cheek, that one would have thought chiselled out of marble, but for the delicate rosy tint which pervaded its thousand veins,—these alone would have made their possessor remarkable every where for her beauty; but when to them was superadded her expression of countenance—that looking forth of the inner soul through the features—so holy, sweet, and pensive, so womanly, and yet so angelic, earthly melancholy softened by a heavenly endurance—when all these were superadded, we say, the whole produced on the spectator's mind, an impression of exceeding loveliness—a loveliness such as no sculptor has rivalled, and which even Raphael, that most glorious of painters, has but feebly shadowed forth. The student's eye brightened as he gazed, and he murmured to himself half audibly.

"Sweet girl—she is not all forgetful of me then, as they would have me believe. She even now, perhaps, is thinking of me, and of our mutual difficulties—else why so sad?"

The last words were spoken unconsciously in a louder tone, so loud indeed that they attracted the maiden's attention. She started, looked up, and while the crimson blood dyed her cheek, brow, and even bosom, advanced joyously to meet the student.

"Beatrice—my own sweet one," murmured the lover—for such the student was—"do I again see you after so long an absence, in despite of your unnatural step-father, I may almost say in despite of Fate itself!"

"Yes, Adanta," said the lady at length, raising her head from his bosom where for a moment it had reposed, and looking smilingly, yet with all a woman's devotion, upon her lover's face, "we meet once more—and oh! how unexpectedly. But when,—how, whence did you

come? I thought you at Padua still. But said you not that I was sad?—indeed, Rinaldo, it was not so. I —I—only was thinking——"

"You were thinking, sweet love," he fondly interrupted her, "of the clouds that seem to lower around our fate,—God knows they are dark enough!" and then, as if his thoughts grew gloomier at the recollection, he added, "and I am at times almost minded to despair, and go as an adventurer after those rich lands which Christoph Colon has but lately discovered far, far away to the westward of the pillar of Hercules. The enmity of your step-father—his power in Venice—and my own ruined fortunes, have tempted me a thousand times to leave Italy forever—for oh! Beatrice," he added fervently, "never, never will I make you the bride of a beggar, an outcast, or a proscribed man—and all these I will be if I continue much longer in Venice, braving the hate of the house of Vivaldo."

"Stop, stop, Rinaldo," eagerly said the maiden, "your fancy is now the father of your fears. Dark as our fates seem they will not always continue so. The night must break, and it is even now breaking, for the darkest hour is just before the dawn, and can our destiny be gloomier than now? Believe me," she added enthusiastically, "we shall see better times. The hate of my step-father though deadly cannot be eternal—even a councillor of Venice is not all powerful—your own house, though ruined in fortune now, has a gallant name, and may yet be restored to its former power and glory—in short, a thousand things may elapse before another twelvemonth which may change the whole current of our fate, and, and—"

"Give us to each other," interposed the lover, folding the blushing girl enthusiastically again to his bosom, the whole current of his feelings changing by her words—"You give me new life, Beatrice—I was but a child to despond as I have done. But it was only a momentary feeling—one of those clouds that will flit over the soul mysteriously at times, and which may or may not be presentiments of evil. But they have past. I feel nerved now for any act.

"Promise only to be mine if I come to claim you in a year, and nothing shall then check my career to glory. You have given me the clue to success—bless you for it!—and I will rebuild the fallen fortunes of our house. Then even a Vivaldo will not refuse me a daughter of his house. At Padua I have dreamed away too many precious hours, and though the verses I then wrote—do you remember them, Beatrice?—first won me your love; yet I fear me, since then, I have been wasting in literary studies the days and nights that should have been spent in the tented field. I have dreamed over Dante and Petrarch when I should have been leading squadrons to the charge," and as he ceased, the glow of his features, and the vivid brilliancy of his eye, showed that the spirit of the soldier was burning within the poet's bosom.

"But where will you go?—will you leave Italy?—shall I not see you or hear from you for a whole year?" said Beatrice, her woman nature triumphing for a moment over every thing else. It was now the student's turn to be the comforter, and he replied,

"I know not yet scarcely where I shall go. There is good service to be had at Naples, and there are wars enough beyond the Alps to flesh all the swords in Christendom, to say nothing of a chance against the Moslem, which may yet turn up if the horizon in that quarter does not speedily brighten. Fear not, Beatrice—since I have made up my mind, all will go well. My absence may lead your persecutors to think that I have abandoned the pursuit of your hand, and they may therefore remit their tyranny over you. If God, and our patron of St. Mark smile on me, you shall hear from me before six months have gone. In a year, at most, I will be at your feet. Then you will be your own mistress, and can be mine in defiance of Vivaldo. When I left Padua, some such plan as this, was dimly floating through my mind, but your words have given it a shape, and I shall enter on its execution satisfied that I have the prayers of one of the brightest and best of women to go with me."

For some time the lovers conversed in a low tone. While they are thus engaged, we will briefly sketch so much of their former history as has not been shadowed forth in their conversation.

The lady Beatrice was the daughter of a noble Venetian house, which had become allied by marriage with the powerful family of the Vivaldo. From her youth she had been remarkable for her beauty,—and, at an early age, she was already sought for by more than one noble of Venice. But her step-father, in whose guardianship she was now placed, had destined her to be the bride of his nephew, a proud, fierce, but powerful noble, and the head of the Vivaldo house. The character of the suitor alone would have prevented Beatrice from loving him; but even at that early age she had been inspired with a passion for another. This person was no other than the author of some poems which at that time were the delight of Italy; but who the poet was no one knew. His writings were anonymously circulated in manuscript, and the most that could be discovered, by diligent enquiry, was, that the writer resided at the university of Padua, at that time one of the most renowned schools in Italy.

Chance, however, discovered the writer to Beatrice; for, one day, attending mass in the church of St. Mark, she noticed a noble looking young cavalier gazing intently on her. After the service was over, and she retired, she observed that the cavalier followed her cautiously and at a distance in his gondola. There was something

in the stranger's mien which interested Beatrice in him, and she thought of him in her dreams throughout the livelong night. The next day the gondola of the cavalier shot by her window, and—but why need we protract the story? They met, often, daily. Some mysterious link seemed to unite the soul of Beatrice with that of the cavalier. There was in his earnest eye, in his eloquent tones, and in the constant play of his fine countenance a witchery which the heart of that imaginative young girl might not resist; and when she learned that the cavalier was none other than the poet over whose impassioned sonnets she had often wept, her bosom yielded, at once, and without a struggle to the delicious feelings which stole, like a dream, over her. She loved—loved for the first time—loved with all the intensity of a warm and innocent young heart.

There was one thing, however, which in their mutual transport the lovers had forgotten—and that was the well known determination of Vivaldo to wed Beatrice to his nephew. The young poet, though descended from a noble house, was but a poor scholar at Padua; and the haughty guardian of Beatrice would sooner have seen her in her grave than have wedded her to the penniless Signor Adanta. Alas! too soon were the lovers made aware of this. Betrayed by the maid of Beatrice, they were torn apart, and while Adanta was left wounded almost to the death, Beatrice was hurried off to her guardian's summer house on the Brenta. Long months elapsed before the lovers heard of each other, during which time Beatrice suffered from a high fever, brought on by her ignorance of her lover's fate. Her lover too but slowly recovered from his wound. At length Adanta was able to leave his chamber. His first duty was to endeavor to see Beatrice, and in this endeavor, after surmounting incredible difficulties, he succeeded. Beatrice was pale with recent illness. In vain they essayed to form some plan by which to escape from their difficulties; for while they were yet conversing on the subject, the spies of Vivaldo discovered the lovers, and Adanta only escaped by the most determined bravery. From that hour every attempt at an interview betwixt the lovers had been foiled by the myrmidons of Beatrice's guardian. Watched incessantly, she found it impossible even to open a communication with her lover. Meantime her guardian grew every day more pressing in his demand that she should marry his nephew. Beatrice, however, finally refused. Her love for Adanta only strengthened under persecution. And daily did those persecutions increase, until life became almost intolerable, and she sank into that state of pensive melancholy, from which she was aroused by the unexpected appearance of her lover, as we have just narrated.

While we have been relating these facts, the two lovers had been engaged in telling each others history since they last met. But Beatrice only revealed half the persecutions she endured, fearful, if she told the whole truth, that her lover's fiery nature would break out in some act of signal revenge. Her judgment saw that the resolution to which he had come was the wisest for both; and she only prayed that he might set out in safety, trusting with all a woman's hopefulness that, at the end of the promised time, he might return to claim her for his bride.

"And now, dearest," said her lover, "I must go. The shades of evening are already darkening the valley. Your absence from the house, if prolonged, will attract notice. The saints only know by what good fortune I made my way unobserved to this, your favorite retreat. Sancta Maria must smile on us, else we should have been seen ere now by some of Vivaldo's myrmidons—God's curse be on them! Again, farewell!" and with these words, tearing himself from the weeping girl, he darted into the neighboring shrubbery. Pausing a moment, he waved his hand and said, "before a year—remember!" and then diving deeper into the underwood, was lost, the next moment, to the sight.

For many minutes after the form of her lover had disappeared, Beatrice stood gazing on the spot where he had last been seen. Then, heaving a deep sigh, she slowly left the chapel, and returned to the house. Had she seen the dark malicious expression of the eye of a dwarf, who, the next moment, stepped from behind a ruined arch of the chapel, she would have felt that her lover's and her own conversation had been overheard, and that before an hour, Vivaldo would be in possession of all their plans.

The moon was yet scarcely above the tree-tops when the Duke Vivaldo entered the chamber where Beatrice sat musing on her late interview with her lover. She started at the sound of approaching footsteps, and rose to receive her guardian. He waved her sternly to be seated. Auguring from his manner the errand on which he came, the lady sank trembling into her seat. It was some moments before the Duke spoke, during which delay he kept his cold grey eye fixed sternly on the lady Beatrice, as if he would have read her very soul. At length he began,

"Lady," he said, "I have sought you, at this unseasonable hour, in order to tell you to prepare to return to Venice in the morning. The waters of the Brenta," he continued ironically, "methinks grow unhealthy, and such late hours as you have kept to-night do not agree with you. In Venice there will be no occasion to loiter in old ruins until after twilight." And then suddenly dropping his sarcastic tone, he continued, "but I see you understand me, and I will speak plainly to you. Know then, that I am in possession of what passed at your stolen interview with your lover—*I know all your plans*. You foolishly thought that you could meet unnoticed,—but I have spies on your every action.

I am apprized of your most secret thoughts. Longer disguise is useless betwixt us. You need not clasp your hands and look imploringly up to heaven. You are in my power, and, having undertook to brave my will, and persuade your lover that you and he could yet circumvent me, you shall know the full extent of that power. I have hitherto wasted my breath in persuading you to wed my nephew—henceforth I will persuade no more; but—by St. Mark!—wed him you shall. You have thrown down the gauntlet—we will see who proves the victor. One year," he continued, with increased bitterness, and an ill-concealed rage, "and you will be your own mistress—say you? Ay! if you continue unwed. But mark my words!—before the twelfth part of that time shall have elapsed, you will be the wife of the head of our house. You know me—you know I never trifle. Prepare then for what is inevitable. To-morrow by early dawn we shall set out for Venice. I leave you to think of the fate you have drawn on yourself," and, with these words, sneeringly bowing, the Duke left the room.

During this interview, the feelings of the lady Beatrice had almost overpowered her reason. The sneering look of the Duke at his entrance foreboded the object of his visit,—and his words soon left no doubt of his intentions. Beatrice saw, at once, that she had been discovered and betrayed. The threat of the Duke filled her with no idle fears. She knew that in Venice the power of a guardian was almost illimitable, and that her sex were often made the victims of forced marriages. In the seclusion of the vast palaces of the Venetian aristocracy, deeds were often done which no human tongue ever made public. What wonder then that Beatrice shuddered at the fate impending over her? What wonder that she clasped her hands and raised her eyes to heaven imploringly? Friendless, and alone—with no protection in the law, and watched by the spies of her relentless guardian, so that she could not appeal to the few who might aid her, what escape was there for her? These thoughts rushed through her mind, and almost unnerved her. In vain she attempted to speak—to remonstrate with the Duke—to implore his pity. Her tongue clove to her mouth. She could not speak. And when he had departed, and she sank helplessly on her knees, she was unable to give utterance to a petition for help from heaven, until a flood of tears came to her relief.

Sleep fled the pillow of Beatrice that night. Her situation seemed more hopeless the more she reflected on it. Oh!—she thought—if her lover only knew of her peril, how soon would he fly to her rescue. But then the thought occurred to her, what could he do to aid her?—and would not any interference on his part only end in the ruin of both? There were daggers enough in Venice to be bought for fifty ducats to remove all fear that the Duke would be foiled by Adanta. In whatever light she looked on her situation, there was the same absence of hope. Morning found her still fruitlessly revolving the probability of an escape from the peril which threatened her. And during their route to Venice the same thought occupied her mind. When the gloomy portals of the Duke's palace closed on her, she felt as if she was shut up in a living tomb. Nor was her despair mitigated when her guardian, conducting her to her chamber-door, said significantly,

"Here, lady is your home until you become the bride of my nephew. A week hence the ceremony will be performed," and with this warning he departed.

The lady Beatrice gazed around on the strange apartment which had been allotted to her, with the consciousness that, for her, it was only a prison, and she turned with a bitter smile from the tapestry which seemed to mock her desolation. She approached the window and gazed out. The canal was far beneath. She returned to the door and tried the lock. It was fastened. All escape was cut off. She was immured in a prison, from which she would have no escape, until summoned to become the bride of the hated nephew of her guardian.

(To be continued.)

THE LADY BEATRICE.*

BY MRS. MARY. V. SPENCER.

CHAPTER II.

We left the lady Beatrice alone in the apartment whither her uncle had conducted her on their arrival in Venice, brooding over his parting words "that she should only leave the chamber to become the bride of his nephew." The agony of her feelings it would be impossible to pourtray. Again and again she went to the window, but the distance from it to the canal beneath precluded all hope of an escape. More than once she repeated her efforts at the door, but it was securely fastened. At length, after a fourth fruitless attempt at the lock, she burst into a flood of tears, and throwing herself on a couch, covered her face with her hands, and wept uncontrollably. She was still sobbing violently when a hand was laid on her, and starting up with sudden surprise she saw an aged female domestic of the upper class standing before her.

"Oh! is it you, nurse?" she said, "I thought I had not one friend in the world left, and perhaps," she continued, recoiling back a moment, "even you have deserted me. But no it cannot, cannot be. You are still my own nurse—you have hushed me in infancy, soothed me in sickness, guided me with your counsel in my later years, and now—now when I am alone and beset with dangers you will not surely betray me!" and Beatrice clasped her hands and gazed up into the eyes of her visitor, with a look so eloquent in its pleading that even a harder heart than that of the aged domestic would have been melted.

"No, my dear child," answered the nurse, while the tears stood in her eyes, "I will not betray you, not for all the gold and promises the duke can make. Cheer up sweet lady, you are not wholly without friends. Dry your tears now and listen to me. There that is right. Now wait till I have secured the door lest some one might intrude—and now we will go to the embrasure of the window farthest from the entrance in order to baffle an eaves-dropper if one should happen to be outside.

"You know, my child," continued the nurse, "that for nearly two years I have been in the Bormàtic family, but this morning I received a message from your uncle, that if I would once more join his family he would take it as a favor. I always loved you and left you only from necessity, and you may judge how glad I was to accept his offer. When I came here, your uncle told me that he had accepted a suitor for you in the person of his nephew; but that, as you seemed averse to the union, he depended on my influence with you to persuade you to listen to so advantageous a proposal. He

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* Continued from page 6.

said that, if I would second his views in the matter he would give a purse of ducats, sufficient to make me rich all the rest of my days; and as he did so he smiled, thinking he had completely bound me to him. But he little knows me. I would sooner part with this finger, or for that matter with all my fingers, than do anything, my dear lady, that was displeasing to you. But I did not tell him so. I saw, at once, that *that* would have spoiled everything. So I told him that I would enter into his views."

"Nurse! nurse! then indeed I have no one to succor me," said Beatrice.

"You wrong me, sweet lady—you misunderstand me," eagerly replied the nurse; "see you not that it was necessary to deceive your uncle before I could gain admittance to you, much less aid you? Well, I told him I would enter into his views and do all I could to forward your union. So he bid me come to you at once. And now I am here, but not to aid any one save you. Tell me all that has past, so that we can together form some plan how to act."

Beatrice accordingly narrated the events which we have given to our readers in the last chapter. When she had finished, the nurse sat some time in abstracted thought. At length she spoke,

"I have it—I have it, dearest mistress,—we must apply to Signor Andanta."

"Alas!" replied Beatrice, "he is far away, besides what could he do if he were in Venice?"

"Do much, sweet lady; and in Venice he is, unless my eyes deceived me this morning."

"What say you? Is he indeed in Venice? Where did you see him? Are you certain?" were the rapid enquiries of Beatrice.

"Softly, my dear child," said the nurse with a smile, "I will answer your questions as fast as I can. First then I say I saw the Signor this morning. I saw him in Venice, for I have not been out of the city for a month. I saw him on the Rialto. And I am as certain it was the Signor as that I am speaking to you now. There, I have answered your questions, and now let me tell you my plan."

"I am eager to hear it," said Beatrice, smiling, in despite of her situation, at the particularity of the nurse.

"Well then we must be aided by the Signor. I met him, as I say, on the Rialto, and he stopped a minute as he always does, for he was ever a kind youth, to speak with me. He asked me how I had been, and I naturally told him where I was going. When he heard that your uncle was in Venice he seemed surprised, and instantly asked me if you were here. Now the first thing I had asked the messenger who came after me was whether you were in Venice, so I told the Signor that you were. At this he seemed more surprised, and then, slipping a ducat into my hand, he asked me if I would bear his love to you, and say that he was going across the Alps to the wars. He hinted that, if you would be so good as to send him a reply, I might find him on the Rialto a couple of hours after noon. Now what I propose is this. Let me go to him and enlist him in our cause. We will have him here with a gondola to-night, and I will see if your escape from the palace cannot be managed. Once free you should seek your aunt at Rome, and solicit her protection against your uncle here. And then you can have the Signor in despite of the Duke."

"Hush! hush!—it is a fearful venture," said Beatrice, "and then—then the vile things will be be said of such a flight. Oh! nurse, is there no other way to escape this dreadful marriage?"

"None, my sweet lady; and what is there so dreadful in this? Do not young ladies every day elope with their lovers? Why if I was threatened as you are, I would fly with any one, and anywhere, so I but escaped."

At this instant, a footstep was heard in the corridor without, and directly a hand was laid on the lock of the door. Beatrice hesitated no longer.

"Go—go," she gasped, "there is my uncle, arrange everything. I will do as you say."

The nurse paused no longer, but hastened to unbar the door. The person proved to be a messenger to summon her to the noontide meal. She left the apartment, with a parting whisper to Beatrice to confide all in her.

The course of our tale now carries us to the place of St. Mark. The hour was evening. The night was calm and lustrous. Not a cloud obscured the sky, and the moon sailing onward in silent majesty, flooded the promenade with her glorious light, and flung the quaint shadows of the Ducal Palace, and of the column of St. Mark across the scene. Men of every nation could be seen around. There was the Englishman from his distant isle, the Frenchman from the sunny banks of the Loire, the German from the free cities of the Rhine, the dark-eyed Spaniard from the mountains of Andalusia, the wily Greek from the Ionian coasts, the Jew in his pointed cap and long peculiar gown, and even the Mahommedan, with his turban, his flowing beard, and his ill-concealed scorn for the followers of the Cross.

Through these picturesque groups the Signor Andanta held his way at the hour above mentioned. His elastic step, and beaming eye, betokened the unusual elevation of his spirits. He had proceeded some distance in the crowd alone, when he accosted an individual dressed as a gondolier. The two then retired behind one of the massy pillars of St. Mark's place, and were soon engaged in a low but earnest conversation. We shall favor our readers with its purport.

"I depend in you, Pietro," said the Signor, "you have been to me a faithful servant during many years, and this act will be another test of your fidelity. You know

all my life, even to its secrets. I need not hesitate to tell you then that the Lady Beatrice, after having resisted every persuasion on my part to induce her to elope, has at length been driven to this alternative by the tyranny of her uncle. She has sent her nurse to tell me that if I will have a gondola near the Duke's palace toward midnight, she will be ready there with her companion to fly. On you, therefore, I depend. We must move with great caution, else our plot will be discovered, for this place is full of spies. I have chosen this public spot to converse with you as less likely to awaken suspicion. Be ready with a gondola to take me up near the Rialto a half hour before midnight. We will then hasten to the Vivaldo palace, receive our fair charge, and skim over the lagunes to the main land. If we can once get out of the Venetian territory all will be safe. I have been to the main land and provided horses there for our party. You will not fail me. Wait at the Rialto for me."

The man bowed in acknowledgment, muffled himself up carelessly, and then sauntered out among the gay groups on the promenade. In a few minutes he was lost to sight, when the Signor moved in an opposite direction.

At that very hour two men were busily engaged in conversation in the Vivaldo palace. One of them is already known to the reader in the person of Beatrice's guardian—the other was a harsh, sinister looking young man of about eight-and-twenty. This latter individual was the nephew of the Duke. He was speaking at the time,

"You say well, uncle, sharp measures must be used, if we cannot prevail otherwise. The girl I am determined to possess, even though Sathanus and all his legions should come up against me. Nor should we hesitate to punish the lover for his presumption. I have brought hither a good bravo, who is even now waiting without—he has done one or two jobs for me before. I saw the Signor myself to-day, and the story goes that he is about to join the army of the emperor. He had a quarrel luckily to-day, as I have learnt by the spies I set to watch him the instant I knew he was in Venice. Now this gives us the game."

"How?" said the uncle, pretending not to understand his nephew.

"Thus, uncle mine," said the speaker, with a sardonic grin, "I will set my bravo here on him. He will be stabbed to-night, wherever he can be found, or, if not to-night, to-morrow. The blow will be attributed to his antagonist in this quarrel, and so the Signor will be got out of the way without suspicion attaching to us. We shall gain two things beside, by this—we shall punish the presumption of the fellow, and leave the road for myself into Beatrice's affections open."

The Duke made no verbal reply, but he smiled at the speaker with a peculiar meaning. The younger man waited no longer, but withdrew for a few minutes. When he returned he said nothing, but gave a significant nod. The Duke knew by the gesture that the fate of the Signor was sealed.

The last chime of the eleventh hour had been struck when a stealthy figure might have been seen creeping after the Signor as he took his way from the front of the Ducal palace toward the Rialto. The lover sauntered leisurely along, for it wanted yet a full half hour to the time when he had appointed to meet his servant. As he passed the colonnade of St. Mark, whose massy pillars still attest the magnificence of their builders, he paused a minute to look back on the scene he was leaving. The hum of many tongues still rose up from the crowded thoroughfare, although the groups were rapidly thinning away. Our hero looked at the motley assembly a moment, and then raised his eyes to the moon which was sailing peacefully across the firmament. The stealthy figure which we have pointed out seized the opportunity to draw noiselessly near to the Signor, who, unconscious that any one dogged his footsteps, continued gazing at the placid mistress of night in rapt delight. Several minutes thus passed during which the bravo—for the figure was his—approached nearer and nearer to the lover. At length the bravo stood directly behind his victim. Quick as lightning he plucked a dagger from its hiding place in his bosom, raised it aloft until it flashed in the cold moonshine, and then drove it swiftly and unerringly into the back of our hero. The Signor gave a groan and fell as if dead to the earth. A group hard by heard the fall and rushed hastily toward him; but ere they had reached the prostrate man the bravo had disappeared behind the neighboring pillars and escaped undetected into the crowd on the promenade.

"Is he dead?" said one of those who had come up, as the body of the wounded man was lifted up.

"He breathes yet—but the blood is flowing fast,—I fear it is a mortal wound; does any one know him?" was the reply.

"A leech—a leech—make way for the leech," shouted a voice outside the group, for, by this time, a crowd, running from all quarters, had gathered around the wounded man.

The leech jostled his way through the crowd, approached the patient, and stooping down bent over him.

"Does any one know him?" he said, looking around the crowd.

"None, I believe," said the man who had asked that question previously, "but here is a purse of good ducats which rolled from his pocket in his fall."

"Ah!" said the leech, extending his hand for it, "I will be a friend to the poor youth. He is badly wounded, I see; it may be even unto death. But we will do all that mortal can do for him—for, saith not Hippocrates 'Tend ye the sick and suffering, though they be stran-

gers on the highway.' I will take him to mine own house. Make way there—bear him to a gondola—softly, softly. Thank you, good friends all. The youth shall be taken care of—the work of some bravo I suppose."

With these words the leech ordered the gondola—for he had already embarked his insensible patient—to make all haste for his house. The man promised to obey. But the leech's house was at some distance, and the great clock struck twelve as they stopped at its portal. The leech ordered the insensible body to be carried in, and then followed it himself.

(To be continued.)

THE LADY BEATRICE.*

BY MRS. MARY. V. SPENCER.

CHAPTER III.

At the hour of midnight, two individuals, closely muffled in large cloaks, might have been seen stealing down the huge staircase of the palace occupied by the Duke Vivaldo. One of the two walked with a hurried and trembling step, and was so agitated that she was forced to lean on her companion for support. The other appeared to be more firm, and, as they walked, cheered her companion by her words.

"Courage, courage, dear lady," she whispered, "the man whom I have bribed to let us out will not betray us, for he has golden ducats enough to place him far beyond the reach of the Duke's rage, and to support him for many a year in the country to which he will go. Courage then, courage—there is no danger of detection—we are now almost at the gateway—the Signor is waiting without, and in five minutes we shall be on the canal, skimming away from Venice."

The Lady Beatrice, for our readers have by this time guessed that she was the companion of the garrulous nurse, made no reply to these words, except by hurrying on still faster, through the great hall at which they had now arrived. Her step was still trembling, and became more so as they advanced into the hall. At length she whispered tremulously,

"What if my uncle should be coming home."

"Fear not, lady," said her nurse, "he has gone to the ball at the Ducal Palace, and will not return until four in the morning. His servants are asleep or out on the canal, and the palace, as you see, is almost deserted. It will be daybreak, aye! high noon, before our absence will be discovered; and by that time we shall be far on our journey to Rome. Courage, now, dear lady, we are at the portal. Play your part, and fear not I will play mine."

"Ah, Mistress Japona," said the sleepy porter, arousing himself as the nurse shook him, and demanded to be let out, "whither so late at night, and who have you here?—a fair wench, I dare swear, and for no good are you going forth. Prythee, pretty mistress," he continued, addressing Beatrice, "are you of the household or not? for, if you be, I must e'en have a kiss for toll. By St. Mark you must be a sweet morsel, else you would not muffle your face so closely. Mistress Japona may go free, but you must pay for both," and, laughing at what he thought his wit, he advanced to Beatrice.

"Stop, Master Mark," said the nurse, interposing betwixt the two, "this damsel is a visiter of mine and wants none of your gallantry. You know how the Duke sent for me to-day, and I will leave to-morrow if my acquaintance are to be subjected to your insults. I trow your place would not be worth a fig if I were to report this to the Duke. Back, I say, and let us pass."

Awed by her manner, and by the tone of authority in which she spoke, the porter hesitated; and then, bursting into a laugh, he said,

"Tut—Mistress Japona, you take my jest in earnest. I am here to watch the gate, and have a lonely task of it as you know. It were some comfort if I might be cheered by the sight of a pretty face, but since you choose to refuse, I must submit," and he shrugged his shoulders, "so, in God's name, pass."

During this colloquy Beatrice had been so agitated as scarcely to be able to stand, and had she not leaned on the nurse must have fallen. When, therefore, the porter opened the gate, her strength would scarcely permit her to pass. The nurse, however, hurried her forward, supporting her so as to attract as little notice as possible, and in a minute they stood without the building, and heard the heavy portal clanging to behind them.

"Thank heaven," was the exclamation of the nurse, for, bold as had been the front she assumed, she had not been without a portion of the fear of discovery which had infected Beatrice. Her companion's heart was too full to speak; but she lifted her eyes to heaven in mute thanksgiving.

"This way—this way, dear lady," said the nurse, after the pause of a moment had partially recruited the strength of Beatrice, "I see a gondola awaiting us, a few doors distant. The Signor is there awaiting us."

With hurried steps the two females hastened onward, and were soon beside the gondola. But the lover of Beatrice did not, as they expected, spring forward to meet them. The nurse paused, looked around, and then again advanced to the gondola. Still the Signor did not appear. At the same moment a gay party emerged from a door beside them, and they had just time to shrink back into the shadow of a wall, before the group passed laughingly to the gondola, took their seats, and were propelled in the light fabric down the canal. Their mistake was now evident to the nurse and Beatrice. The Signor was not at the appointed rendezvous. For a moment each thought they had mistaken the time, but the loud chime of the cathedral clock, striking the hour of midnight, soon dispelled this belief. As the chimes died on the air, Beatrice and her companion looked into each others faces, with feelings of disappointment, agony, and terror, such as no pen can describe.

"This is singular," at length said the nurse, "I cannot believe that the Signor is not here. What can have happened?"

"Oh!" said Beatrice, "he has been waylaid—you know that assassins swarm in Venice. Holy mother!"

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* Concluded from page 64.

she exclaimed, clasping her hands, and raising her eyes to heaven, "if he is still alive protect him, as well as us; and guide us, oh! thou intercessor for our sins, in this fearful strait!"

"No, it cannot be," said the nurse, perceiving too late the agony she had inflicted by her remark "the Signor yet lives, believe me, and has only been prevented by some accident from joining us. He will be here yet."

"Let us then await him here," said Beatrice, glad to catch at any words of encouragement, "it cannot be long that he will delay us."

"Would that we could await him here, dear lady, but I fear that we should soon be noticed, and perhaps by some one who would detect our disguise."

"Yet where can we go?" said Beatrice enquiringly.

"Our Lady of Loretto only knows," answered the nurse, "but stay, here comes a gondola—see it makes for this spot—there, there, heaven be praised it stops!"

In the excitement of the moment the nurse rushed forward, fully expecting to see the Signor leap from the gondola. The same hope made the heart of Beatrice beat faster, although her maiden delicacy kept her from advancing. Both were destined to be sadly disappointed. Instead of the Signor a gondolier sprang from the light boat, and advanced toward the ladies. Beatrice shrank back in terror; but the nurse maintained her ground, wondering in despite of her anxiety, where the strange adventures of the night would terminate. With a low bow the gondolier approached, and said,

"I look on the Lady Beatrice and her attendant."

He paused, as if awaiting an answer, while Beatrice clung in alarm to the arm of the nurse.

"You seem to know us," said the nurse, recognizing, at a glance, the serving man of Beatrice's lover, and turning to her young lady, she whispered "cheer up, dear mistress, this is the Signor's attendant—he brings us good news I know," and then, again addressing the gondolier, she asked, "what message does your master send?"

"My master appointed to meet me at the Rialto a full hour since, there to proceed with him here to take up the Lady Beatrice and her attendant. I waited until midnight, but the Signor did not come. Thinking, perhaps, that he had altered his mind and come here alone, I proceeded hither. You have not, as I begin to fear, seen him."

"No—no—mother of God! what evil can have befallen him?"

"Alas! I fear he has been assassinated," answered the gondolier, "nothing but death would have made him break his promise to you—"

"Help! help!" said the nurse, interrupting him, "my mistress is fainting. Oh! you have killed her."

The gondolier had but just time to spring forward and catch the falling form of Beatrice to prevent it from sinking on the pavement, when lights were seen flashing in the distance, and shouts were heard as of parties approaching. The nurse and the serving man looked at each other in dismay. What was to be done? The torches and the group they lighted were rapidly approaching. It would never do for the Lady Beatrice to be detected at this hour in the street and fainting. Such a discovery would entail on her the severest tyranny of the uncle to whom it would again consign her. In this emergency the nurse was the most quick-witted.

"To the gondola with her," she exclaimed hurriedly, "bear her to the gondola—there, that will do," and taking a place beside her inanimate mistress, she continued, "I will close the blinds, only you ply the oar quick and bear us from the city—to what place we care not now. There is no safety longer for us in Venice—our danger cannot be increased no matter whither we fly."

The gondolier sprang to his place, and with a few dexterous turns of his oar, sent the light boat skimming down the canal, never relaxing the efforts of his brawny arm until they had emerged on the open lagoon, and were leaving the city behind them. At length the nurse looked out and enquired in what direction he was proceeding, saying that her mistress had recovered from her swoon, and was anxious to know. The gondolier hastened to allay the fears of the trembling girl by informing her that he was carrying them to the place where his master had secured horses, and that his plan was, if the Signor was not there to meet them, to see the ladies a few furlongs on their way to Rome, or until he could procure them an escort, when he would return in order to seek out his master. With this account the nurse, in a measure, soothed the alarmed delicacy of the Lady Beatrice.

We will not describe the renewed agony of all parties when, on arriving at the depot for the horses, they learned that the Signor had not been there. Nothing, however, was left except to mount and press on. Their way was pursued in silence, for each was full of their own thoughts. The serving man was mourning over the master he had lost—the nurse was appalled by the perils of their way and the consciousness that she had urged this step on her young lady—while Beatrice was at once agitated by her fears for her lover, by her sensitive delicacy at being without a protector, and by her dread of the insults she would have to undergo in this precarious method of travelling. But, although her maidenly scruples forbade her to mourn for her lover as openly as the serving man, her most poignant anguish arose from the conviction that she should never see him more.

Leaving the sorrowful cavalcade to pursue its way until morning, we will return to the wounded Adanta.

The night was far advanced when he opened his eyes on a small room, while, by his bedside, sat a personage attired in the garb of a leech. At first the recollection of the lover was confused, but, as fact after fact recurred to his memory, he began to be sensible of his true situation and of the failure of his plan to rescue Beatrice. The thought soon flashed upon him that it might not yet be too late for the appointed meeting. Raising himself up in bed he turned to the leech and asked,

"Is there a gondola at your door?—I must be dressed and away. I have an appointment at midnight, and life or death depends on its fulfilment"—he would have proceeded, but here his weakness overcame him and he sank back fainting in the bed.

"Poor youth," said the leech, "he is terribly wounded, and has something on his mind. I fear this agitation will throw him into a fever. But now we must revive him," and he proceeded to apply remedies to recall the consciousness of his patient.

The lover recovered from his swoon, but only to pass into a delirious fever, which continued to rage for several days.

It was a balmy summer morning wheh the lover next woke to recollection. The fresh breeze—if in a crowded city the breeze ever can be fresh—was blowing through the open casement, filling the room with a perceptible fragrance, and bringing to the sick man's mind dreams of flowers and fields far away. He rose partly on one arm and looked around. At first he could not comprehend his situation, but gradually the recollection of the past broke upon him, until he was able to call up, one by one, the events which had happened on that fatal night, when he fell beneath the bravo's dagger. The last he remembered was his awakening from a swoon in this very room, and gazing on the face of a person who had seemed to be a leech. After that all was blank.

He gazed around the room, hoping to see some person who might satisfy his curiosity respecting the length of time which had elapsed during his sickness, but he gazed in vain. The apartment appeared to contain no living being beside himself. Exhausted, at length, by weakness, he sank back on the bed, and was lost in thought as to the fate of Beatrice. Had the week of delay which her uncle had granted expired, and was she now the bride of her hated cousin, or had she found means to escape that dreadful fate? What must have been her thoughts on that fatal night on which he received his wound, when she found that he did not join her, as arranged, at the rendezvous? Had she pursued her plan of escape alone and unaided?—and, if so, what dangers had not environed her? Perhaps she had returned to her uncle—her attempt to fly been discovered—and the union hurried on by her stern relative in the recesses of his palace. If so—what misery would be hers—what remorse would attend her lover for having been the cause, although innocently, of such a fate! These thoughts rushed through the lover's mind until his brain began to give way beneath them, and he was fain to shut his eyes and endeavor to divert his mind. But the effort was in vain. He could not divest himself of a thousand fears respecting Beatrice, which haunted him like spectres. Had this uncertainty continued much longer the yet weak brain of the sick man must have given way beneath the excitement; but luckily, at this moment, the door opened and a person advanced into the room. The lover hastily turned his head, he thought he recognized the intruder, and in the moment all doubt was removed by the stranger rushing forward with a cry of joy.

"Glory to St. Mark!" said the gondolier, for the intruder was no other than the faithful servant of Adanta, "glory to all the saints in the calendar, you are in your senses once more! I told the wretches that you would recover—I knew it, I felt it. Ah! my good master, you will yet live to rejoin the sweet Lady Beatrice," and overcome by his joy, the warm-hearted follower shed tears. His master was equally affected.

"But tell me," said Adanta, "you spoke of Beatrice. Have you heard of her?—is she safe?—has she been forced into that hateful marriage?"

"Ah! I forget—the leech told me not to agitate you; but how can I, when my joy at your recovery is so great."

"But Beatrice?" interposed the lover.

"She is well,—she has escaped—she is out of the territories of Venice, she has sought the refuge of a convent—this is all I can tell you now, and the leech would never forgive me, if he thought I had exchanged more than a single word with you. There, compose yourself, my dear master. Everything is in the right train; and to-morrow, when you are stronger, you shall know all."

Adanta would fain have insisted on hearing at once the whole story in detail from the lips of his faithful servant, but his head had already began to swim around, and he felt that he was over-tasking his yet enfeebled powers. He was forced, therefore, to stifle his curiosity for the present and rest contented with the assurance that Beatrice was safe and free from her uncle's tyranny. With this consoling hope he lay back on his pillow, and, while his faithful servant watched over him, gradually sunk into slumber.

The next day the leech visited him on awaking and pronounced him wonderfully strengthened. As soon as the leech had retired the gondolier began, according to promise, his story. With all that happened up to the commencement of the night-march of the fugitives the reader is already acquainted; so we shall not repeat the gondolier's narration up to that time, but give his story of the adventures that afterward befell them.

"We pursued our way until we had left the territories

of Venice," said the gondolier, "when, fearing that her uncle might track her progress and overtake her before she could reach Rome, the Lady Beatrice resolved to take refuge in the convent of our mother, on the road to the eternal city. She came to this determination the sooner because she would not proceed without a protector. There I left her and her nurse and returned to Venice. For two days I wandered up and down the city seeking you, but without success. At length I obtained a clue to your retreat, and finally gained admittance to you at this house, the residence of the leech who bore you home after your wound. More than a week has elapsed, and during that time you have lain insensible or raving in a delirium. But now you have past the crisis—God be praised!

"I have heard but this morning from the convent where the Lady Beatrice has taken refuge. The nurse and her mistress are still there, but the Duke has discovered their residence. So long, however, as they continue under the shelter of the consecrated walls he dare not make any attempt on their liberty, but the moment they should attempt to resume their journey he would, in defiance of everything, seize on them and bear them back to Venice. If once here no power could save the Lady Beatrice from becoming the bride of his nephew."

"You are right," interposed the lover, "oh! would that I were well, that to-morrow I might set forth to their rescue!"

"But while they continue in the convent they are safe, therefore why need you chafe at your illness? Stay here, dear master," said the honest follower, "until you have fully recovered your strength, and then you can act all the better in your attempt to rescue the sweet Lady Beatrice."

The arguments of the gondolier finally prevailed over the impatience of the lover, and it was arranged that the servant should set forth, on the morrow, to the convent, to acquaint the Lady Beatrice with the convalescence of her lover, and tell her that, as soon as his recovered strength would permit, he would join her and be her escort to Rome.

A few weeks later and a gallant cavalcade was drawn up at the gate of the convent of "Our Mother," whose ruins may be seen on the great road leading from Venice to Rome. The cavalcade consisted, for the most part, of armed horsemen, but among steeds of stouter form might be seen one or two palfreys such as, in that day, were used by monks and ladies. At the door of the convent stood a knight, with the lady abbess at his side and a fair form which, even shrouded as it was in a long veil, the reader would have recognized as that of the Lady Beatrice. One or two female attendants and an elderly gentleman attired as the servant of a noble family completed the group.

"And now, my dear charge," said the abbess, addressing Lady Beatrice, "farewell! May the blessing of God go with you, my child. Since you sought the refuge of these walls I have learned to love you as I have loved none save my poor niece who has, I trust, been a saint in heaven these many years. I commit you to the charge of the worthy steward whom your aunt, in answer to your letter, has sent to conduct you to Rome—not forgetting to recommend you, though that I need not do, to the care of the good knight, the Lord Adanta. And now, farewell again—God and the saints be with you."

The two ladies embraced, the abbess once more gave them her benediction, and then the cavalcade set forward.

They proceeded sometime in silence. At length the knight, who had been hitherto engaged in marshalling his forces, rode up to the side of the Lady Beatrice. The nurse, with whom she was conversing, fell back, and was soon engaged in recounting for the hundredth time to the steward their escape from Venice, while the lover spoke in those low tones, which love ever assumes, to his mistress.

"But tell me," said the Lady Beatrice at length, "why come you here with this title and array; for since your hasty arrival this morning you have done nothing but persuade the abbess and my aunt's steward that we should set forth to-day—and so I have had no chance to hear you unravel this mystery."

"It is soon done, sweet one," said the knight, with the gay laugh of happiness, "for, on arising from my bed of illness I found that my cousin, whose heir you know I was, had died. So I came into possession of his estates at once, and well was it that I did; for it put me in possession of a good body of retainers with whom to guard you to Rome."

"Why—is there any peril, think you?" said Beatrice anxiously, "Surely my uncle would not think of seizing me by force, and from what other person can we expect danger?"

"Ah! dearest, you know him not, much as you have been persecuted by him. Think you that the man who would set an assassin on me to take my life, would hesitate to seize you by main force especially when he is, by the will of your father, your personal guardian."

"But my father never dreamed that the Duke, my own mother's brother, would treat me thus—he never intended me to be the ward of so bad a man."

"True, true, but think you the Duke would split hairs about right and wrong if he had you once more in Venice with the law on his side. Trust it not, sweet one,—he would then take right, law, and everything in his own hands. Ah!" he exclaimed, suddenly rising in his stirrups to look over the brow of a hill a short distance in advancce, "by St. Mark! what do I see? Ho! there," he continued, shouting rapidly and violently, "a

foe—a foe. Form men, form—place the ladies in the rear. Rest your lances, brave hearts, and be ready for the recreants."

The very first ejaculation of the knight had been followed by the appearance of an armed force on the brow of the hill, and before he ceased speaking it was evident that the insignia of the Vivaldo family were borne in the front of the troop, and that the intentions of the strangers were hostile. The Lady Beatrice and her women were instantly hurried to the rear of the knight's cavalcade, and preparations made to meet the foe. The armed condottieri—for such were the kind of troops led by the Duke—gave their foes no breathing time, but ere the little band of Adanta could well arrange its front, dashed down the hill. Luckily there was a level space of some extent betwixt the knight's force and the foot of the hill. He suffered the foe accordingly to descend the acclivity before he moved; but as soon as the condottieri had gained the plain, he shouted,

"Charge—for God and St. Mark—ho! have at them," and levelling his long lance, while his men-at-arms followed his example, he dashed at full gallop to meet the foe. The shock of the meeting squadrons was like that of an earthquake. For a minute nothing could be seen but the clouds of dust in which the combatants were involved; but the anxious females and their little guard could plainly distinguish, amid the ringing of steel and the shricks of the wounded, the shouts of the respective leaders. At length the fight seemed receding, and after one or two desperate stands the forces of the assailants were seen retreating over the hill. In less than ten minutes the knight and his followers returned from the chase, and riding up to the Lady Beatrice and her attendants, he said,

"The day is won, at least for the present. The knaves have been as you see, driven to a base retreat. But how many more ambuscades they may prepare for us there is no telling, so we had best push on and that right sharply too. Although had I not charge of you, dear Beatrice, I would chase the villains to the very shores of Venice."

The cavalcade was about setting forth again, when one of the men-at-arms approached.

"The fellow whom you took prisoner, my lord," he said, "has confessed that the Duke has had spies for a month to watch the convent, with the intention of taking prisoner the lady as soon as she should leave the protection of its walls."

"The double-dyed villain!" ejaculated the knight.

"What shall we do with the prisoner, my lord?" asked the man after a pause.

"Scourge the wretch and let him go."

The troop now pushed forward, but any one who had looked toward the rear would have seen that the retainers of the knight did not forget his command, but that, amid the laughter of the bold followers, the prisoner and traitor received his deserts.

As they passed the field where the conflict had lately taken place, and where two or three of the enemy lay mortally wounded or dead, Beatrice turned away with a shudder. The knight saw it and hurried forward the troop, but said nothing.

Their journey was thenceforth pursued without molestation, and the aunt of our heroine soon welcomed her to Rome.

The circumstances of the lover had meanwhile been greatly altered since the day when he parted from the Lady Beatrice at the Duke's summer palace on the Brenta. Then Adanta was but a poor scholar, or at most only a needy adventurer—now he was possessed of large estates, a title, and followed by an array of retainers. His pride no longer prevented him from a union with Beatrice, and with the consent of her aunt, her only relative except the Duke, they were united. Our hero wore, at the ceremony, the armor in which he had defended Beatrice; for such was her request; while his gallant retainers stood around, under the same banner which they had so nobly borne in the fray.

THE LONG COURTSHIP.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"They have been engaged these six years."

Such was the reply which Charles Irvine made to his friend Mrs. Alton, as the latter pointed out to him a couple on the other side of the way, and asked him if he knew them.

"Yes!" said he, "and I thought every body knew Horace Duval and Esther Marlowe—they have been engaged these six years."

"What is the reason they do not get married?" enquired Mrs. Alton.

"Oh! it is the old story—the gentleman is poor and the lady is faithful. They met when both were very young, and fell in love. The gentleman was only a student, it is true, but his heart was young and full of hope, and he looked forward to a speedy realization of his dreams of wealth. He pleaded his case so eloquently that Miss Marlowe pledged herself to become his bride when she was only seventeen, and he had just entered his twenty-first year. Six years have since passed and they are yet unmarried; for Duval is a physician, and you know how difficult it is for a young practitioner in medicine to obtain a livelihood. I hear that he has at length given up all hope of being able to establish himself in this crowded city, and has determined to try his fortune in some place where there is less competition. He talks of going to the west."

"I hope not."

"Why?"

"Because I fear for the fidelity of the gentleman. Unless Dr. Duval is different from most of his sex, his feelings will, nay, *must* suffer a partial, if not total estrangement from Miss Marlowe, should his absence be protracted for any great length of time."

"Fie, fie, my dear aunt, you slander our sex. You would question the truth of all men."

"Understand me before you blame me. I do not condemn *all* of your sex, nor do I say that a protracted separation in the present case will *certainly* produce a disruption of the engagement. I only mean to say that the probabilities are in favor of so unhappy a termination to this long courtship; and in saying this I base my conclusion altogether on the character and situation of your sex in contradistinction to those of my own."

"Very clearly stated—you could not have done it better had you been Chillingworth, the prince of logicians. But do you mean to say that the fault will be Duval's in case this engagement should be broken off through his absence."

"Certainly—at least if Miss Marlowe instead of Dr. Duval should be the cause of it, this case would be

the exception, and I believe you lawyers say that 'the exception proves the rule.'"

"Really you do not stint yourself in praising your sex."

"Now don't be unfair. Hear me out before you condemn me."

"Well."

"I said that a long separation betwixt persons engaged to each other is apt to result in breaking off the match, because the gentleman becomes either indifferent or unfaithful. I am afraid you have not noticed facts, or you would not condemn my opinion so quickly. I can now look around the circle of my acquaintance and call to mind at least a dozen instances, in which these protracted engagements, combined with a long separation betwixt the parties, have ended unfortunately. I see by your looks that you also, although younger than I am, can recollect instances of a like character. I confess I am not surprised at this result, although I deplore it. In the cases to which I have alluded, the parties have usually been engaged while quite young, perhaps before they were capable of that study of each others character which ought always to precede a contract of so high and solemn a character as this. When, therefore, they grow older, and learn to know human nature better, they cannot fail to see faults in those they love to which they were at first blinded. This does not always happen I grant, for often the illusion of passion keeps us ignorant for years of the defects in the character of the beloved object; but the scales often *do* drop off, especially in the case of the gentleman, or when the parties come to be separated for any length of time. I say in the case of the gentleman, because your sex unite more intellect with your love than our sex does. With us the passion is all heart, with you the head is at least prime minister. You analyze character more, you are apt to become hypercritical. When removed from the immediate influence of her you love, your affection insensibly cools. It does this from the very nature of your characters, and from your habits of life. With a woman fidelity is every thing. Putting aside coquettes—who are not true women—is there not more fickleness naturally in your sex than in our own? But apart from this, our different habits of life make a wide difference in the character of our love. You live in the bustle and excitement of active existence—domestic happiness is the relaxation of your evening hours—the bye-play of your life. But with us our home is every thing, the centre around which all our feelings and thoughts revolve. We have but one engrossing passion—love: you have a dozen which divide with it the empire of the heart. Wealth, pleasure, ambition! these are but a few of the passions that absorb the energies of men; but with us love is every thing. If we surrender our hearts to one of your sex, we have no rival feeling in our bosoms to disturb our thoughts from the adored object. At morning and at night, through every hour of the day, his image is constantly before us as we sit at our in-door, quiet occupations, until at length to think of him we love grows necessary to our very being. Our love becomes a part of ourself, its roots striking daily deeper and deeper into our hearts. If we are disappointed in love, our health gives way, because we brood helplessly on our sorrows: and an intimate connexion exists betwixt the mind and the body. The true secret why so many of our sex, and so few of yours die of broken-hearts, is that in our case there is, from the solitude of our daily life, so little to divert our attention from our disappointment, while in your case numerous other passions step in and prevent your thoughts from dwelling on the shipwreck of your hopes. A woman's life is spent in comparative solitude, in holding communion with her own heart. A man soon learns to forget disappointments and griefs of every nature in the exciting contests of business or ambition. To apply these principles to the case of Dr. Duval. He will at first, after his separation from Miss Marlowe, imagine that he loves her dearer than ever, but by-and-bye new occupations will insensibly divert his mind from the contemplation of his betrothed, and then new persons will cross his path, in whom quite as insensibly he will learn to take an interest—and so in the end, he will find himself brought to think so little of Miss Marlowe, that he will gladly surrender her for some newer intimate. And all this will be brought about so insensibly to himself, that he will be totally ignorant of the ten thousand immeasurably fine links in the chain which led to this result. I have seen this case so often, and it is so natural a consequence of the active life led by your sex, that I fear for the future happiness of Miss Marlowe. But yet —as I said before—Dr. Duval may prove an exception to the general rule."

"And these are the reasons why you always oppose long courtships?"

"They are. Often a long courtship is a benefit rather than an injury, but I fear in general the reverse is the case."

"Well, I scarcely know what to say. You certainly have argued your opinions in a clear and masterly style. But I'm afraid my vanity in my sex will not suffer me to adopt your conclusions. But here we are at your door, and I find the time has come for me to fulfil an engagement."

"Good bye then; but don't forget, if we live to see the end of this betrothal, to come to me and tell me what you then think of long courtships."

Mrs. Alton was one of the most sensible women in the city. She had a tinge of romance in her disposition, but she never suffered this to interfere with her plain, common sense views of the duties and situations of life.

A keen observer, she had accumulated a large store of facts, from which to deduce her opinions. In no one did her nephew, Charles Irvine, place such reliance, especially on points in which her sex's opinions were generally sought for. He was staggered by her arguments on the present occasion, and as he thought on the subject he inclined more to her opinions. But yet he would not wholly admit the force of the reasoning.

Time passed on. Horace, or rather Doctor Duval, had left the city, according to his determination, and was now settled in a thriving town in one of the Western States. His letters to Esther Marlowe were at first frequent, and filled with hope and glowing pictures of the happiness that was in store for them. His business slowly increased, and he wrote to her that in eighteen months or two years at furthest, he would be able to return to the East, and claim her for his bride. At length his letters became less frequent, and often contained passages which Esther feared were cold, although she tried to persuade herself that they were not. Then came an interval of silence, and then a missive saying that he had been sick, but was now wholly recovered. How the tears fell from Esther's eyes as she read, how she wished that she had known of his danger, and could have flown to his side. Alas! little was she aware of the change in her lover's affections. He had indeed been sick, and to the kindness of others he had perhaps been indebted for his life. He had learnt to think less of Esther, and more of her who had tended him with such constant care. New scenes, as Mrs. Alton said, had colored his mind—new friendships had struck their roots into his heart, insensibly pushing out the old occupants of the soil. He no longer thought hourly of Esther. He had begun to dream of another face than hers. There was a new voice sweeter to him than that of his affianced bride. Gradually his letters to her became less frequent and more formal. Miss Marlowe at length could shut her eyes no longer to the coldness of his language. Perhaps she noticed it in her reply—perhaps she suffered in silence. We willingly draw a veil over the sad story. It soon came to be known that the long engagement betwixt Doctor Duval and Miss Marlowe was at an end. How the rumor became public no one knew, for the lady herself never alluded to such a thing; but there needed no other confirmation to it beyond the pale, dejected air and hollow cough of the suffering victim.

"Poor Miss Marlowe," said Charles Irvine to his aunt, "she is failing fast. Consumption, they say, has fastened his tooth of poison on her vitals, but alas! I fear a broken-heart would be the better name for her disease."

"I fear so too," said Mrs. Alton, "do you recollect our conversation some eighteen months ago on Esther and Doctor Duval?"

"I do," said Irvine, "and I confess I am now a convert to your opinion."

While this very conversation was transpiring, the object of it was sitting in an easy chair, propped up by pillows, in the last stage of her fell disease. Every few minutes a racking cough would seize her frame. Her eye was sunken, her voice was feeble, her cheek burned with the fitful hectic of consumption. Her mother and sister sat with tearful eyes gazing on the invalid. A servant entered the room bringing a phial which she laid on the little stand before the sufferer. Her mother, with a trembling hand, took up the phial, and unrolling it from the envelope, turned away to prepare the potion for her daughter. The newspaper, in which the phial had been wrapped, still lay on the stand. A word in the torn envelope attracted the attention of the sufferer, and she took it up. She had scarcely ran her eye over the paragraph which first attracted her notice, when a faint shriek burst from her lips, the paper dropped from her nerveless grasp, and she fell back apparently in a fainting fit. The mother let fall the phial, and sprang to her daughter's side. Alas! it was only to grasp the hand of the dead.

The paper which had fallen from the grasp of the invalid was picked up. It contained the following announcement, under the head of marriages:—

On Sunday, the 23d inst. by the Rev. James Atwood, Doctor Horace Duval, to Miss Mary Estelle, daughter of John Estelle, Esq. all of this place.

This fatal paragraph had driven the last barb into the already bleeding heart of Esther Marlowe. She died a victim to the perfidy of her lover.

THE LIEUTENANT'S BRIDE.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

It was the annual ball at West Point. The room was elegantly decorated with flags hung in festoons, sabres formed into stars, and all the other paraphrenalia of military glory. The floor was crowded with officers of the army and navy, of every rank, from the midshipman and cadet upward. The military band of the post occupied the orchestra. Never, perhaps, has there been assembled at West Point a prouder assemblage of beauty than that which then entranced the beholder. There were dark brunettes from Baltimore; golden-haired Hebes from Charleston; tall, stately beauties from Philadelphia; gay belles from the more ostentatious New York; and even the fair blonde daughters of New England, with their blue eyes, their clear complexions, their proud dignity of mien. But among that brilliant array there was one pre-eminently beautiful. Tall and shapely in her figure, she moved through the room with the stately motion of a swan, eliciting admiration from every beholder. Her dress was simple, yet costly and beautiful. It was evident that the severest taste presided over the toilette of the fascinating Ellen Belvoir; for fascinating every one felt her to be who had listened, though but for a moment, to her gay sallies, or her subdued sentiment. Her every look, word and motion was grace itself. She possessed that rare combination of qualities which constitutes the lady, in contra-distinction to the mere pretender. But it was not her manners alone that rendered her so. Her politeness was that of the heart. She was no mere automaton; she would have been equally as affable and kind had she been borne in a cottage. But alas! it was the misfortune of Ellen Belvoir to have been born of a noble family, and she had been brought up with high notions of the superiority of blood. In this originated a trait of her character which is shared by too many of her sex—a scorn for all who could not trace their lineage to an equally noble origin with hers. But now, surrounded by admirers, and excited by the gay scene around, even Ellen Belvoir had for the moment forgotten her prejudices.

"Who is that elegant man?" she said to her cousin, during an intermission betwixt the sets, glancing toward a noble-looking officer in the uniform of a captain in the army, "he has been in the room a full half hour, and yet he has not asked to be introduced to me. I declare," she added gaily, "I am quite piqued at his indifference."

"Ah! coz, you will make him repent of it yet," laughingly replied her cousin, "or I mistake your sex. But see, he is coming this way. He is an old messmate of mine, and I will introduce him—ah! Captain Stanley—glad to see you," and advancing from Ellen's side, her cousin grasped the hand of the approaching officer. The salutation was warmly returned, and for a while the two friends were engaged in talking of the events that had transpired to each since they last met. At length, Stanley's eyes happened to fall on the spiritual face of Miss Belvoir, and from their look of admiration her cousin knew at once that an introduction would be considered a favor. He accordingly presented the young officer to Ellen, and, after a few remarks, sauntered across the room, leaving his cousin and Stanley together.

What is so favorable to love as a gay ball-room? and what ball-room is so dangerous as that of West Point? Both Ellen and Stanley were soon lost to every thing except each other. They danced together and promenaded in company, until they become the objects of whispered though general remark. Before the festivities of the evening had terminated, it was universally gossipped about that the beautiful Miss Belvoir, and the hitherto heart-free Captain Stanley had fallen mutually in love. Some affected to sneer at it, some wondered how it *did* happen; but all agreed that the two were the finest couple in the room, and were admirably fitted for each other.

The gossip of a ball-room was, for once, right. Ellen Belvoir had passed three winters since her coming out without meeting with any one to subdue her virgin heart; but from the first moment she saw Stanley she felt a strange interest in him. His gallant bearing, his polished manners, his fine conversational powers, and above all a certain frankness of deportment toward her so different from the sickening flattery daily poured into her ears, appealed at once to her fancy, and soon subdued her judgment. She felt that Stanley was one to whom she could look up, and she knew that only such a character could possess her love. His eloquent tones vibrated in her ears long after they had parted for the night, and even in her dreams she saw his manly form bending admiringly over her.

Stanley had been equally charmed with his partner. Years had elapsed since he had been appointed to one of the stations on the far west, and during that period he had been completely excluded from refined female society. He occupied the time in picturing to himself the beau ideal of a being such as he could choose for a wife. On his return to the east he had met many lovely beings, whose attractions his friends thought him incapable of resisting; but nearly a year had passed, and he appeared even less susceptible than on his return. He had sought in vain to realize his romantic dreams, and finding it impossible, was content to enjoy the reputation of a confirmed bachelor. Now, however, he thought he had met the divinity which he had so long adored in secret, for, in Ellen Belvoir, he fancied he saw every trait which he sought to have in a wife. As he became more intimate with the lovely girl, he grew

more confirmed in this first impression; and, after a fortnight's sojourn at West Point, where Miss Belvoir had been passing the summer, Stanley became completely in love. Nor was Ellen less enamored of the young officer, whose gallant bearing attracted every eye, and whose services in the field had already won for him an enviable name. When, therefore, Stanley proposed for her hand, Ellen accepted it, for she was an orphan, an heiress, and already in possession of her property. It was arranged that the marriage should take place the ensuing winter.

The lovers at length parted, but only for two short months, preparatory to their marriage. Business called the lieutenant to Washington, while his affianced bride, accompanied by her cousin, returned to Boston, by the way of Albany.

It was at the close of a hot, sultry day that the carriage in which they travelled drew up at a neat public house, in one of those quiet villages which are scattered through Massachusetts. They had journeyed the whole day through the mountains, and the sight of the white inn, with its green venetian shutters, and its pretty garden in the rear, all betokening the tidiness of the owner, was peculiarly refreshing to the travellers. The pleasant looking widow lady who met them at the door, increased their delight with the place.

"A sweet village, you have here," said the gentleman on alighting, as he followed the landlady to a small but exquisitely neat parlor.

"Yes sir, although it is small," answered the landlady—"it is rarely that we have many strangers visiting here, and so the place is much as it was in the days of our fathers."

There was something in the low, sweet modulated tone of the speaker which made the interrogator start. Surely that voice belonged to no common inkeeper's widow. There was that finish in the tones which is the surest evidence of a refined mind. His cousin seemed to notice this also, for when the landlady had retired, she said,

"Our hostess is certainly above the common order—one would almost think she had been born a lady and transformed by some malignant genius into a common inkeeper's widow."

"She is obviously a woman of education—perhaps some one whom distress has driven to this business for a livelihood. She has not always kept an inn, be assured, coz."

"Still, nothing ought to have induced her to stoop to so degrading an occupation," said his fair cousin, her prejudices at once taking alarm, "there are ways enough in which an impoverished lady can obtain a livelihood, without resorting to the trade of an inkeeper. Pshaw! coz, you are wrong, after all—the fact of her having adopted this business is a sufficient proof that she is no lady," and she gave a somewhat haughty toss of her head as she spoke.

When, after an hour's rest, they met at supper, they were ushered into a neat room, a door from which opened into an apartment beyond, apparently a bed room. This door was ajar, disclosing a portrait hanging on an opposite wall. The light in this inner apartment was somewhat dim, but Ellen could distinguish that the picture represented a young man in uniform, and a second glance assured her that the portrait was that of her affianced lover. She started, and looked again. But she could not be deceived. The broad brow, the searching eye, the whole cast of countenance was that of her lover. The landlady noticed her emotion with some surprise, and as she sat down to do the honors of the table, looked to Ellen for an explanation. Miss Belvoir, fearing that her agitation had been noticed, said,

"Pray, if not too inquisitive, may I ask whose portrait I see within there. It bears a striking resemblance to one I have known well."

"It is the portrait of my son," quietly answered the landlady, but a proud smile lit up her face, as if she was conscious of the worth of him of whom she spoke.

"And his name?" breathlessly asked Ellen.

"Edward Stanley," was the response, "he has been on the frontier for years, and but lately returned. His first visit," continued the fond mother, with pride, "was paid to me, and on his departure he sent that portrait to me."

"Do you know where he is now?" asked Ellen, concealing, by a violent effort, the interest she felt in the reply.

"At Washington, I believe—he wrote me about a fortnight since from West Point, stating that he should have to visit Washington soon on business. Is your tea, Miss, agreeable?" she continued, suddenly recollecting that, in her fondness for her child, she had forgotten the duties of her station.

Shall we picture the struggle that took place in the mind of Ellen that night after she had retired? Her cousin, little thinking of the effect it was to produce, had bantered her on her love for the landlady's son, and had thus aroused prejudices which only her affection had hitherto kept down. What! should she, the proud, the gifted, the high born, wed the son of a village landlady? Long she lay and thought of it, and every moment her pride grew stronger, so that, although at first her love had struggled for the mastery, her pride of birth eventually came off victor. Perhaps she had never loved with that single-heartedness which is a true woman's jewel—but so it was—she rose, the ensuing morning, determined to break off the match with her lover. She resolved, however, not to apprize him of her determination until she reached Boston.

During the rest of the journey Ellen assumed a gaiety of tone little in keeping with her real feelings. She made no confidant of her cousin, for it was a part of her self-willed and imperious nature to rely wholly on herself. But when they reached Boston he accompanied her to her residence, and on taking leave, said laughingly in reply to a retort of hers.

"Adieu, my sweet coz, and remember, when you are married, to buy the old inn in ——, as a sort of remembrance of old times."

The shot struck home. Ellen had renewed the struggle in her breast betwixt love and pride, and the former had almost come off conqueror, when this unlucky retort of her cousin, aroused all her haughtiness. She had many good feelings, but she had lived so long in the world that she had become a believer in the truth of its maxims. What would her young friends say—she thought—if she married a landlady's son? She went into the house, and on the spur of the moment, wrote a dismissal to her lover.

And how did he receive it? More in sorrow than in indignation. He sat down and wrote a reply, in which he coldly notified the receipt of her letter. No unworthy regret did he breathe—no attempt did he make to change her determination. His love hitherto had blinded him to this trait in Ellen's character, but now it appeared in all its glaring deformity before him, and he renounced her, certainly not without pain, but without regret.

And years passed, and he saw and wooed another and a fairer bride. But Ellen never married. She repented too soon of her conduct. Perhaps others avoided her on account of her heartlessness toward Stanley, but from the hour of their separation she faded away as if some secret sorrow was at her heart. She lived to become what she most dreaded—an old maid.

THE LOST SHIP.

BY HARRY DANFORTH.

"Hark!" said a young man to a group, of which he formed a part, sitting around the cheery fire of an inn, and momently drowning, in gay sallies and boisterous mirth, the noise of the gale outside—"hark! was not that a gun?"

Every voice in the company ceased speaking at once, and every ear was turned in eager enquiry toward the window. The roar of the neighboring surf, and the wild tumult of the tempest, as it whistled and shrieked without, broke distinctly on the hearing, but for more than a minute, during which all listened intently, nothing else was heard.

"It was but fancy, Jack," said one of the group, "you——"

The speaker stopped short, for, at that instant, the deep boom of a cannon out at sea, sounded distinctly and fearfully across the night, so that the hearers started and gazed into each other's faces, as men might gaze if they could listen to a voice from the dead. Neither the pen of the novelist, nor the pencil of the painter, could do justice to that look of horror. The silence lasted for a full minute, and was at length broken by the first speaker.

"There is a ship on the coast—hark! a third gun, and it sounds nearer than the last."

"And the wind is right on shore, and blowing a hurricane," said another.

"God help them!—but let us hurry to the coast, and see if we can do any thing for them," ejaculated the first speaker.

With one consent the party moved toward the door, first, however, calling to the landlord to bring lanterns and ropes in case the latter might be needed. As the door was opened, a gust of wind eddied into the room, flaring the candles in their sconces, and whistling keenly around the corners of the apartment. When the adventurers stepped outside they were almost borne down, for a moment, by the intensity of the gale, which, sweeping unchecked across the plain that lay betwixt the inn and the beach, burst on the house with almost incredible fury. It was snowing violently, and the flakes hissing and spinning in the hurricane, almost blinded the eyes of the adventurers; but drawing their shaggy coats around them, the compassionate travellers bent their heads against the wind, and hurried to the coast, their pace increasing momently as the solemn booming of that signal gun rose more and more distinctly on the night.

The shore to which they turned their steps was a high, bold rocky coast, against which the surf was now beating with a violence that shook the cliffs to their

base, and flung the spray in showers over their edge a hundred feet above the raging deep below. The party had stood sometime, however, on the summit of the rocks before the anxious lookers out could distinguish any thing through the storm, although they strained their eyes to the utmost in the direction from which the sounds of the cannon proceeded. At length a light was discernible through the gloom, and directly a dim shadowy object, gradually assuming the outlines of a ship flying before the tempest, started out of the misty distance. For one moment she was seen driving up toward the spectators. That moment, seeming to them an age, was spent in a breathless horror that did not admit of words. Each one involuntarily clenched his hands tighter together, and gazed with straining eyes on the powerless craft that was sweeping onward with such mad velocity to the cliffs at his feet. On—on she came, driving amid the white foam and the whither tempest. A moment more and there was a crash, followed by a shriek that rose even above the storm, and froze the very hearts of the listeners. It ceased and the hurricane alone was heard.

"It is all over," said one of the listeners. "God have mercy on the souls who have gone to their last account."

"Amen!" said another; and again a breathless silence followed, during which each spectator listened to hear if there might be any survivor of the wreck. At length one spoke.

"There was a cry?" he said.

"It sounds like the wail of a child."

"From what direction does it come?"

"Just beneath the cliffs—but now I lose it."

"Hark! there it is again."

"Aye! and it is a woman's voice."

There was no doubt any longer that a living being was crying for succor from the foot of the cliffs, and a dozen lanterns were immediately lowered over the edge. The violence of the gale dashed them against the rocks and broke several, but the momentary light they shed on the scene below, revealed to the spectators a white figure which they knew at once to be that of a female, clinging to the rocks, and drenched with every wave. For an instant, and an instant only, by the light of a lantern lowered farther down the precipice, but almost immediately shattered to pieces, the face of the female had been seen cast upward in earnest supplication, and those who caught a momentary glimpse of it said that it was that of a young and beautiful girl. But what could be done for her? The frenzy of the gale forbade any attempt to rescue her by descending the cliff; and it was certain that she could not live until morning exposed to the driving snow, the intense cold, the washing of the surf, and the fierce eddies of the gale around the precipice. The spectators looked at each other in dismay. And when, in a lull of the hurricane, that cry of agony came again to their ears, a cold shiver ran through their frames.

Meantime, the cliffs were becoming crowded with people, who, apprized of the wreck by the signal guns she had fired, poured forth from their houses to render what assistance was possible to the sufferers. A fire was soon kindled on the verge of the precipice, for, although at first the hissing snow-flakes almost extinguished the flames, the efforts of the warm-hearted adventurers at length fanned the fire into vigorous existence, and the lurid volume streamed up steadily into the storm, or flared, to and fro, in the stronger puffs of the tempest. As the fire flung its light across the countenances of the group which had gathered around it, there might be traced, in every face, an expression of the most anxious concern, while each spectator gazed out toward the ocean, striving to catch, through the fleecy storm, a sight of the wreck, or peered down cautiously over the edge of the cliff to discover the exact position of the sufferer below, and see whether or not any succor could be afforded her. During all this time persons had been arriving at the scene of disaster, bringing ropes, tackle, and other appliances by which aid might be rendered to the crew and passengers of the dismantled ship. At length the fire, fed by renewed fuel, blazed high up into the air, and flinging its ruddy blaze far and wide around, enabled the spectators to catch momentary gleams of the wreck. She appeared to be a ship of heavy tonnage, and had ran so high up on the rocks that she stuck there as if impaled, her stern falling off seaward, while her bows overhung the boiling vortex on the land side of the sharp rock on which she lay. The racking of the sea had by this time broken her hull in two, and the forward part, crowded with living beings, fell away into the gulf below, just as the ruddy blaze of the flames enabled the spectators to catch their first glimpse of the wreck. It was a heart-rending sight. At the very moment when the beacon fire informed the sufferers that succor was at hand, just when hope began again to brighten in their darkened bosoms, they were swept away into the raging vortex, powerless and hopeless, before the agonized eyes of those who were powerless as the victims! One wild shriek rose over all the uproar of the gale—and then a silence, if silence there could be amid that hurricane, fell on the scene.

"God Almighty," said the voice of the pastor of the neighboring village, "have mercy on their souls—surely he is the Lord, for the deep owneth his power!"

That deep hush, unbroken save by this ejaculation, continued for several minutes, during which every eye was strained to detect, if possible, a single struggling form in the wild vortex below. But whether the faintness of the light forbade it, or whether the sufferers were confounded with the foam below, not a solitary living being was ever after seen of all those who had

stood on the forecastle of the wreck. Minute after minute elapsed, and still the spectators gazed curiously into the darkness, but, as the moments slipped away, hope grew fainter, until at length it ceased altogether. At length one spoke.

"There is not a soul left alive. Nor does there seem to be any one on the stern of the vessel. I fear the sufferer below is the sole survivor. Can nothing be done to rescue her?"

For several minutes there was no reply; but each person gazed into his neighbor's face with a sad, hopeless look that told too plainly what was thought. Many shook their heads, and several turned away as if longer delay at the spot was useless. But, when the silence had reigned for some time, the young man who, in the inn, had been the first to hear the signal gun, stepped out and said,

"The only hope is in descending to her aid. I will try it with a rope—so help me God!"

"It were madness," said one.

"You will never live to get half way down," said another.

"I cannot die in a holier cause," answered the young man.

"Nobly spoken, my son," said the pastor, "and may God be with you in your attempt. He who guided the children of Israel through the desert, and maintained the holy martyrs amid the fires of persecution will not desert us in this extremity."

The words of the venerable man had an invigorating effect on the listeners, and infused new hope into their bosoms. The tackle was speedily rigged, the fire was replenished, and then the adventurer stood on the edge of the cliff awaiting a lull in the gale.

The attempt now to be made was one of the most perilous nature, and certain death would be sure to overtake the adventurer, if his nerve should fail him, or his path become immersed in darkness during his descent. The side of the precipice was nearly perpendicular, but it shelved in perhaps a few yards in its descent, while its surface was broken every where with fissures and jutting crags, against the latter of which a person descending its side with a rope would run a constant peril of being flung by the violence of the gale, oscillating the rope to and fro. The only possible means by which the foot of the precipice could be reached would be by the aid of a pole, used with a quick eye and steady nerve, to fend off the adventurer from the side of the cliff. Even in the day-time and during a calm the descent would have been an exploit that few persons would have coveted; but with a violent wind beating against the face of the cliff, and whirling in eddies around the broken surface, the attempt was productive almost certainly of death, and only to be justified by the extreme necessity of the present occasion. Added to all this peril, however, was that of darkness, for although the fire on the edge of the cliff was vigorously maintained, the light of the flames shot out horizontally, or at least diagonally downward, so that the face of the precipice was only illumined by fitful gleams, and never wholly removed from shadow. How could a person descending the face of the cliff in this comparative darkness, guard himself with any certainty against the numerous jutting fragments of the rock?—or how could he, even if he should effect his own descent, ascend again to the edge of the cliff above with another person?

At length it was arranged that the young adventurer should descend at once by means of a rope, girt around his body, and made fast above, while another rope should accompany him down. Then if he reached the foot of the precipice in safety, cloaks and blankets would be lowered to him in order that the sufferer might be protected, as much as possible, against the chilling blasts. When morning dawned, or earlier if the gale abated, an attempt was to be made to raise the sufferer to the top of the cliff by means of a chair and whip.

Every thing having been arranged, the daring adventurer seized a favorable opportunity during a lull of the gale, and commenced his descent. The light of the fire as it shivered on the dark face of the precipice, and the wild whirlpool of foam below gave an ominous character to all around him; but his heart was a stranger to fear, and skilfully avoiding the jutting angles of the rock, he reached at length the foot of the cliff, and with a light bound springing over an intermediate chasm, stood by the side of the fugitive from the wreck. We shall not attempt to describe her emotions during the dizzy descent of the young man, nor the glad cry of joy with which she saw him landed on the rock to which she clung. She would have thrown herself at his feet, but he would not permit it. Raising her up, he said,

"To God alone are our thanks due: let us pray to him that we may escape the peril which yet surrounds us, for I cannot conceal from you that the danger is still imminent, and I scarcely know how we can reach the top of the cliff. But droop not, for I have come to save you or die with you!"

The fugitive raised her grateful eyes to the young man, and he then saw, for the first time, that she was a young girl, apparently about seventeen, and of unusual loveliness. Even now, with her dress all drenched with spray, and the salt foam intermingled with the tresses of her dishevelled hair, her beauty was so startling that the young adventurer could scarcely repress an exclamation of rapturous admiration, and he felt that he could dare the same danger a thousand times, to win another such grateful glance from the dark eyes of the lovely stranger. But the exposed situation of the rock on which they stood—for every wave dashed the cold spray over them—soon recalled him to the necessity of providing a place

of shelter for his companion until means should be found to raise her to the summit of the cliff. With great difficulty, and aided by the rope from above, he succeeded in elevating her to a narrow shelf of the rock some ten feet higher up the face of the cliff, where, however exposed to the driving sleet and the impetuosity of the wind, she would at least be safe from the showers of foam that deluged the rock below.

"Oh! can I ever sufficiently thank you?" said the grateful girl, "your kindness may be in vain—but God will bless you!"

Her companion made no reply, but as he looked at her shivering form, he saw that her exposure had almost exhausted her, and that it was with an effort that she had spoken.

"Droop not, dear lady," he said, "I see that they are lowering down cloaks in which to wrap yourself, and keep out this pitiless storm. If we can only sustain ourselves here for an hour longer, we can reach the summit. The gale must lull by that time."

She made no answer except by a desponding shake of her head. The bundle was by this time swinging overhead, and watching a chance, her companion succeeded in catching and disentangling it from the rope. He now busied himself in wrapping up the form of the chilled and exhausted girl, and, for a while, she revived; but it soon became evident that her fragile constitution was giving way under her sufferings. This the young man saw with agony. Oh! how he wished that the ledge on which they stood could have afforded them a fire, how he prayed that the storm would abate in order that she might be raised to the summit of the cliff. Happily he had provided himself, ere he began his descent with restoratives, and these he now applied freely to the sinking girl in his arms. He clasped her small fair hand, he made her drink of the life-giving liquid, he besought her to attempt to walk to and fro, supported by him, on the narrow ledge of rock on which they stood. By these efforts he succeeded in partially reviving her, and, at the end of half an hour, saw with a joy unspeakable that the tempest had begun to lull, and in a few minutes as if miraculously the snow ceased and the wind died almost wholly away. The youth now gave the signal to those above, and soon saw the chair descending. How he trembled with eagerness, during the minutes that elapsed ere it reached the rock, lest the gale should burst forth with renewed fury. At length the chair swung on the ledge where they stood. Not a moment was to be lost. Exhorting his companion to rally her energies for this last effort, he lashed her firmly in her seat, and seizing the rope by which the ascent of the chair was to be guided, gave the signal. The attempt was perilous to the last degree, but they knew that it was the only chance for life left. With tearful eyes his companion took leave of him, but he assuming a cheerfulness he scarcely felt, bid her retain her presence of mind, and all would go well.

"Oh! it is only for you I fear now. How can you reach the summit when there will be no one below to guide your ascent?"

"The God who preserved me once, will preserve me, if he sees fit, again. Ere ten minutes I shall be safe at your side."

With a beating heart the young man gazed at the dizzy course of the chair, and once or twice he trembled violently as he saw it, despite all he could do, swinging in dangerous proximity to a jutting rock. At length he beheld it reach the level of the cliff—he saw it grasped by two or three strong arms—it was drawn inward—and then he knew that his late companion was safe. We will not analyze his feelings at that moment, but they were certainly as deep as if he had known that lovely creature during a long life-time—so true is it that an hour of fearful peril spent together, breaks down barriers betwixt two hearts which otherwise it might take years to remove.

In a few minutes the rope again descended, and the young adventurer, by incredible exertions reached the summit of the cliff, without injury. The moment his feet touched the cliff a dozen hands grasped his own, and a long loud shout of enthusiastic welcome pealed to the sky. But the first thing his eye sought was the rescued girl, who, deaf to every entreaty, had watched from the top of the cliff until she saw her preserver safe. Then she fell back exhausted into the arms of a kind-hearted dame, who had left her home and hurried to the rocks the instant she heard that the sufferer under the cliff was a woman.

The rescued girl proved to be a young lady, the daughter of an opulent merchant in a neighboring city, who was returning from her education in Europe with her governess. Her preserver was a naval officer, a lieutenant in the revenue cutter, which, but a few days before, had run into the little roadstead, a mile or two from the scene of the wreck. It was in endeavoring to make that anchorage that the ill-fated ship had come ashore, when of all her freight only this fair girl had been saved.

Need we recount the gratitude of the father when his only child was placed in his arms? Need we say how often that child thought of her preserver, or how the young lieutenant found her at length necessary to his happiness? The grateful father deemed it the happiest day of his life when he placed his daughter's hand in that of her preserver, and gave her away at the altar to one who, by risking his life for her when she was a stranger to him, had proved that he would be a protector to her in after life when she was known and loved.

LOVE IN A STAGE-COACH.

BY A BACHELOR.

How it poured! Rattle—rattle—rattle against the casement: splash—splash—splash on the ground underneath all night, and now, when I awoke, here it was raining away harder than ever, as if a second deluge was at hand. Confound that breakfast bell! I do wish there was no such thing as a breakfast on a rainy morning, for then one might lie abed all day, or until the storm cleared off. Philosophers tell us that rain is necessary for the economy of nature—it may be true, though I never trouble myself about such things—but if so, men ought to be made like dormice to sleep on in a semi-animated state, until the rain sees fit to cease. Nature never intended us to be out in a shower, or we would have been born with patent oil-cloth or india rubber skins.

Down it poured! What on earth was I to do? The day before had been the brightest one of the bright month of May, and, as I had a passion for walking in the country—more fool for it!—I had trudged away off here, eight miles and more from town, to see a country wedding, "after the good order used among Friends." I must say that the thing was very handsomely done, and that I was much edified thereat—so much so, that, one of these days, I shall perhaps tell how the parties deported themselves, how many new hats there were in the wedding companies, who drove the finest horses, and all the other matters of gossip so interesting to young misses, and old bachelors like myself. The day passed off, with a bright blue sky, until toward dusk, when a thunder-shower came up, that lasted until bed time; but I retired, fully resolved that the morning would see a clear sky overhead. But morning had come; and here it was, pouring, pouring down, in one dark, splashy, continuous stream, for all the world like an old maid's objurgations when her tongue gets wagging!

Down I hurried to the breakfast table. I had just buttered my bread and was swallowing the first mouthful of coffee, when the horn of the coach to town was heard, and looking out the window I saw the vehicle, with its four smoking horses, dashing down the turnpike. It was my only chance to reach the city that day. I bolted my bread, gulped down the coffee till my throat was scalded, jammed my hat on my head, and made a dive through the door. The driver did not see me, but cracked his whip with a flourish and went on. I shouted. Still the old villain would not notice me, but with another flourish of his whip, set his four in hand into a brisker trot, and rattled down the hill. Desperate with the fear of being left I pitched after him, spattering the mud around at every step, and shouting at the top of my lungs; but I might have ran on and

shouted till doomsday, had not a passenger seen me and stopped the deaf old sinner. Out of breath, wet to the skin, covered with mud from head to foot, and not in the best humor from the loss of my breakfast, I mounted into the coach; but the instant I placed my foot inside the vehicle all my sulkiness vanished, for there sat—the only passenger beside myself—one of the loveliest angels that ever blessed an old ricketty coach, or warmed the soul of a sour, breakfastless bachelor with her presence.

Did you ever fall in love? Of course. And the lady was the loveliest of her sex? To be sure. Then this stage-coach beauty was twice as handsome as your sweetheart; and if, after this, you don't think my fellow passenger a cherub, then I give up all hope of making you appreciate her. Such eyes, such teeth, and then such lips!—egad, it almost makes me crazy to think of them. I put myself down for the luckiest dog in the world. She was dressed in a plain straw cottage bonnet with a green veil—"just such a costume," said I, "as a *real* lady wears when travelling"—and then she gave me such a sweet but half roguish smile as I tumbled into the coach in the plight I have described, that I knew her at once to be a paragon in the way of education, taste, fortune, and all that; and I resolved—what knowing one wouldn't?—to make the agreeable off hand, for there's nothing like meeting an heiress in a stage-coach, where she thinks she's unknown, and dreams that every attention paid to her springs from pure love—ahem!—on your part.

I was in clover. What cared I for the rain. Splash—splash—splash, aye! rain away there like blazes—who cares? One doesn't get *tête-a-tête* with a pretty girl every day of the week—so I determined to make the most of it.

> "The storm without might rair and rustle
> Tom didna mind the storm a whistle."

And, faith, what with a few sly compliments, and my extraordinary good looks, I soon got as cozy with my unknown beauty, and she with me, as if we had been acquainted since the days of Noah. We talked of the wedding, for she too had been there—of the scenery—of the rain—and of whatever came uppermost; and there was such a charming frankness in all she said that I really thought her the most winning little witch I had ever seen, and I verily believe if the floor had been softer or I had known the accurate number of houses to which I would be tenant in curtesy, I should have gone down on my knees to her at once. I hate shewing one's learning off in public, so I avoided any thing like literature, though I saw by the intelligent eyes of my charmer that she had a soul alive to all the finer sensibilities of nature. At length we got on the subject of house-keeping. Now, if there's any thing I hate it's a woman that can't keep house, and I trembled at every word lest my angel should confess her ignorance of these matters. Shade of Apicus! how my heart leaped when she told me that hardly a day passed in which she didn't make bread, or pies, or sponge-cake, or some other of those shim-shaws that delight the heart of man; and when, in expatiating on such delicacies, she rose to a pitch of eloquence that I never heard surpassed, I couldn't resist my feelings, but snatched her hand to my lips and kissed it. Yes! I felt that she was destined to be mine; for if there's any thing a wife ought to know it's this. I come of a race of eaters. My grandfather has lunched on half a dozen rabbits, and died at last of a surfeit produced by eating two young pigs. My father can break his fast on a brace of capons, or devour a pair of turkeys without having to pick his teeth; and the way a brother of mine can tuck in the hundreds of pickled oysters and dishes of chicken salad, does credit to the family. My own exploits in this line modesty forbids me to mention. No wonder I loved this rosy little beauty who could get up such a choice fry, and bake such delicious cakes. Ah! what a life of domestic happiness rose before my vision, when I pictured myself returning home from court at night, to meet a beefsteak ready boiled, or a bowl of the richest turtle soup, served up by the fair hand of the angel at my side. I resolved, if there was virtue in a pair of whiskers, in an eloquent tongue, or in my new blue coat, to win this seraph of pie-bakers.

There's no place like a stage-coach for making love. It comes natural! You do it, egad, in a sort of easy, dont-care-for-any-thing style, that you can't, for the life of you, assume in any other place. What betwixt sitting on the same seat to talk more conveniently, and putting your arm around her waist to keep her from jolting off, you soon get to be wonderfully cozy, and—ten to one—if you don't catch yourself squeezing her hand, or varying the entertainments in some other way, before you're aware of it. For my part, as I have said, I was ready to surrender at discretion, and I already fancied myself lightening the dear creature beside me of the troublesome duty of collecting the rents of her various fine houses. I was charmed to think of the progress I had made in her affections. What a delicately rosy cheek it was that I just then slyly kissed, she blushing the deeper at my warmth! And then her saucy, pouting lips; and her figure, just the very size for a man who hated your thin, weasel-shaped young misses as he hated epidemics. Ah! what a wife she would make! How I thanked my stars that I had hitherto set my face like a flint against every temptation to marry—for now my firmness was to be rewarded by this beauty and heiress dropping into my mouth. And then I preached to myself a mental homily on the short-sightedness of man, as I ventured to steal another kiss

from the conscious and blushing little angel at my side. I was just about to pop the question itself, when the coach stopped, and the driver descended and opened the door. My charmer rose. I was taken all aback.

"Do you get out here?" said I in surprise.

"Yes!" said she, "I see Mr. Powell is waiting for me."

"Mr. Powell," said I, for that was the name of a friend of mine who lived up this very lane, not half a mile from the turnpike, "do you then live with him? Perhaps you're a relative? Strange," I muttered to myself, "I never heard him speak of this charming creature."

Before I could answer, Powell approached, and while he hailed me, my fellow passenger sprang to the ground as if by magic, and the next minute was in my friend's vehicle.

"For heaven's sake," said I, half mad that the hearty grip of Powell prevented me from hastening to his ward's assistance, "who is that angel? Is she a relative, a ward, or what? I'm dying for love of her!"

Powell burst into a laugh, and laughed on until the tears came into his eyes. Confound the fellow what did he mean? I began to look angry.

"Come, my dear boy," he said, "don't get into a passion, but consider how odd it is that you of all men should fall in love with *my cook!*"

I never make acquaintances in a stage-coach now, until I have exchanged cards.

Eternity is a vast and trackless ocean—a wide-spread expanse without limit and without shore—a sea upon which has never yet floated the hitherward voyager, and upon which we shall have ourselves ere long to embark!

Original from
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LOUISA SANFORD;

OR, THE EVILS OF INTEMPERANCE.

"Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil."

There is a deep, unpleasing melancholy in the toll of a bell! how it harrows up our feelings, and makes our hearts ache! That doleful sound is the messenger of the departure of some spirit to "that undiscover'd country, from whose bourne no traveller returns," telling that some form once filled with life and vigor, and blooming with health and beauty, is about to be consigned to the cold and silent tomb. How many eyes are streaming with tears! how many hearts are left desolate! What a sound for reflection! perhaps, ere long it may sound our funeral knell!

> "There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
> Some chord in unison with what we hear
> Is touched within us, and the heart replies—
> With easy force it opens to the cells
> Where Memory slept."

How fraught with misery is that mournful sound falling upon my ears, spreading far over hill and dale, telling that some friend is gone, and associating in my thoughts the recollection of a sad event with which that sound is connected, wafting me back to a far-distant period, and arousing in my heart sensations which have long lain dormant. I have often heard the toll of the church-bell, yet it has ever produced a feeling of awe in me, since being connected with an event which I shall here narrate.

Louisa Sanford was the only child of Colonel William Sanford, one of the wealthiest and most respectable planters in the South. He had devoted the earlier portion of his manhood to the practice of law in the city of Augusta, and possessing a superior intellect, and considerable talents, both legal and literary, he soon became eminent in his profession. Having a handsome appearance, and above all an unblemished moral reputation, he had little difficulty in engaging the affections, and obtaining the hand of Louisa Styles, one of the most beautiful, wealthy and accomplished young ladies in the city; a circumstance which placed him far above the world; and being regardless of fame, he, shortly after his marriage, abandoned his profession, purchased a plantation a short distance from town, and removed to the country to obtain that repose and retirement his nature loved. Mrs. Sanford, being an orphan, had no *fashionable mama* to urge her stay in the city; and having an affectionate and conciliating disposition, it was with pleasure she renounced all the gaieties of town for a life in the country. They had been married but a few years before Mrs. Sanford fell a victim to consumption, leaving an inconsolable husband and Louisa, the subject of this narrative, an infant about one year old. Colonel Sanford was, for several years, a prey to the deepest melancholy, and frequently subject to alienation of intellect; but time, the assuager of all griefs, gradually restored him in a degree, though he never entirely recovered his former gaiety of spirits.

Louisa was now the only being on whom he could bestow his affection and care; and as each succeeding year made her more interesting, how plainly could her father see all the beauty and loveliness of his dear lost wife concentrated in his child. How kind and devoted a father was he; not even neglectful of those delicate attentions which mother's bestow on their children. Having nothing to occupy his time but the improvement of his beautiful residence, he superintended the education of his daughter. Possessing a mind of the first order, and having omitted no opportunity of improving it, he was well calculated to impart to Louisa that instruction so necessary to the adornment of a young lady; not neglecting to have her taught all the minor accomplishments. Louisa possessed a sprightly intellect, and having so competent an instructor as her father, she had acquired more useful knowledge at the age of fifteen than young ladies, who are sent to *boarding-schools*, usually do at twenty. When Louisa had attained her fifteenth year, her father concluded it was time for her to see a little more of the world, and forthwith made arrangements for making a tour through the Northern States.

It was in the pleasant month of April, 18—, that Colonel Sanford and his daughter set out on their journey, in their own private coach, so as to jaunt leisurely through the States they intended visiting, make observations on the country, and if they took a fancy to any particular spot, to sojourn there so long as suited their inclination; a mode decidedly preferable (to one who travels for pleasure and information) to being whirled along on a railroad at such a rapid rate that you have no time to view scenery, for every thing seems blended into one; or travelling on a steamboat with the constant dread of striking a snag, and sinking, or getting blown up. Colonel Sanford travelled as far north as New Haven, and he was so charmed with that beautiful town, that he concluded to remain there some length of time. A few weeks after his arrival, he visited various female schools, and finding one, the discipline of which pleased him so well, that he entered Louisa, resolving if she would consent to a separation from him, he would leave her and visit England. There was an attraction and a charm in the society of Colonel Sanford, which, notwithstanding his habitual reserve and melancholy, won the hearts of all those with whom he became acquainted; so that it was not long before he had a circle of admiring friends. Intelligent, and well-bred, and having almost constantly by his side his beautiful

and charming daughter, and his reputed wealth, (for it *will* have its attractions) it is but natural that he should be burthened with attentions. Louisa soon obtained the name of "Lily of the South." There were several young men from the South, then students at Yale, and among them was George Leonard, the handsomest and most talented young man in College. Louisa had not seen him since he was a mere stripling, and scarcely had she renewed her acquaintance with him, ere he won her admiration. George was an uncommonly interesting young man, he was handsome, polite, and genteel in his manners, and highly gifted with that *talent* of displaying to advantage in conversation, all the knowledge he had acquired.

"Oh," thought Louisa, when he would depart from her presence, "what a melodious voice, what a handsome face! surely George has produced a sensation in me I have never before felt; how interesting and intelligent he is—I think father had best leave me at school while he visits England."

The commencement was soon to take place, and Colonel Sanford remained to witness the examination of the students. George Leonard had always stood first in his class, and how Louisa's heart exulted, how her bright eyes sparkled with joy, when she learned that the first honors of the institution were awarded to him. Her father now began to observe that she took an unusual degree of interest in young Leonard, and would often warn her not to lose her heart before she became better acquainted with his general character and disposition. But it was too late to warn her, for George had already disclosed his passion to her, and though she had not told him in words, but "those looks that tell more loud than words," had betrayed her, and he felt assured that his feeling was reciprocated.

Colonel Sanford, having arranged matters for his departure, with an aching heart took an affectionate leave of his daughter, with much weeping from her, and a secret regret that she had consented to a separation from her beloved parent. When George Leonard left home it was the intention of his parents for him to remain at New Haven until he completed the study of law; but a few weeks after the departure of Colonel Sanford he received a letter from his father, then a merchant in Augusta, informing him that his house had failed, and his pecuniary circumstances would not admit of his keeping his son from home, and also advising him to return and pursue his studies, as it would be less expensive to him. George returned, but not without obtaining the consent of Louisa to their union, when she completed her education, provided her father acquiesced. Louisa felt assured that her father would not oppose her wish, as he was always eager to gratify her in every thing.

"How can he," thought she, "oppose my union to a man of George's acknowledged talents, I doubt not before the lapse of many years, his name will be upon the tongues of millions, halls will resound with his eloquence, and many will feel honored to look upon his handsome face." With how much pride was her love mingled; how her heart swelled with exultation at the thought of becoming the wife of such a man, as she imagined George Leonard was destined to become.

Shortly after George's arrival at his native town, his father removed to a small town in the newly settled part of the State, and commenced business on a smaller scale. George was spoiled by the flattery of his friends, and like many young men who have honors confered on them, he concluded that he had arrived at the acmé of perfection, and being, too, elated at the prospect of marrying the daughter of a man so opulent as Colonel Sanford, he entirely abandoned the idea of learning a profession. Having no honorable employment, and as it is natural for us to be engaged in some way, he was gradually becoming familiar with all the vices of the day; and before the expiration of one year he had become an adept in gambling, and its accompaniment, drunkenness, and had actually grown *old* in vice. His father being now in reduced circumstances, was unable to furnish him with the money requisite for his course of life; and that young man, but a short time since, the pride and hope of his family and friends, had become so debased, so destitute of all honor, as to draw large sums from various houses in the city, alleging that he would refund them after the consummation of his marriage. He did not neglect, in the mean time, to write often to Louisa, pretending he was making rapid strides in his studies. I might here pause and descant on the beauties of *virtue* and the deformity of *vice*, but my object is "to point a moral," not "adorn a tale," and I will leave that for the reader. Time rolled on with Louisa without any occurrence worthy of notice. The ensuing autumn her father returned, and took her home; she, of course, during their journey, acquainted him with all that had transpired between herself and George Leonard. When they reached Augusta, George was the first on the wharf to welcome their arrival, and accompany them to their residence, which was only a few miles from the city.

He soon unbosomed himself, begging his consent to their union. Colonel Sanford was a man of calmness and reflection, and withheld a final answer until he visited town, and learned something of George's private character. Of this, he did not receive correct information, it being generally known to George's acquaintance that he was betrothed to Louisa Sanford, they of course concealed from her father all his irregularities, and gave to him a character he did not deserve. Many who felt attached to him for his social qualities, secretly wished that marriage would produce a reformation in him. Colonel Sanford would not

consent to their marriage until George had agreed to live with him.

"How can you," said he to Louisa, "leave your father's hearth so dreary and desolate as it will be when you go from me?"

Louisa assured him that she had no wish to quit her dear home, and she knew George would not be so cruel as to take her from him. A few months after their arrival, Louisa and George were united, and their nuptials were celebrated in the most splendid manner. Never before had those halls so resounded with joy and merriment, and none amid that glittering throng was so joyous and happy as Louisa. Methinks I now see her sylph-like form, gliding with grace and elegance through the mazy dance. Happy, light-hearted girl! little did she imagine that she was wedded to a man destitute of all moral character! little did she dream of the misery her young heart would soon have to suffer! What a wise order of Providence, that we are not permitted to look into futurity! Our most happy moments would be constantly embittered by some reflection of a disagreeable nature.

George and Louisa had not been married a year, before he became heartily tired of a country life; it was not in accordance with the habits he had formed previous to his marriage. He began to take rides in the city, every day prolonging his stay more and more; frequently returning after dark, and to the great surprise and deep mortification of his wife, often highly intoxicated. At last he made known his intention of removing to town, and urged as a reason, that it best suited his business; and Louisa could hear from, and see her father almost every day. But it was more with a view of concealing his irregular conduct, and freeing himself from the immediate observance of his father-in-law.

Colonel Sanford had by this time discovered, to his great horror, the habits of his son-in-law, and warmly opposed his leaving his house, thinking that keeping him in the country, with Louisa's affection and devotedness to him, would yet turn him from the errors of his ways; but all his remonstrance was unavailing, for George persisted in his determination to go. Colonel Sanford purchased them a house, and furnished it in a beautiful and elegant style. It was with a heavy heart that Louisa quitted her dear paternal home. Poor girl! she had even now shed many bitter tears of grief, and felt that keen sorrow which none but a confiding and affectionate wife can feel, when she sees her husband, the idol of her heart, him to whom she has plighted vows of eternal love, reeling with intoxication, and growing cold and indifferent to her. Her father saw it all; her pallid cheek and tearful eyes had not been unobserved; and how keenly did he feel for his dear child.

Leonard, after removing to town, began to devise plans to get a larger portion of the property in his possession, and he induced his father-in-law to establish him in the mercantile business. Colonel Sanford fondly hoping that he would have a fondness for business of that nature, and become himself again, readily invested a portion of his property in that way; but it was not long before it was all squandered. The sums which he had borrowed before his marriage had to be repaid, duns beset him at almost every corner of the streets, and he drank more and more, to the entire neglect of his business. Night after night, he left his devoted wife with no one but the servants. How heart-rending it was, to one of her sensibility, to see her husband sinking every day deeper in vice, and becoming callous to her entreaties. She used every means in her power to induce him to remain at home, but he was deaf to her. The wine cup had more charms for him than his beautiful and affectionate wife. How many a heart has been made desolate and wretched, how much domestic peace and happiness have been forever destroyed by that "*demon wine!*" Leonard had drunk of this poison until it had eradicated every feeling of refinement and sensibility in his nature. It is an old adage "that when things get to their worst they must mend." Louisa thought her husband could not get any worse, and closely did she hug to her bosom the hope that he would yet reform; but vain was that hope. Her father was in the fall of 18— elected senator from the county of Richmond, and had now to leave for the seat of government. He visited his daughter, the day previous to his departure, and urged her to accompany him, as he could not bear the thought of leaving her in her present distracted state of mind, and be so long absent from her; but she would not consent to leave her husband.

Leonard was constantly in the habit of staying out all night, but he was absent from his house several days, and his wife knew not where he was, and she dared not send a servant to his various haunts to inquire for him, for it had more than once subjected her to his abuse. Oh! the agony, the anxiety she felt during these days, imagining every thing horrible to have befallen her husband; with no one to unbosom her feelings to, for she was too proud and high-minded to tell her sorrows to a mere acquaintance. She had few visitors to relieve the monotony of her dreary life, for as it is the destiny of woman (no matter what her merits or demerits may be) to sink or rise with her husband, her friends were gradually falling off. At length he came home at a late hour of the night, and called to his servant for a light. Louisa heard his footsteps in the hall, that sound that had so often made her heart bound with joy; she listened, but he approached not her chamber; he had ascended the stairs, she called to him, but he made no reply; she followed him, and looking into the room he had entered,

discovered him sitting by a table, with his head leaning on his hand. She approached him, and putting her arms affectionately around him, inquired if any thing unusual had occurred, and why he had remained so long from her; but he made no reply.

"George, dearest George, have I ever done aught to displease you? Come to our chamber, for it is very lonely without you—will you not notice your wife who loves you so dearly?" He sarcastically reiterated "*loves.*" "Yes," she continued, "though you are deaf to my entreaties, and leave me night after night alone and wretched, though you have lost all respect for yourself and love for me, still I love you with that same deep and fervent love as when I first called you husband. Dearest husband leave off these dreadful habits, for I feel there is yet much happiness in store for us."

Leonard, like all drunken husbands, construed all his wife said into a reproach on his evil ways; he was highly excited, and in his violent fits of drunkenness often spoke to her in the most harsh manner; he arose from his seat, and commanded her abruptly to leave his presence. Poor Louisa, almost heart-broken, slowly retraced her steps to her solitary chamber, not to sleep, but to give vent to her feelings. Next morning, at the dawn of day, she heard him call his servant, and order him to pack his trunk. She immediately entered the room, and inquired if he were going to leave home; he replied, "yes!"

"Will you not let me go with you, dear husband?"

He told her she could not go with him, that he was going to Savannah. He ordered his servant to take his baggage to the boat, and arose to leave the house. His wife clung to him and wept, imploring him to tell her what had occurred, for she saw something unusual in his looks.

"Dearest George," she cried, "will you not give me a parting kiss?" But in sullen silence he pushed her from him, and hastened from the house. Louisa paced the room in the greatest agitation, conjecturing what could take him from home, and why he left her so abruptly. Her faithful waiting-maid entered the room, and tried in all the simplicity of her soul, to console her mistress; she told Louisa that her master had left a letter on the table. Louisa ran to the table, on which were placed writing materials, and found a sealed letter; it was not for her, but was directed to one of his most intimate friends. Hoping to find something in it connected with the strange conduct of her husband, she opened and read it; the whole mystery was revealed to her. He disclosed the whole course of his life, from the time he left College, reproached himself for neglecting his amiable and excellent wife—he had been faithless to her—he was wholly unworthy of her—he was going he neither knew, nor cared, whither—he would rather die than that Colonel Sanford should look upon him again—he had sunk so deep in infamy it was impossible for him to reform, and he hoped his wife would return to her father, and forget a creature so worthless as himself. There were many things in it which I forbear to relate. Accompanying this letter was a sheet, on which was written a transfer of his house and all his servants to a banker, from whom he had borrowed large sums of money. Louisa could bear no more, she wrung her hands in despair. "Oh! am I never more to see his face, am I thus cast off by him I love so devotedly? Though he has abandoned himself to every vice, still, still my heart clings to him! Oh, George, my dear husband, come back to me, and I will forgive you for all you have done, and forget that you have been what you are. I cannot endure this miserable life! Back, back thou rising thought!—Spirit of my sainted mother look down in compassion on your miserable child! Oh, my father, would to God you were with me!" Louisa ceased her raving, dried her tears, and seizing a pen, she hastily wrote a few lines, and giving them to her faithful maid, ordered her to send a servant to deliver it to his master if he could find him in town. Scarcely had she left the room to attend to her mistress's commands, before she heard the report of a pistol and a scream; she hastily returned and found Louisa on the floor, with a pistol clenched in her hand. The servants soon alarmed the neighbors with their cries; and living next door to Mrs. Leonard, and being much attached to her, for her many amiable qualities, I hastened to the house; and there, oh, horrid sight! lay Louisa, the once beautiful, light-hearted and happy girl, all pale and bleeding. I put my hand to her heart—it had ceased to beat—I gazed upon her beautiful face—but that told

> "The change whose pulseless hues reveal
> The place where death had set its seal."

The ball had entered her temple, and killed her as quick as thought. And thus ended the lovely, and the beautiful, the pride, the idol of her fond parent, and the admiration of all who knew her; and three years had produced this mighty change! Her father was sent for immediately, and reached the house of his dear, unfortunate daughter just as the *church-bell was tolling for her funeral.* Poor man, words are inadequate to describe his feelings; he sank under the blow, and soon followed his daughter to the tomb. Leonard, the miserable husband and bloated drunkard, was in town, and received his wife's letter, and intelligence of her horrid end at the same time; it produced but little effect on him at the time, for he had drunk until he was almost callous to every thing. Such, reader, are some of the dreadful effects of drinking. If man would be beloved and respected, and do his duty toward his fellow creatures, let him spurn the poisonous cup; no one can tell the *good* it does, but the *evils* would fill volumes. How

many young men of the highest order of talents and intellect, who might be an honor to themselves and an ornament to their country, have had their prospects and the bright anticipations of their friends forever blasted; and finally sank to an untimely and dishonored grave by indulging in this poisonous liquid. Like the Upas tree, it destroys all that comes within its influence; it scorches and withers up all the fountains of affection and sociability, and makes man rather a *beast* than a rational creature. Leonard lived a few years after this awful occurrence, and finally died the death of a *Drunkard* in one of the *Western States.*

MARRYING AN HEIRESS;

OR, THE FAMILY OF THE DOBBS.

BY B. B. THOM.

It was one of the few fine days in the month of last July, that a splendid cab, drawn by a noble grey horse, was seen passing down one of those sweet rural lanes that are to be found in the neighborhood of one of our chief commercial cities. It stopped in front of a two-storied, small, red-colored house, which displayed between the outside garden door and the porch a number of orange lilies, from the centre of which rose a plaister-of-Paris image of Apollo. Two young gentlemen, dressed in the first style of fashion, dismounted from the cab, and, stopping in the garden to contemplate with astonishment this extraordinary ornament, they rapped at the door, and, upon its being opened, asked if Mr. Egremont was at home.

"Egremont!" said the gardener, who on this occasion evidently acted as the valet; "Egremont! gentlemen, you are under a mistake; there is no such person living here. This is Mr. Dobbs'."

"Oh! now I think, I do recollect that the name of the father-in-law of our friend Alfred is Dobbs. We are under no mistake; we wish to see the son-in-law of Mr. Dobbs."

"Ah! yes, yes, the son-in-law; that is the husband of our young mistress. Aye, aye; all right; I'll go and tell him. You can in the mean time walk in the garden."

"Let him know that there are two of his friends here—Gustavus Mandeville and William Creed.

The gardener disappeared.

"I expected to find a handsome villa," said Mandeville to his companion, "and I find nothing but a shocking vulgar-looking cottage."

"Yes; but you see here," said William Creed, pointing to the garden at the rear of the house, "that this is a very large one, and, as it appears to me, kept in excellent order; although a little too well stocked with vegetables for my taste. But what matters the outside appearance of a house, if the interior is comfortable? Besides, I am quite sure that Egremont's father-in-law is rich."

"So much the better; for Egremont required some secure and snug post after his sad shipwreck; and then I am quite sure, with his ideas of elegance, and his luxurious tastes, that every thing must be put *sur un bon pied.*"

"That I calculate upon. The dashing Ergemont, no doubt, employs in a profuse style the fortune made by the thrifty Mr. Dobbs."

"Where are they? where are my dear friends?" said a third person, who ran from under a shady grove of trees.

It was Alfred Ergemont! a fattish, red-faced young man, dressed in a fustian shooting jacket, with white grey canvass trousers that did not come down to his ancles, and having on his feet thick hob-nailed shoes; while on his head was a skimping straw hat, and round his neck an old colored cotton handkerchief. His two friends looked at him for an instant, without being able to recognize him; but he said laughingly to them, and shaking their hands—

"You find me a little changed, perhaps. The air of the fields, and the peace of a happy home, have produced these good results. I, who was so thin and so pale, am now stout and blooming. The country has given me a complexion, and happiness has thickened my waist; then I have shaved away my whiskers, because my wife does not like them; and I have cropped my head until it looks like that of a recruit, instead of wearing my hair like a German, because my beloved mother-in-law could not endure the sight of it. Besides I have given up all notion of fashion. It is very well in the city, or when one is unmarried; but when we live in the country, and only wish to please ourselves, and to be perfectly at our ease, why then one dresses as they like—as I do. So, you see, the metamorphosis is perfect."

And so in fact it was. There was a time, when the most elegantly dressed man, with the handsomest turn out, with the finest house, and the most excellent wine-cellar in the city, was Alfred Egremont; but then, one morning—it was a lovely morning, and followed that on which a great race was won—Alfred Egremont was completely, utterly, irretrievably ruined. But, in the midst of all his misfortunes, one plank of safety presented itself, and, clinging to that, he might reach the shore in safety. The brilliant position and shining attractions of the young exquisite had made a deep impression upon the heart of Tabitha Dobbs, the daughter of the richest green-grocer in the city. Mr. and Mrs. Dobbs were pains-taking, saving, griping, calculating shopkeepers, who had an utter abomination for fashion and all its luxuries; and they, therefore, at first, declared their decided objection to a union between Mr. Alfred Egremont and their beloved daughter, Tabitha. The young lady was, however, their only child; and they yielded at length to her wishes. Besides, Alfred promised to reform, and they were resolved he should keep his word. He determined to give up his house, and to live altogether in the country, with his father-in-law.

From the time of his marriage Alfred appeared no more in the city; and it was remarked, that not one of his intimate friends had been invited to his nuptials. People only knew of the happiness he was enjoying by report. He had, however, written several times to his friends, Mandeville and Creed, and requested them to come and see him. They at length determined upon paying him a visit; they did so one day when ennui had awakened in their hearts the remembrance of their old friend, and the desire for some new amusement.

"As to you," continued Alfred, "I find you the same as ever. Nothing is changed about you, unless it be the cut of your coat, the make of your waistcoat, and the tie of your cravat. Besides you are as young, as handsome, and as fine as ever you were. It is the privilege of bachelors. But now, tell me truly, are you not getting tired of the excited life you are leading. Believe me, for I speak from experience, true happiness does not consist in the bustle of a club, nor the noise of a race-course, nor the excitement of a sailing-match; and then there is the terrible moment when all those ruinous pleasures and wasteful prodigalities must end. It is not every one who has the same good luck as I have. Look then to your affairs in time, and economise before it be too late. I hope that the example and the sight of my happiness will determine you."

"Then are you really very happy?" enquired Mandeville.

"Why should I not be so? I have a wife that adores me; for she married me, notwithstanding my want of means, and when she might have looked for *a millionaire.* My father-in-law is an excellent fellow; and as to my mother-in-law, she is the tenderest creature living; and, besides this, thirty thousand a year in the funds—what can a man desire more?"

"How! had your wife thirty thousand a year fortune?"

"No, no, not exactly; but that is what my father-in-law is worth, and I enjoy it. There was no settlement made on my wife at our marriage, as I had no property of my own; but then all that he has we have all in common; and we live in a perfect state of harmony. Ours is indeed a blessed family of love."

"But, then, do you pass all the year in this country-house?"

"Oh! not at all. During four or five months, at the winter season, we remove to the city."

"The Missis is calling for you," said the gardener, who this moment stepped up to Alfred.

"Indeed, my good friend," said Mr. Creed, "your gardener appears to be an oddity. He cultivates his flowers and trains his plants admirably; but I have not so good an opinion of his politeness or his comprehension. But a few minutes since, when we asked to see Mr. Egremont, he did not appear to understand us."

"That is by no means astonishing," replied Egremont, a little embarrassed; "for they scarcely know me here by that name; the family never call me anything but Alfred; and then I must tell you, that my father-in-law has a particular veneration for the name of Dobbs. He himself has made it illustrious upon 'change. He is, therefore, justly proud of it, and wishes to transmit it to his grandchildren—when he has them. I therefore have yielded to his wishes on that trifling point, and I have added my wife's name to my own, and, therefore, I always now sign my letters, Alfred Egremont Dobbs."

"That is it—and the Dobbs, that has money, crushes down the Egremont, that is without it."

"Yes; but I would not at all have yielded the point if my father-in-law had a son. But one may well consent to make their name a little longer, when they marry an only daughter and a rich heiress."

"No doubt; money commands every thing. But talking of money reminds me that I have a trifle to give you. Our friend Ronayne has just come in for his property. The large fortune he has inherited has sharpened his memory, and he is paying off his old debts. Knowing, then, that we were coming to see you, he desired us to give you a hundred dollars; that being the sum you lent him when he wanted it, and you did not care to lose it. Here they are."

"That is very good indeed," observed Alfred; "give them to me." And as he dropped them into his fob he whispered to his friends, "You need not say anything about this either to my wife or her father and mother."

"I understand you. You wish to keep the money for yourself alone; and not to throw it into the common stock, in which you all participate."

"Precisely so; but now go and wait for me in the drawing-room, whilst I hasten to my wife. I shall not be a moment away from you."

The aspect of this room was far from corresponding with the notion that the two friends had formed of the comfort and luxuries that would be introduced by Alfred into the house of his father. The room was covered with a carpet that was much too small for it; the chairs were all wrapped up in dark cotton; the same thing was upon the sofas. Upon the chimney-slab were some old physic bottles, half-filled with water, and into which had been driven the ends of some withered flowers. The mirror was papered up, and on an old brass-rimmed clock were three miserable birds impaled. While the two friends were examining this chamber they heard the murmuring noise of an angry discussion in the room over-head, and in that debate the voice of Alfred could scarcely be heard. "Poor fellow," said the friends, "we fear we have done you no service by coming here. They are finding fault with you for our visit."

In an instant after the family appeared; and the faces that had been lately frowning with rage, were rendered frightful by imitating, most vilely, a smile of satisfaction. Alfred, however, plucked up some of his former courage and went through the ceremony of introducing his wife and her relations with some of his wonted ease and grace. When the parties had saluted each other, he said aside to his friends—

"Well; what do you think of Mrs. Egremont?"

"Why—very well."

"She is not exactly beautiful," he added; "but then

she has good teeth. There is thought in her eyes, and a grace in her smile. And then she is so accomplished; so full of talent; there it is that she shines. But you shall hear her sing."

Mr. Dobbs reproached his son-in-law on the impropriety and vulgarity of "whispering in company," and then the conversation became general. The old greengrocer railed against the fashionable world, and he told the company what had been the price of the six-per-cents. every week for the three preceding years.

"These things are his hobby," said Alfred; "you must pardon him his sarcastic humor and his conversation. It is that of an old shopkeeper, who has gone upon 'change, and acquired an immense fortune, with great honor to himself."

Mrs. Dobbs echoed all the observations of her husband, and Mrs. Egremont threw out several piquant observations, which seemed to be particularly intended for the benefit of all spend-thrift dandies. As to the mother-in-law, she glared upon Alfred like a wild cat, when she said—

"Have you done what I desired you this morning?"

"Yes, my dear mother," replied Alfred with extreme meekness.

"Why don't you answer me?" said Mrs. Dobbs; "but it is your usual careless way."

"Pardon me, I was speaking to those gentlemen," replied Alfred, happy in being able to think he had so good an excuse.

"What shall we do until dinner is dressed?" observed Mr. Dobbs.

"Well, well," chimed in Tabitha, "I never did see such a man. You never have a word to throw to a dog. You sit there like a fool. It is for you to answer papa's question. You ought to know the taste of these gentlemen—of *your* friends."

"Pardon me, my dearest angel, I was just thinking—I believe we shall take a walk in the neighborhood."

"In the neighborhood, indeed!" said Mr. Dobbs. "Only just listen! as if my grounds were not large enough for him. We will go first to the piggery, and then into the kitchen-garden, and then we shall look at my pond, where there are some fine eels, and fifteen golden fish, and then we will take a walk into the orchard—"

"And then into the paddock," said Alfred.

"Well, if I ever heard the like! The paddock *he* calls it. Would the word *park* burn your tongue, my hopeful son-in-law."

"Yes, you are right; I ought to have said park," humbly replied Alfred.

They set out for their promenade.

"Alfred, shut all the windows, and close the door after us," said Mr. Dobbs.

"Alfred, run and fetch Juno," said the mother-in-law.

"Alfred, bring me my parasol, my scarf, and my reticule," said Tabitha."

Alfred executed all these commissions with the quickness of a man who was well accustomed to them.

"These are very good people," said he to his old acquaintances; "very good people indeed. I do for them just as they do for me. They overwhelm me with their little cares, and I good naturedly bear them."

During the walk Alfred was frequently called upon to do something for his wife or her family. On their return they had dinner, which was at the same time shabby, and yet aping what is fashionable. It was half cold, and half burnt. Alfred was two or three times invited to stand up and change the plates, or fill the glasses. Mr. Dobbs, from the moment that soup was placed before him, until the dessert was removed, never stopped talking.

"I think I shall smoke a cigar in the garden," said Creed to his friend Alfred.

"Smoke! Oh, don't think of it, my dear fellow; the cigar is a thing proscribed in this abode."

"Well, then, a little farther off—in the park, as Mr. Dobbs calls it?"

"No, no; for if there was the slightest smell of it, my wife or my mother-in-law would nose it out. Besides, we expect company; neighbors, who are coming to pass the evening with us; and we shall have a great deal of amusement; for my wife is going to play on the piano. Listen!"

There was no doubt that there was playing on the piano; for the instrument groaned under the heavy fingers of Tabitha, who played in an inexplicable manner some most difficult pieces. Then, yielding to the request of her mother, Mrs. Egremont sung three of the most favorite airs of Grisi, and gave them with the most astonishing quavers, and almost incredible flourishes. Every time she stopped, Alfred was the first to applaud.

The visitors arrived during the concert; and at its conclusion Mr. Dobbs proposed they should play loo at a halfpenny a fish.

"It is quite impossible," answered in the one breath Creed and Mandeville; "for we must now leave you. It will be some time advanced in the night before we can reach the city."

"What!" cried Alfred, "don't you intend to sleep here? Only think that—"

But a look, like that of a basilisk, from Mrs. Dobbs, fascinated Alfred in the midst of his burst of hospitality and friendship. He stopped, and assisted his friends into the vehicle that had conveyed them from town.

"You have," said he, "been the eye-witnesses of my domestic happiness; and may you profit by my example!"

"Oh, yes," they replied, "it is an excellent lesson for us." The cab started off at a gallop.

"How admirably your horse goes!" said Mandeville to Creed.

"Do you wish to buy him?" replied Creed.

"What, are you thinking of parting with him?"

"Yes; I have been thinking very seriously about myself, and I am about to reduce my expenses."

"And I have been thinking of doing the same."

"That which we have seen this evening has induced you to do so. Is it not so?"

"Yes. Poor Alfred! What a life! But this is the end of the follies of youth. I have seen break-downs in the world. I saw Stanley abandon his name, and enlist as a common soldier; and yet it did not make me reflect. I saw Williams blow out his brains; and yet I have gone on fearlessly; but the example of Alfred has made a complete convert of me. I certainly do not wish to expose myself to the chance of a similar fate. I certainly will not ruin myself."

"Nor I, either."

THE MAGICIAN'S HALL.

BY FRANK ELMORE.

As I was one day, about three or four years ago, taking a solitary ramble on the outskirts of the city, I saw lying in my path a singular looking package, composed to all appearance of papers wrapped in an envelope of parchment, and secured by a stout cord, the knots of which were covered with huge seals.

Attracted by the peculiarity of its appearance, I stooped, and having picked it up, proceeded most unceremoniously, with the aid of my knife, to remove the fastenings which bound it. This accomplished, I unrolled its parchment covering, and the following wild unearthly story, written in the peculiar style of a century back, the time at which it was dated, and in a hand which seemed more like the German character than any other met my eye. With no little difficulty I perused it, and having modernized the style, though I still retained nearly the reading of every sentence, I offer it to you, thinking it may serve to while away an unoccupied hour.

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The numerous chandeliers that hung around that dread hall were suddenly extinguished, and a pitchy and almost palpable darkness, which seemed to weigh down the souls of that mighty concourse, succeeded to the glare of light which had shown the paraphernalia of the Musician's Hall, in which they sat. Thick was the darkness as that of the grave, and the silence of death's dark caverns reigned over all. Each held his breath, lest its sound might wake the dread master of this black and occult art. A sulphurous smell pervaded the apartment, while low, rumbling and discordant sounds seemed to arise from the caverned earth; wild, unearthly, and thrilling music bore concert to these sounds, and froze the heart's blood of all who came within its influence. None knew what was to follow; but while all wished the fearful pageant to proceed, each feared lest its first step might be his own immolation. But suspense reigned not long. The sable curtain that had veiled the farther end of the apartment from view, suddenly seemed agitated, and a bright, ruddy glow moved slowly over its troubled surface, while from behind it streamed the lurid lightning, disclosing at every flash that pierced the gloom, the deadly pallor of the auditors' countenances, rendered still more so by the awful thunder that pealed forth incessantly the attendant of every flash, and rumbled echoing through the extended hall and corridors of the Magician's palace. Flash followed flash in quick succession, and peal after peal burst forth until it seemed as if he had commanded all that was dreadful in the elements to show its power.

Now appeared a luminous ring of dazzling light, forming upon the centre of that curtain which veiled

the secrets of the Great Unknown, and in an instant started forth in all its strength and brilliancy. Then ceased the lightning and thunder, and all seemed calm and still as the moonlight of fair Italy. A faint dim light pervaded the apartment as when the moon, full and majestic, rises and pours her soft and silvery beams upon the darkened earth; still gleamed and brilliantly corruscated that dazzling ring, presenting innumerably different appearances and ever changing its hues. Then again was the veil agitated, and then was heard in a sweet melodious voic , so low as to appear almost inaudible, and yet heard with a startling distinctness by all that sea of human bodies, some mysterious and unknown incantation, at which the blood of all flowed to their hearts, and cold and clammy perspiration bedewed every countenance. Scarce had the spell ceased to sound, when four skeleton hands appeared in bright and glancing flame, and grasping the corners of that veil tore it from its place.

Then flashed the splendors of that glorious place upon their view. Vast was the plain that opened to the sight. Far in the back ground still raged the storm in all its fury. On one side was visible the lovely gardens of the east, studded with statues, placed around the sweet-scented orange bowers, in which birds of the most beautiful and rare species warbled forth melody unsurpassable. On the other side frigid Siberia raised her snow capped mountains to the skies, and seemed to carry her icy head into heaven itself. And now appeared all the gorgeous array of the imperial palace of the mighty Adraschid. There vases, containing rare flowers of exquisite perfume, occupied niches, the ornaments of which and the workmanship of each were of a kingdom's value. Rich was the mosaic of the floor, rivalling the colors in which were drawn the signs of the zodiac and the planetary world. From the floor sprung columns, whose golden bases poured forth a nectar equal to that of the gods which, falling into golden basins beneath, filled the air with coolness and perfume. The columns rising from these fountains, were of the richest Parisian marble, and inlaid with Punic and mystic inscriptions, and hung with curtains of Tyrian purple: they supported as a roof the wide expanded heaven, where the twinkling stars and the cold pale moon pursued their way, apparently unconscious of the scene which was acting beneath them. Golden hands were seen impending in mid air, candelabras of the most exquisite workmanship, from which poured forth such streams of light as to mock the mid-day sun. Burning censors hanging by no visible support, filled the air with rich perfumes. In the centre of the floor was a large circle containing the signs of the zodiac wrought in mosaic, and in the centre was seen the burning, dazzling circle which was before visible on the veil.

Within this enchanted ring stood the great Magician in all his splendor and power, clad in a long robe of richest Genoa velvet, over which were all the planetary systems pursuing their courses as in the heavens, and confined at the waist by a girdle of living flame. In stature he was far above the middle height, and he looked down upon those around. Apparently he had seen the prime of life, yet the tresses that escaped, in rich profusion, beneath his gold-worked cap of purple, were as black as the raven plume which shaded his high and arched forehead. The full, deep, black eye and rich blood that mantled in his dark and swarthy cheek, spoke his origin from far Arabia. A mystic star hung on his breast, and was ever changing in its hue, in its color, and its shape. Around him played harmless the forked lightning, and in his hand he bore a wand of jet, banded with gold-set diamonds, the end of which burned clearly and brightly with a living and unquenchable fire.

Such was the Magician, and such the scene that burst upon the view when the veil was rent away. Motionless and hushed he stood as Canova's choicest statue, save that the large black eyes rolled around in their sockets like balls of fire as he gazed on those who had come to witness the great trial of his skill, to which he had been dared. A rival had challenged him to the mighty effort, and the time had arrived when he was to cause a dead body to shake off the dark cerements of the grave, and from loathsome death to spring forth into all the beauty and majesty of life. Aye! he had been dared to make the dead once more tread the solid earth, and then sink back again into the stillness of the tomb.

He threw his eagle glance around, turned it first to the heavens above, then to the earth; then thrice drew the semblance of a grave on the pavement with his magical wand, and left the blue sulphurous flame marking its progress. Thrice also he cast upon the burning brazier herbs and drugs known but to himself. Thrice did he mutter incantations—and each different. Thrice he bowed before the cross which, hanging by an invisible agency, reversed and seemed to vibrate, and retreat as he approached. When this ceremony was over, he bent his head toward the grave which he had drawn, and rising again muttered his incantation; but all remained as it was. His swarthy brow burned with anger, and stamping with fury on the floor, he prepared to use his mightiest efforts to accomplish his object; he waved his wand high over his head, and repeated a spell that chained the fountains which leaped and played around the columns into ice, that froze the blood within the veins of all, and made their eyes protrude from their sockets. Again flashed the lightning, and crash after crash of awful thunder followed. Then the floor parted beneath him, showing the fire and flame ascending from the pit beneath, while the cries, and shrieks, and groans rising therefrom, rendered all the more horrible. Then appeared those hands of flame, raising from the vault a

bier, on which lay the remains of the departed Matthose. The grave damp was on his mouldering shroud, and the vile worm crept unmolested across the sunken face of the dead. The torch lights burned dim and blue, and the suffocating stench of the charnel house overcame the strength of the perfumes, which had cast their rich odor around. Slowly tramped the Magician three times around the body, and slowly moved his still burning wand around the head of the corpse, till with a slow and steady motion he touched the corners of the bier, and turning dashed upon the brazier his potent charm. Then came his spell, half-sung, half-spoken, imploring heaven, commanding hell, to aid him; and drawing himself to his full height, and still waving his wand, he called thrice the name of the dead, and waited the effect of his weird spells. First dim grew the grave lights, and flickered and flared, till with one mighty effort to burn, the light leaped high and left the socket. The slow mournful note of the music gradually became more quick and lively. The pit's gaping mouth again closed and relieved the eye and ear from its appalling attendant. Sweet, luscious perfumes again filled the air—the ice-bound rills leapt gladly forth, and the wild bird carolled amid the grove more gaily than before, while the elements were composed to soft and peaceful rest.

Bright grew the sorcerer's eye as he saw the ruddy color of health flow back to the cheek of the dead, the crumbling dust that was once human flesh, return to its pristine state, the blue veins again flow with the living fluid, and the full black eye open and sparkle with life. Again fell upon the ear the sweet syren song of the Eastern Sorcerer, and wild burst of Saracenic music took the place of the soft soothing air which had preceded it; and as the song proceeded, the heavy burst told that the vital spark retenanted the body. When the sorcerer ceased, and threw upon the censor the choicest gum of Araby, which spread its pageant clouds of fragrant incense over the altar of the magician, the late dead man rose, in all the strength, beauty and vigor of manhood's prime, and giving a thrilling shout for victory over the grave, he drew his bright blade, and kneeling by his bier devoted his life to religion and to God. Scarce had the last word passed his lips, ere the awful thunder again reverberated through the hall, and the flashing lightning, lurid and red, pierced the murky and sulphurous gloom around. The body was again a corpse upon the bier. The flaming hands sank the bier back into the flaming gulph, and the mighty fabric rocked to its foundation.

The total darkness around was alone relieved by a bright flame which glared so fierce as to be unsupportable to human eyes. Where the Magician had stood, a clarion's loud note pierced the ear, removing the spell which had bound the thousands present. As they turned noiselessly to leave the hall, the cold, pale moon shewed them that no walls restrained their passage, for the Magician and his palace had passed away forever.

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Here ended the manuscript!

THE MINISTER'S DINNER.

BY LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

The Reverend Mr. N—— was a man of excellent temper, generous feelings, and well cultivated mind, but he was eccentric even to oddity. He was a powerful preacher, and his ministration was blest to the reformation of many in his parish. At the age of thirty-four he became enamored of a beautiful light-hearted girl of seventeen, daughter to one of his richest parishioners, and who imagined that to refuse the hand of the minister would be a sin bordering hard upon the unpardonable. Well, the marriage was consummated, the bride's fat portion paid; and the husband, as husbands in their first love are apt to do, gave in to the humor of his wife, and accompanied her to several festive parties given by his wealthy neighbors, in honor of his marriage.

The happy couple were sitting together in their comfortable parlour, one evening toward spring, the reverend gentleman studying the Venerable Bede, and his wife equally intent upon a plate of the latest fashions, when she suddenly looked up with an expression between hope and fear, and thus addressed her companion,

"My dear husband I have a request to make."

"Well, Nancy, any thing consistent."

"You do not imagine that I would make an inconsistent request, surely?"

"No—not a request that you considered inconsistent. But come, what is it?"

"Why, my dear sir," and her voice trembled a little, "we have been to several parties among the neighboring gentry, and now I think that to maintain our position in society we should make a party too." The minister looked blank.

"What sort of a party, Nancy?" he said at length.

"Why," she replied, "such a party as those we have attended. We must make an elegant dinner, and have dancing after it."

"Dancing! in a minister's house!" ejaculated Mr. N——.

"Why, yes, certainly," replied his wife, coaxingly. "You will not dance, the party will be mine; and then we have been to similar parties all winter."

"True, true," he muttered with a perplexed air, and sat silent for some time as if considering. At length he spoke. "Yes, Nancy, you may make a party, give a dinner, and if the guests desire it you may dance."

"Thank you, love," she cried, putting her arms around his neck.

"But I have some stipulations to make about it," he said, "I must select and invite the guests, and you must allow me to place some of my favorite dishes upon the table."

"All as you please, love," she answered delightedly, "but when shall it be?"

"Next Wednesday if you please."

"But our furniture and window draperies are very old fashioned. Is it not time we had new?"

"I should think it hardly necessary to re-furnish our rooms, Nancy. All our furniture is excellent of its kind."

"But our smooth carpets, white draperies, and cane chairs have such a cold look, do consent to have the rooms new fitted, we can move these things to the unfurnished chambers."

"And of what use will they be in those rooms which we never occupy? Besides, it is near spring, and to fit up now for winter is superfluous."

"Well, I would not care," she persisted, "only people will call us parsimonious and ungenteel."

"Oh, if that is all," he said gaily, "I will promise to expend a thousand dollars on the evening of the party, not in furniture, but in a manner which will be far more grateful to our guests, and profitable to ourselves, and which shall exonerate us from all imputation of parsimony; and you may expend in dress, eatables and dessert just what sum you please, and do not forget the wines." And so the colloquy ended. He resumed his studies, and she gave her mind to the consideration of the dress which would be most becoming; and the viands that were most expensive. The next day she went busily about her preparations, wondering all the time how her husband would expend his thousand dollars, but as she had discovered something of the eccentricity of his character, she doubted not that he meant to give an agreeable surprise; and her curiosity grew so great that she could hardly sleep during the interval.

At length the momentous day arrived. The arrangements were all complete, and Mrs. N—— retired to perform the all-important business of arraying her fine person in fine attire. She lingered long at the toilette, relying on the fashionable unpunctuality of fashionable people, and when the hour struck, left her chamber arrayed like Judith of old gloriously, to allure the eyes of all who should look upon her, and full of sweet smiles and graces, notwithstanding the uncomfortable pinching of her shoes and corsets. Her husband met her in the hall.

"Our guests have all arrived," he said, and opened the door of the reviewing room. Wonderful! wonderful! What a strange assembly. There were congregated the cripple, the maimed, and the blind; the palsied, the extreme aged, and a group of children from the almshouse, who regarded the fine lady, some with wide open mouths, others with both hands in their hair, while some peeped from behind furniture, to the covert of which they had retreated from her dazzling presence. She was petrified with astonishment, then a dash of displeasure crossed her face, till having ran her eyes over the grotesque assembly, she met the comically grave expression of her husband's countenance, when she burst into a violent fit of laughter,

during the paroxisms of which the bursting of her corset laces could be distinctly heard by the company.

"Nancy!" at length said her husband, sternly. She suppressed her mirth, stammered an excuse, and added,

"You will forgive me, and believe yourselves quite welcome."

"That is well done," whispered Mr. N——, "then, my friends," he said, "as my wife is not acquainted with you I will make a few presentations." Then leading her toward an emaciated creature, whose distorted limbs were unable to support his body, he said, "This gentleman, Nancy, is the Reverend Mr. Niles, who in his youth travelled and endured much in the cause of our common Master. A violent rheumatism, induced by colds, contracted among the new settlements of the west, where he was employed in preaching the gospel to the poor, has reduced him to his present condition. This lady, his wife, has piously sustained him, and by her own labor procured a maintenance for herself and him. But she is old and feeble now as you see."

Then turning to a group with silver locks and threadbare coats, he continued, "These are soldiers of the revolution. They were all sons of rich men. They went out in their young strength to defend their oppressed country. They endured hardships, toils, and sufferings, such as we hardly deem it possible for men to endure and live; they returned home at the close of the war, maimed in their limbs, and with broken constitutions, to find their patrimonies destroyed by fire, or the chances of war, or their property otherwise filched and wrested from them. And these worthy men live in poverty and neglect in the land for the prosperity of which they sacrificed their all. These venerable ladies are wives of these patriots, and widows of others who have gone to their reward. They could tell you tales that would thrill your heart, and make it better. This is the celebrated and learned Dr. B——, who saved hundreds of lives during the spotted epidemic. But his great success roused the animosity of his medical brethren, who succeeded in ruining his practice, and when blindness came upon him, he was forgotten by those whom he had delivered from death. This lovely creature is his only child, and she is motherless. She leads him daily by the hand, and earns the food she sets before him. Yet her learning and accomplishments are wonderful, and she is the author of those exquisite poems which appear occasionally in the —— Magazine. These children were orphaned in infancy by the Asiatic cholera, and their sad hearts have seldom been cheered by a smile, or their palates regaled by delicious food. Now dry your eyes, love, and lead on to the dining-room."

She obeyed, and notwithstanding her emotions, the thumping of coarse shoes, and rattling of sticks, crutches, and wooden legs behind her, well nigh threw her into another indecorous laugh.

To divert her attention she glanced over the table. There stood the dishes for which her husband had stipulated, in the shape of two monstrous, homely-looking meat pies, and two enormous platters of baked meats and vegetables, looking like mighty mountains among the delicate viands that she had prepared for the refined company which she expected. She took her place, and prepared to do the table honors, but her husband, after a short thanksgiving to the Bountiful God, addressed the company with, "Now, my brethren, help yourselves and one another, to whatever you deem preferable. I will wait upon the children."

A hearty and jovial meal was made, the minister setting the example, and as the hearts of the old soldiers were warmed with wine, they became garrulous, and each recounted some wonderful or thrilling adventure of the revolutionary war; and the old ladies told their tales of privation and suffering, and interwove with them the histories of fathers, brothers, or lovers, who died for liberty.

Mrs. N—— was sobbing convulsively when her husband came round, and touching her shoulder, whispered,

"My love, shall we have dancing?" That word with its ludicrous associations, fairly threw her into hysterics, and she laughed and wept at once.

When she became quiescent Mr. N—— thus addressed the company.

"I fear my friends that you will think my wife a frivolous, inconsistent creature, and I must, therefore, apologize for her. We were married only last fall, and have attended several gay parties, which our rich neighbors gave in honor of our nuptials, and my wife thought it would be genteel to give a dinner in return. I consented on conditions, one of which was that I should invite the guests. So being a professed minister of Him who was meek and lowly in heart, I followed to the letter his command, 'But when thou makest a feast call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind, &c.' you all recollect the passage. Mrs. N——, not knowing who her guests were to be, is highly delighted with the *ruse* I have played, and I do not believe there has been so noble and honorable a company assembled this winter. My wife desired new furniture, lest we should be deemed parsimonious, and I pledged myself to expend one thousand dollars in a manner more pleasing to our guests, and which should obviate any such imputation."

Then addressing the children, he said,

"You will each be removed to-morrow to excellent places, and if you continue to be industrious, and perfectly honest in word and deed, you will become respectable members of society. To you, Dr. B——, under God I owe my life. I did not know your locality, neither had I heard of your misfortunes until a few days since. I can never repay the debt I owe you, but if you and your daughters will accept the neat furnished house adjoining mine, I will see that you never want again.

To you, patriot fathers, and these nursing mothers of our country, I present the one thousand dollars. It is just one hundred dollars to each soldier, and soldier's widow. It is a mere trifle. No thanks my friends. You, Mr. Niles, are my father in the Lord. Under your preaching I first became convinced of sin, and it was your voice that brought me the words of salvation. You will remain in my house. I have a room prepared for you, and a pious servant to attend you. It is time you were at peace, and your excellent lady relieved of her heavy burden." The crippled preacher fell prostrate on the carpet, and poured out such thanksgiving and prayer, as found way to the heart of Mrs. N——, who ultimately became a meek and pious woman, a fit help mate for a devoted gospel minister.

THE MEETING.

BY S. H. ANDERSON.

Harry Morton was the accepted suitor of Mary Wilson. Young, ardent and enthusiastic, he had bent the knee in adoration to her superior charms, he had worshipped at the shrine of beauty in all its pristine splendor, and now he was happy. And Mary was all that the most fastidious in female beauty could wish. She was one of those quiet and retiring spirits that we sometimes meet with in our journey through life that captivate us not so much by their beauty as by a certain undefinable spell. Harry Morton had first met her at the house of a mutual friend, and at once was struck with the ease and elegance of her manners, as well as by the rich stores of thought that sparkled in her conversation. Casual visits soon gave way to others of a more formal nature, and as he had no direct intimation that his calls were intrusive, he continued them. Some times he fancied that the cheek of Mary was suffused with a deeper blush when he pressed her hand, but a second thought would check the illusion. Hope still, however, bid him not despair, and showed him the future bright and cheering.

It was a beautiful evening in the first month of summer; the moon was shining clear and silvery from out the blue expanse. The stars were one by one becoming visible to the eye, as they took their places in the heavens. Scarce a breath disturbed the stillness that reigned around. All nature was clad in smiles as fair as a bridal. Allured by the beauty of the evening, to enjoy the pleasures of a stroll, I called at the residence of Harry, and in answer to my summons was told that Mr. Morton had just gone out. As I was of opinion that the extent of his visit would be the residence of Mr. Wilson, I bent my way thither. Before I reached the house I was surprised to meet Harry returning. If I was surprised at the extreme shortness of the visit, I was still more so at the answers that Harry returned to my various enquiries. As I was on the most familiar terms with him, no invitation was necessary as an excuse for me to enter with him; and it was there that I heard from his own lips, the narrative of the occurrences that made so deep an impression on his feelings, on the evening in question. He had called at the house of Mr. Wilson, and was told that Miss Wilson had gone out. The mere annunciation of that fact was the means of arousing his feelings, as he was aware that this was the evening that he usually visited her. This circumstance made the events doubly suspicious; but the matter was made more so as he perceived lying on the sofa a gentleman's glove. This was enough —there was a rival, and that without his knowledge. Mary had concealed the fact, and with a motive—and that motive in his mind was the fact that she loved another.

He was deaf to reason on the subject. All the facts of the occurrence were stampt on his mind—and all the logic I was master of had no effect. I left him on that night in no enviable state of mind—I was confident that there was some misunderstanding of the occurrence that made the head and front of the offending, but how to remove it was the question.

The difficulty between the two lovers remained as yet unadjusted. Since the evening in question Harry Morton had not visited the residence of Mary. The fact was made the gossip of the friends of the parties. At first Mary was surprised at the conduct of Harry, and sought an interview. But when she saw the determined part that Harry was acting in avoiding a meeting, her pride took the alarm, and she also avoided all those places where the possibility was she would meet him. Things were in this state when I received an invitation to attend an evening party, to be given at the house of a mutual friend of the lovers. I instantly perceived in this a fitting opportunity for an interview, and possibility of a reconciliation.

The evening came, and with it the collection of fair forms and happy faces, and none were more so to the casual observer than Mary Wilson. She was the life of the little circle of which she made the centre. The laugh and jest went round, and she was the first in *all*. But to me the frequent and uneasy glances at the door, gave the intimation that some one was missing from that circle most prized by her. At length Mr. Morton was announced. As he extended the customary civilities of the evening to Mary, I saw, that despite her pride, the color came in deeper tints on her cheek; but it was past, and she was again in the happiest mood. He in his turn was earnestly engaged in conversation with some ladies. But in his nervous and uneasy manner was to be seen the conflict that was going on within. The frequent pause in the conversation—the sidelong glances—the fits of obstruction—all told that all was not right. Singing being proposed, and Harry having being an adept therein, he was necessarily called upon for the exercise of his abilities.

After the song had went round, a laughing girl proposed a duet, and Harry and Mary were instantly named as the parties. At the mention of this Harry was evidently much agitated, and various were the methods he tried to evade the matter altogether; but the company insisted, and he at length consented. Mary was now to pass the ordeal. She feared that her voice and manner would betray the secret, and that all would read the issue. But the time had come for action and she prepared. Harry seated himself by her side, and they commenced. The song selected was that familiar old one, the "Banks of the Blue Moselle," and one that they had often sung in the days that were past. The voice of Mary faltered at the onset, but she rallied, and the song was ended. Harry was scarcely less moved than Mary. A train of old associations came crowding back upon his memory, and the evening passed off, at least to them, without pleasure. Mary soon after pleaded indisposition, and left the apartment. When she was gone, the spirits and life of Harry seemed gone also, and soon after he also took his leave and retired. As he was passing through the hall previous to leaving the house, he was surprised to encounter Mary also leaving the house, and without an attendant. This fact, as connected with the visible alteration in her manners on the evening after the circumstances connected with the song, threw a new light on the mind of Harry. The whole truth flashed upon him at once. He had wronged her, and she had not been guilty. And now she was ill. His course was instantly taken. To cross the hall and proffer his attendance was the event of the next moment. At first she hesitated, but he insisted, and she consented. To his kind and solicitious enquiries after her health, she returned the usual answers, and the distance to her residence was passed in comparative silence. On arriving at the house of Mr. Wilson, he entered in answer to the usual invitation. Silence reigned for some time after they were seated. Harry was the first to break the charm that seemed to bind them. Advancing to the window where Mary was seated, he said,

"Mary can you forgive me?" and then seating himself by her side, and taking her hand, he exclaimed, "I have been hasty—perhaps cruel, but be the past forgotten, and the future shall make the amends."

"Henry," replied Mary, and she fixed her eyes upon him as if to read his thoughts. "What has been the cause of this? Surely I have said or done nothing that would justify such a course."

Henry related all the occurrences of the evening that had led to this affair—the fact of his having called—of her absence—of the glove without the fellow. At this Mary left the room and soon returned, bearing in her hand the identical glove—but the countepart was in the other on which was the name of Henry Morton. One look was all that was necessary to convince him of the truth of Mary and his own rashness, and seizing the hand of Mary, he exclaimed,

"Mary can you forget this—I see it all, fool that I was not to do so before—forgive but this once and I will—"

"No protestations," said Mary, who had totally recovered her spirits by this happy explanation. "I will forgive it all—but remember, Henry, no more times of absence, no more jealousy."

"No, no, Mary—my life for it," continued Henry. "I have had quite enough of that."

When Henry left the house that night he was the happiest man in the world; and Mary! the rose on her cheek blooms brightly as before, and none have had cause to regret the fruits of the Meeting.

THE MALE FLIRT.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"Have you seen Mrs. Gordon since she returned from Europe?" said James Ewing to his friend Henry Alford, as they stood on the steps of the Astor House, "Her widowhood has not impaired her charms; she is even more beautiful than when she left here two years ago."

"Indeed!—and she has returned, I presume, immensely rich. Her husband was, you know, a millionnaire."

"Yes! he died but a short week after they landed at Havre, leaving her all his immense wealth. He will be a fortunate man who wins the widow; and she already has crowds of suitors. If I remember aright, Harry, you once had a sort of flirtation with her, and I was one among those who thought you, rather than the rich Powell, the favored one. Why, in the deuce, didn't you persevere?"

"I was too poor," said Alford, with a shrug of the shoulders, "and she was no richer. It would have been madness to marry."

"Then why did you pay her such attention?" asked Ewing in some surprise, "for many months you were constantly by her side. I always thought that some little difference—a lover's quarrel you know—had separated you, and that each was too proud to make any advances subsequently."

"Let us step into my room, and I will tell you. Egad, it's a wonder you haven't seen the truth long ago. I thought you knew more of the world."

The two companions were soon seated in Alford's room when he began:

"Emily Maxwell was, you know, a splendid girl. But she was poor. I saw and admired her. Yet my circumstances would not permit me to marry. Now young fellows like myself, who have access to good society and are yet without the means to support a wife, must either fly the company of the dear creatures altogether, or else indulge in what I call innocent flirtation—"

"Innocent!"

"Yes! *innocent*—why, my dear fellow, you start as if a bomb had rolled under your chair, you needn't be so alarmed at my words. All I mean to say is this—that, because one can't marry one isn't therefore to be deprived of love, I don't mean exactly your *serious* love, but a sort of half real half jesting feeling, such as one experiences toward a girl he is flirting with. You talk with her, walk with her, read with her, sing with her, and in short pay her pretty devoted attention for a while, but when you find you are in danger of getting seriously in love, then you back out, and seek some new beauty to flirt with. One may thus have all the little excitements of a courtship—the pique, the soothing, the flattered vanity, the one particular angel to whom you chat in a half whisper—without the danger of involving your honor by an engagement—"

"But surely there *is* danger in this, if not to yourself, at least to the lady."

"Oh! no—you are a novice, I see, in these matters. The lady has the sense to see that you are *only* flirting, since you never seriously make love to her—that is you do not tell her you love her, for when a man does that, I hold he is as much bound to go forward and marry her as he is to pay a debt of honor. If I promised to marry a girl I would consider it binding, and keep the promise religiously. I have no charity for a scoundrel who breaks an engagement. But these innocent flirtations are different things. Why—what would the world be worth if one couldn't take moonlight walks with the girls, or have some one whom you visited, you know, especially. If you think the matter's getting serious for her, of course you'll back out. Meantime, however, a man's a fool if he don't have some one with whom he is flirting—its better than lemonade, however spicy—it gives one a sort of poetry of feeling, only surpassed by love itself:—and that you know is a luxury in which a poor dog, like most young professional men, cannot indulge."

"And you mean to say that you carried on some such flirtation with Emily Maxwell."

Alford nodded and smiled.

"But have you not often thought that in her case it was carried a little too far? Have you no misgivings of this?"

His companion adjusted his cravat coolly before the glass, as he replied,

"It may be I did. I confess I have had once or twice uneasy thoughts about it; and I certainly *did* think more of Emily than of any other girl I ever met, and on that account may have carried the matter a little too far in her case. But, if so, I've repented it. To be frank, I have never seen a woman since whom I admired as I did her."

His companion made no reply, but looked abstractedly and somewhat mournfully into the grate. A silence of some minutes ensued. At length Alford suddenly looked up.

"Do you believe in first love, Ewing?" he said, "that is, do you think it outlives every subsequent affection?"

"I do."

The conversation again stopped, and both companions fell into another fit of musing. At length Ewing rose and departed. As he left the Astor House he soliloquized with himself.

"I wish that when we were on the subject, I had spoken out to Harry. He is a generous fellow in

many things; but on this one point most heartless and unprincipled. He seems, however, to regret his conduct to Mrs. Gordon, and I believe, after all, he talks worse than he acts. He may have been a male-flirt in his comparatively boyish days, but now he surely must have more regard for a woman's feelings than to win her heart by these silent, though seductive attentions of which he speaks, and then desert her, justifying himself by the mockery of not having told her he loved her."

The thoughts which were passing through Alford's mind when he asked his companion if he deemed a first love the most enduring, our readers have perhaps divined. He was thinking if he might not win the widow, and, although her fortune was not without some influence over him, we will do him the justice to say that, at that moment, regret for having tampered with the feelings of the only woman who had touched his heart, was certainly uppermost. He pondered over the subject long after Ewing left him.

"Yes!" he said, rising, "I will woo you now seriously. If you ever really loved me—and I feel that you once did—it will be no very difficult task to kindle old feelings in your bosom; I will throw myself on your kind heart for forgiveness for the wrong I have done you; and—" he paused and said smiling confidently, "we will yet be happy."

Henry Alford was, as his friend had said, of a really noble nature; but alas! it had been sadly corrupted by the world, as his creed on innocent flirtations witnessed. He was, however, good-looking and talented; he had risen to some note in his profession; and it was therefore with no misgivings, or very slight ones, that he sought a renewal of his intimacy with Mrs. Gordon, for the purpose of becoming a suitor for her hand.

If Emily Maxwell had touched his heart, the beautiful widow won his love. Alford had been a visitor at her mansion, but a short time, when he felt that if he had began his suit as a reparation due to her he had slighted, he now continued it as necessary to his own happiness. Mrs. Gordon was indeed the same as Emily Maxwell, but how immeasurably improved. Not only was her beauty of a more lofty and entrancing character; not only was her intellect expanded and refined; not only was she gifted with accomplishments such as few of her sex could boast of; but her heart seemed to have gained a deeper tone from the trials it had undergone—to have been, as it were, chastened and purified in the furnace of affliction. The love of Emily Maxwell would have been pure and deep, but after all only that of a girl; the love of Mrs. Gordon was such as a woman, in all the full maturity of her affections, has to bestow. And Alford felt that, having once possessed the love of the girl, he had a key to the affections of the woman.

In this conviction he daily grew more confirmed. No one visited the proud mansion of Mrs. Gordon, who seemed a more welcome visitant. If she did not blush at his entrance as she would have done eight years before, she welcomed him with a cordiality which there was no mistaking. She sang for him, she promenaded with him, and she danced with him—for who does not dance at twenty-six?—and there was nothing wanting in her demeanor toward him, to assure him of her love, except the absence of that conscious embarrassment in his presence which once characterized her. But then she was a blushing girl, and now she was a calm, collected woman. The difference was everything.

"I will propose for her this very evening," said Alford to himself, about six weeks after he had renewed his visits to her, "she must love me—she does love me—I will beg her forgiveness on my knees, and seal it with a kiss as in former days."

That night the lover found his mistress alone, and in a few minutes was on his knees, offering her his hand and heart. But, when he came to the crisis he could not tell her how he had once abused her love—he could not do so even to sue for her forgiveness.

"Rise," said the widow; but her accents were so calm and passionless, that, for the first time, her lover felt a misgiving of the success of his suit. His fears were increased when he arose and took a seat beside her on the sofa. She did not avert her face, her eyes did not seek the ground, there was no conscious blush on her cheek; but her whole demeanor was as collected as if she was performing the most trivial of her daily household duties. The heart of Alford sunk within him: he felt a pang such as he had never experienced before. It was a pang not only of mortified vanity, but of hopeless agonizing love.

"Listen to me, Alford," said Mrs. Gordon, "I am not surprised at this—you see I am not—for I have expected it daily for the last fortnight. You start, but recollect I am not as I was when we met in other days. Travel and sorrow and years have made me a different being, have taught me to read the hearts of others as they once read my own. It is unnecessary to refer to our former intimacy at length, but I must do so partially in order to explain my present determination. You know how you sought my society, how you were ever ready with those little attentions that our sex delight to receive, how you modulated your voice to a whisper when you spoke to me and to me alone. You remember all this, and that these attentions continued for months. Are you surprised, therefore, that I learned to love you—deeply, fervently, unreservedly? It is true you gave me no reason, from any words you said, to believe that you loved me; but is not the eloquence of the eye, the voice, the look even more expressive than that of words? Yes! Henry Alford you *knew* I loved you—you intended that I should—and yet you deserted me. You left me without explanation. In the recesses of my

own heart I was forced to conceal my agony, for it would have been unmaidenly to confess that I loved one who had never solicited my affections. That six months of agony I would not ask even for an enemy, if one I have! But I outlived it. I was proud, and I would have died with my secret, if on words only had depended its revelation. But my friends saw the truth in my hollow cheek and sunken eye. Yet they said nothing. At length Mr. Gordon, whom I had once refused, sought my hand again. I had no heart to give him it is true, but I yielded to the solicitations of my friends and married him. Of that step I never repented. From the moment when I promised at the altar to be his, I felt it had become my duty to love him alone, and I resolutely discarded from my heart every feeling at variance with my vow. I looked to God, and he enabled me to go through with the work. Do not flatter yourself with the common belief that a first love is never eradicated—the assertion is true only where the object of that love remains pure in the eyes of the lover. Years have passed since I learned to look on you only as on the rest of your sex—yes more, as one whom I *never could* love. You had trifled with, and betrayed me—I could no more confide in your truth. You were not the being my young fancy had painted. And now, Henry Alford, I tell you with as much calmness as I would tell the veriest stranger, that you are nothing to me.

"I will not deny that I might have repelled you at once when you sought again my society. I am no coquette, but I felt it due to my sex to treat you according to the rule on which you have always acted toward us. It was a mere flirtation, perhaps, on your part: I was not bound to suppose you serious until you spoke your love in words. Besides it would have sounded well abroad, that the widow Gordon had refused Mr. Alford before he had proposed—people would, one and all, have sneered at her as a vain, foolish woman. But mark me, I was not blind to the fact that you loved me. You may even regret the past. But for this I care nothing. Think not either that I love another. No other motive dictates my refusal than your conduct to me eight years ago. And now go, Henry Alford, and remember, when you hear or think of me, that I feel no more emotion at your name than I would at that of a stranger."

Paralyzed, and confounded, a prey to conflicting emotions of mortification and baffled love, Alford sat, during these words, unable to articulate a syllable. And when, at their conclusion, Mrs. Gordon coldly rose, to intimate that the interview was over, he rose too, and mechanically taking his hat, bowed and left the room. He felt, both from the language and manner of the widow, that expostulation was vain.

That lesson was not lost on Alford. But he never married. Why, our readers, perhaps, can tell.

Mrs. Gordon a year afterward was united to a gentleman every way worthy of her, and whom she had learnt fervently to love ere she surrendered to him her hand.

Such is the history of but one out of hundreds of a class. Reader! have you never met a MALE FLIRT?

MONMOUTH HARGRAVE.

A STORY OF THE HEART.

It was in a crowded hall. Thousands had congregated to pay the tribute of respect and gratitude to the aged warrior, whose best days had been spent in the service of his country. The magnates of the land were there, the young, the lovely, and the beautiful, each and all with anxious countenances to behold, perhaps for the last time, one of the few remaining links which connect the present generation with the sacred remembrance and chivalrous valor of the revolution. His young heroism had been tried in that glorious struggle, and crowned with immortal glory in the last war. Many, many grateful hearts prest around him to catch a look at the man, of whom Fame had spoken in deafening plaudits. They had learned to lisp his name from the cradle, and to think of him as one commanding all their love and gratitude.

Never did I see curiosity so great. It seemed to pervade the vast multitude, and to animate them with one common impulse. Though the crowd was immense, silence reigned, like a deity, throughout that spacious hall. The feeling was too profound for utterance. The admiring throng approached with reverence the bent form of the once gallant soldier, and pressing his hand with fervor, retired in silence, mentally bespeaking blessings on his head, now silvered over with the frosts of winter. Nor were the fair behind others in those grateful manifestations of respect.

In the foremost rank of that concourse of people, stood one who looked upon the pageant with indifference. Not that he was insensible to the emotions of gratitude—but that care and grief had made sad inroads upon his once buoyant feelings, and had blunted his keen perception of the novel and the curious. His thoughts were busy in another department than that of mere gratitude. Woman in her loveliness was arrayed before him, and as he glanced his eye along that brilliant line of beauty, it is not strange that he should momentarily forget the chief, who was occupying all thoughts. But he could not help remarking that it was cold and inanimate beauty—not such as causes the blood to tingle, even to our fingers' ends, upon first sight.

I know that I am treading upon disputed ground, when I speak of love at first sight. But if it is a conceded point that we are favorably or unfavorably imprest in our passage through the world with those whom we accidentally meet—and that we are so there is no gainsaying—the whole question is yielded. For there is no greater physiognomist than your lover. His very trade is to read the face, and to arrive at some opinion of the temper, amiability, and loveliness of the object, by closely studying that index. And the degree of favor,

or dislike, determines our love or hate. But leaving this disquisition to others who have more time and space, we will return to our story.

He had loved devotedly—truly—but misfortune, with its iron heel, had stamped its footprints upon the tablets of his heart. It was not in his calculations of the probable, that he could meet any being for whom he could feel more than ordinary interest. And yet, he was anxiously desirous of finding some one, who could warm his heart into newness of life, and bring back those delicious transports which he feared were gone, and forever. He looked upon it as barely possible that he could find such an one. Hence, the coldness and indifference with which his eye roamed from face to face, and with which he looked upon the brilliant spectacle before him. Still, there was a latent, and perhaps, almost undefined hope, lurking in his bosom, that he would again be blessed with visions of happiness.

Impelled by this feeling, he had sought society whereever it was to be found. He had mingled in the gay throng, and forced himself to smile at the pretty nothings which greeted him on every hand. But "he smiled in such a sort as if he mocked himself." He attempted to join in the merry laugh, but his laugh, so different from its former ringing joyousness, would startle him like a peal of thunder. Delighting in conversation, he would mingle in the general amusement by contributing his share, but his voice sounded like the hollow echoes of a funeral chamber. His heart was like a withered leaf in his bosom. It had no vitality—no sympathy with things around him. He lived in society without enjoying its blessings. He was miserable in spite of himself. Such—such was Monmouth Hargrave. Disgusted with himself, he would retire, and in gloomy melancholy brood over his lurking cares and bitter griefs for days.

Society, at length, became almost hateful to him. It was only after rousing himself that he could venture into it. On this occasion, he cast his eye again and again, along that splendid column of female beauty, with the faint hope of finding some token which would bring back to him his long lost happiness—some look of sympathy and of tenderness, which would send a thrill of joy through his heart, and make his existence a blessing, not a curse. With a sigh, he shook his head, as if in utter despair. To him, all appeared to be devoid of true and genuine feeling. There was nothing but pretensions and heartless insincerity. No heart!—no nature!—no soul!

I was standing close at his side, and heard his heart broken sigh. My acquaintance was of that intimate character which let me into the secret workings of his soul. I knew the uppermost wish of his heart was to find some woman who could love him with her whole soul. Such a gentle being, made of creation's best, it was his desire to win, and wed—some one, who possessed noble and generous feelings, an enlarged and liberal heart, true and undissembled amiability, and an intellect as expansive as the universe. I knew this, more from my knowledge of his character, than from any positive assurances, and when I saw him turn away after his fruitless search, I thought the iron of despair entered deeper into his soul.

At length I felt he grasped my arm as if in a vice. "Who? who, in the name Heaven, is that lady, with light brown hair?" said my friend, in a frenzy of madness. "I must know who she is," continued he, "for she is an angel. I could not have overlooked her—no! no! She must have just entered the hall. By Heaven I would give worlds to know who she is."

His gestures became so violent, and his whispers so loud, that I begged him to control himself, lest we should be exposed. "Exposed," said he, "what care I for the phantom, exposure? Have I not diligently searched over one fourth of the globe to find just such a being? Look at her eye, large, soft, and hazel—her mouth, all sweetness and delicacy—her countenance, cheerful and lovely—her air, elegant and accomplished—her grace, polished and refined—her form, symmetry itself—her——"

"Hold! hold!" said I, interrupting him. "This is no place for your new-born rapture. Have done with your jingling epithets. Put a bridle upon your wild impetuosity. Be advised, and observe her well, but be silent."

Monmouth Hargrave was breathless with the praises of the new star which had so unexpectedly risen in the firmament of his destiny. He was in a fever of anxiety. He trembled in the fearful apprehension that she would escape him. Whilst drinking in, with intoxicating delight, the rich draughts from her large, lustrous eye, her conductor approached her. At that moment she recognised a female acquaintance in the rear of the chair of the venerable chieftain. Her countenance at once seemed illuminated with joy. She advanced rapidly, yet gracefully, to shake the hand of her friend.

"There is nature for you—there is soul—there is heart," said Monmouth Hargrave. "There are those imperishable qualities for which I have searched so long. No cold formality—no prim precision—no studied elegance—but the outpourings of a heart, true to the glowing feelings of nature."

But ere he had time to speak further, her conductor led her to the aged soldier, and in an under tone whispered an introduction. We strained our ears to catch the name, but our distance was too great. The chief gazed, for a moment, in fixed admiration. His eye lighted up, for a second, with the fire of youth. She affectionately took his hand, and while her soul swelled, under the proud recollection of his many chivalrous

deeds, she gracefully bent forward and imprinted a holy kiss upon his weather-beaten brow. Monmouth Hargrave riveted his distended eyes upon her, and she reddened to the temples. With moistened eye and brimful heart, she turned hastily away, and left the crowded hall.

My friend appeared to be wrapt in thought. The scene had past like enchantment before him. He was at length restored to consciousness and despair—for the idol of his soul had disappeared, like a being from another and a brighter world, leaving no trace behind.

With the impulsive feelings of his nature, when properly roused, he rushed upon the portico, just in time to catch the outlines of a lady as she sprang into her carriage.

"By Heaven it is she. I would know her graceful form any where," he said.

"For God's sake, have some prudence—do you not see that we are overheard?" said I, stopping him in his full career.

He hurried me along in the wake of the fast whirling vehicle, despite of my remonstrances. It disappeared behind the houses—and again appeared. At last it stopped at a house just in sight, and as she was handed up the steps, Hargrave caught another look at her magic form.

"Now that I know her whereabout," he said animatedly, "let us devise some scheme for an introduction. As she is housed she will not leave the city, but go to the levee. I will meet her there at all hazards. Let us away to prepare for it." As my friend ceased talking we entered our hotel.

I busied myself on the streets to ascertain the name of that enchanting fair one. I was not long left to conjecture. She was the beautiful and accomplished Lucretia Fordyce. There was a striking similarity between the general outlines of her touching history and that of Monmouth Hargrave. The thread of their lives had been colored in the dark stream of misfortune. She had bowed, like the lily, broken down by the rude storm to the wild tempest of calamity. Her young affections had been crushed by the relentless hand of the destroyer. She had wept bitter tears over the lost and loved.

I shall never forget the anguish with which Hargrave received the brief history of her who had played such fantastic tricks with his heart. He had fallen violently in love at first sight, without knowing with whom. His whole soul was absorbed with the delicious feeling. He had wooed the return of the all-transporting emotions of love, with a constant and unswerving devotion. The afflicted never waited for the troubling of the waters with more pious patience. And when he felt his heart flutter with those pleasurable sensations, he hugged himself with all the rapture of a new delight. His was the frenzy of the soul—the uncalculating and undoubting passion of a frank, honest, and yet, perhaps, too impulsive heart.

The information that she was a widow threw him all aback. His lip quivered—the blood rushed to his face. I saw the struggle that was going on in his breast. It heaved like a tumultuous sea. For an hour he spoke not, but with a hurried stride paced the floor in the agony of despair. He had said foolishly that he would never wed a widow. But when were even the strongest resolutions, in the *way* of that resistless torrent, love, much less the crude, the idle, and the undigested expressions of the moment.

"By Heaven," he at length exclaimed, "I was a fool to have a prejudice against the stricken in heart, and the blasted in hope." The cloud upon his brow floated away, and left the smiles of Heaven reposing in its stead. "I will see her to-night at the levee, at all events. Her afflictions have hallowed and consecrated her. I had wished a heart untainted by the mildew of grief—but the hand of an unseen power is visible in this."

To the levee we went, but not till late. The apartments were crowded to excess. Hundreds of both sexes were congregated, I might almost say, literally packed, in a few small rooms. There were sparkling eyes of every hue, and lovely forms of every shape. It was the high festival of beauty—joy beamed from every eye, and smiles wreathed every face. Delight was depicted on every countenance, and pleasure sat regent in every breast.

"Come," said Monmouth Hargrave, "we will institute a search for 'lady mine.'" So dense was the crowd that the only way of advancing, was by edging through side ways. We ranged from parlor to hall—from hall to chamber—from basement to attic—but in vain—all in vain. That strange, yet familiar face, could no where be found. The impression was too indelibly engraven upon my friend's heart to be forgotten. Many told us she was there, and the bright centre of attraction. But ere they could point the place, she had vanished, like lightning amid the storm. After hours of anxious search, we were informed that she had left for the theatre. To the theatre we hurried. Like wave succeeding wave, so does disappointment succeed disappointment. From the theatre she had gone to her boarding-house.

"Better luck next time," said I.

"Better luck, indeed," said Monmouth Hargrave, fretted with his failure. "I tell you that I have a presentiment, good luck will never come of this chase. You need not smile in derision, I am not superstitious. But 'coming events cast their shadows before.' Thus —thus will she ever elude me when my hopes are brightest. And yet, will I win her, with the spirit of

valor and true love, though the stern hand of destiny hold me back. Mine—mine, she must be—or solitary and alone will I mark my weary way upon the broad earth till death closes the scene."

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Time flew as on angels' wings. Monmouth Hargrave found himself, after the lapse of three months, by the side of the young, the admired, and beloved Lucretia Fordyce. No longer the victim of gloomy forebodings, his soul was laved in the more genial waters of all confiding love. Her small white hand was left unresistingly in his. It was one of those hands which time changes not, but which remains beautiful to the last. How many burning kisses he imprinted upon it! Hargrave could have listened forever to the music of her voice, and the rich and glowing imagery of her words. There was a charm in her chaste pronunciation, and her enchanting tones which had an almost magical influence upon him.

Thoughts were too busy, on this occasion, for extended speech. His soul for a moment, in anticipation of success, seemed to fold its wings in tranquil bliss like a bird upon its perch. At length, imprinting a more fervid kiss than ever upon that delicate hand, he poured out his soul in an impassioned strain of undissembled feeling which thrilled to her heart. Her head sank on his bosom: she murmured his name; and when Monmouth Hargrave left her that evening it was as her affianced husband.

"And do you believe in presentiments now?" said I, a few months later, in allusion to his remark made on the night he had sought her at the levee and theatre in vain.

"No, no," he replied, laughing, "but come and see us. Mrs. Hargrave has been my wife three months, and I love her better every day. Her's is the soul of an angel in a human form."

What a change in Monmouth Hargrave! And love had done all this.

THE MARTYRED PRINCESS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

The Princess Josephine was the beauty of her father's court, rivalling even the matured splendor of her mother, the majestic Maria Theresa. When her sister, the Archduchess Caroline, who had been betrothed to the Duke of Parma, fell a victim to that then scourge of mankind, the small pox, Josephine was selected to fill her place, as much on account of her loveliness, as because her mother deemed that her soft and pliant disposition would render a fitting tool in her hand, to watch the intentions of the Court at Parma, and report them to the Queen of Hungary.

Of all this, however, Josephine was ignorant. She had heard much of the beauty and manly courage of her betrothed lover, and it was with a happy smile, therefore, that she stood before the altar and gave her hand to his ambassador. Never had she looked lovelier than on this occasion. Her clear and lofty brow; her deep soft blue eyes; the quiet and soul-lit expression of her face, seemed now to be even more beautiful than they were wont to be; while the delicate blush suffusing her fine countenance threw a charm around her indescribable. And when her father pressed her to his bosom, and blessed her, and the tears gushed into her melting azure eyes, the audience, who witnessed the ceremony, thought they had never seen one half so lovely.

That evening the Princess sat alone, for the last time, in her favorite boudoir. She held in her hand a miniature of her husband, and she blushed as she looked on the manly beauty of his face.

Suddenly fine music was heard; they were playing an Italian air, slow and melancholy in its expression. Josephine knew the words of this music; it painted tender and passionate love. She blushed as she looked at the portrait, which she held in her hand; she looked forth, until the view was lost in the distance, perhaps to think over the future, dreaming as youth loves to do, when imagination lends its brilliant illusions to reality. These images of happiness enchanted her heart, when the door of the apartment opened. It was the Empress.

Josephine arose, strongly moved at the sight of her mother. Maria Theresa was cold and proud in her demeanor, she suffered no opposition to her will; it was not to be wondered at, that the countenance of the Princess should express embarrassment and reverence, rather than childlike affection at the sight of her mother. The Empress seemed at present, however inclined to tenderness. When her daughter offered her a seat, she advanced, took the hand of the Princess kindly within her own, drew her towards her, and then seated herself with her in the recess of a window. She then immediately opened the conversation.

"These are Italian books," she said, "and the music I heard is also Italian. Ah, dear child, do you already seek to forget us? Alas, these bonds which are so strong amongst ordinary people, with us are weak, if not wholly broken. How often, dear daughter of my heart, must I have appeared cold and stern to you! But the cares of the throne as seldom allow to me a cheerful brow, as an outpouring of the heart. Dear child, when far away thou thinkest of thy mother, remember the cares with which she is overwhelmed."

Josephine was deeply moved. She seized the hand of the Empress and bathed it in tears. Her mother now ventured to hint to her daughter her wishes. She kissed that soft, confiding face, and said,

"I know you love me, Josephine, and will do my will —hear me now!" and she proceeded to reveal to her daughter her wish that she—a Princess, and a wife!— should become a spy in her husband's cabinet.

At first Josephine listened in doubt, but as the truth broke upon her, she turned suddenly from her mother. At length she found words.

"No, no," she cried, while she sank at the feet of the Empress, "to observe his actions! to penetrate his most secret thoughts that I may lay the information before the Austrian Court! to excite his confidence in order to betray it! No, no, this cannot be my duty. My love would then be nothing but——"

"Softly, softly, Princess," interrupted Maria Theresa, while she repressed with difficulty the anger that sparkled in her eyes, "I was not prepared for such a burst of romantic love."

"The character of a spy," said the Duchess, as she raised herself with dignity, "does not suit a daughter of Maria Theresa."

At this moment, the expression of her face, assumed a character of grandeur and pride, such as had never before been visible in it. Her brow hitherto always serene, became furrowed. One might have mistaken the Princess Josephine for the Empress. She, when she perceived her daughter look so much like herself, lost all hope of making her the docile instrument of her will.

"I believe indeed," she said with derisive laugh, "that the little Colonel has turned your head. But we have not yet learned to tolerate self-will and disobedience. Leave it to me to settle this business."

"Dear mother," cried Josephine, endeavoring to retain her, "for God's sake, do not leave me with such coldness."

The Empress withdrew her hand—their eyes met. As the Princess caught a glance of the pale face of her mother, in which was painted an expression of concentrated bitterness, she fell back fainting on her seat.

When she recovered her senses, she exclaimed sorrowfully, "it is broken!" as she looked at the fragments of the broken chain, to which the picture of the Duke of

Parma, had been attached. The Empress, when she broke from her daughter with so much indignation, had entangled herself in the chain and broken it. The Duchess leaned against the balcony, dissolved in tears.

It is a crushing pain to the souls of the young, when they discover that their deepest feelings have been awakened, only to plunge them into misery. But sorrow and amazement now vanished from the strong, presentiment of a near, threatening, and terrible peril, which overpowered all other emotions. The shadows of night began to extend themselves. Josephine had looked on the pale and angry countenance of the Empress by the doubtful twilight; the power of her imagination still presented to her its threatening aspect. The loneliness around her became insupportable. She called her ladies around her. Yet, neither their laughing faces, the sound of their voices, the brightness of the lights, nor the songs of her beloved sister Pauline, had power to cheer the soul of the Princess. She walked up and down the apartment with unsteady step, when a knock was heard at the door, and she was awakened from her reverie by terror.

It was Martini, the confessor of the Empress. The features of this priest were modelled like those of an ancient statue. His lofty brow gave his face at once a stern and penetrating expression. His demeanor was humble and benevolent, his voice slow and gentle; yet it was impossible to avoid a sensation of fear at his presence. No one ever looked on that cold, unpitying eye, without saying to himself—"This is a man who delights in human misery."

He approached the Duchess, looked at her dress, for in changing her robe after the ceremony, she had put on black, her usual color, and said, "I see with pleasure, my daughter, that you did not await my coming to prepare for fulfilling the duties of to-night."

"What do you mean?" asked the Princess. "I consulted nothing but my own convenience in changing my dress."

"I believed it to be done from humility. Thy wedding clothes and worldly decoration, would be unsuitable accompaniments for prayers in the presence of the dead."

"I beseech you, explain yourself," cried Josephine, trembling in every limb.

"Your Imperial Highness very well knows, that it is your turn, to watch and pray to-night at the grave of the Archduchess."

Josephine fell with her forehead against the wall. Pauline interposed with these words:

"The Empress will never permit it. Every one knows, that the Archduchess died with the small pox, on which account no one has since entered the chapel."

"On the contrary, her Imperial Majesty expressly demands, that this pious duty shall by no means be neglected. She herself sent me hither, to lead the Duchess of Parma immediately to the coffin of her sister."

"Appeal to the Emperor," whispered Pauline; "but what can be expected from his will? No—there is no hope there. But throw yourself at the feet of your mother, I conjure you."

"I have just now seen her," answered the Duchess, with an expression of the deepest distress. Pauline hid her face with both hands.

"I wait," said the priest, "the pleasure of your Imperial Highness, to follow me to the chapel."

Josephine rose to obey.

"I will accompany you," said Pauline, "something might happen to you in the night—"

"Your Imperial Highness must watch alone," answered the confessor decidedly. "Besides, such is the custom."

Martini was still speaking, when a child rushed into the apartment of the Archduchess, and hastened up to embrace her.

"Dear sister, thou wilt leave us perhaps for ever. You must give me twice as many kisses as you usually do."

"Good Maria, thou hast no sorrows; thou wilt sleep quietly to-night."

"Thou wilt perhaps not sleep so quietly, but wilt be happy. To-morrow, and I shall never see thee again."

"To-morrow, O God!—" At these words a torrent of tears rolled down the cheeks of the Archduchess.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the child. "Why dost thou weep? They told me that thou wast going to reign."

"Good child, may Heaven spare thee such nuptials."

The little girl mingled her tears with those of her sister.

The Duchess repaired to the vault. Her ladies followed her to the door. When it was opened, they perceived that its damp darkness, was changed into a faint twilight by the light of a single taper. Josephine turned around, pressed the weeping Pauline in her arms, and entered the chapel. Her ladies saw her kneeling at the foot of the altar, when the door was slowly closed and locked.

Pauline was obliged to wait until the sitting of the Council Chamber had ended, to inform the Emperor that his favorite daughter was passing the night in an offensive vault, by the corpse of a sister, who had died with an infectious disease. More than half of the night was already gone—

The Emperor hastened himself to the chapel. He found the Archduchess, just in the very spot in which they had left her kneeling before the altar, and her head bowed as if in prayer; her body seemed shrunk, and her arms rested on the marble slab. Her father spoke to her. No answer. He raised her——She was dead!

THE MYSTERIOUS ROBBER.

BY BENJAMIN HAMILTON.

CHAPTER I.

It was in the year 18—, that a very lovely woman, the Countess of Walstein, became an inhabitant of Vienna; to which city the news of her husband's death—a Colonel in the service of France, and slain, as it was stated in the letter of the Minister of War, at the great battle of Moskowa—had brought her.

One night, after having dismissed all her female attendants, she was seated at her writing-desk, intensely absorbed in the perusal of a manuscript, when the window of her boudoir was burst open. She was utterly paralysed, for the moment, with fear. She believed she was lost for ever. Three o'clock in the morning had just struck, and all around her was silence and darkness. The servants were all fast asleep. The sound of no footstep in the distant street could be heard. It was a favorable moment for the perpetration of crime, for crime could be committed safe from the observation of any witness. Excited by sudden terror, the Countess turned her eyes toward the window that had been forced open; but the dimmed glass through which the wax lights shone, gave forth but an uncertain and glimmering view, and she could only distinguish, and that with difficulty, the dark shade of a man's figure at the lower end of the room. Fancying, for the moment, that it was but a terrific illusion, she seized a light and turned it toward this strange object. What was her terror, when she was convinced that there was before her a strange man! He was very tall, his figure was concealed by a black mantle, and his face was covered by a mask. Her first thought was to ring the bell; but the masked man, grasping her arm, prevented her from carrying her project into execution.

"Have no fear," said the unknown; "and though appearances be at this moment against me, still do not confound me with the common malefactors that fill this city. Although my proceedings are such as to give you reason to entertain such an idea, yet I presume to hope, that you will soon abandon a notion, that would do my feelings wrong. I am an honest man; but very extraordinary circumstances, such as I cannot and ought not to explain to you, oblige me to act thus. That is all I can, for the present, say to you."

The tone of voice in which these few words had been said, and the apparent unconcern, and calmness of demeanor in the unknown, excited the astonishment of the Countess, without lessening, however, her uneasiness, nor diminishing her fear.

"How can you explain," she said to her singular visitor, "your conduct, and your presence in my house,

and when I am alone?—besides there is that mask which conceals your features——"

"That mask should not at all terrify you. For heavens' sake, be calm. I have this false visage, but as a security for that discretion that must guard my conduct, and until circumstances, less unhappy than those that now affect me, permit me to make myself known to you."

"Well, then, what do you require?" asked the Countess, perfectly astonished.

"A very great service indeed, and one upon which depends my future liberty, my honor, and the happiness of my life."

"I know not, Sir, how, or in what manner, I——"

"I am about to tell you—and now deign to listen to me, with a kind of charitable feeling. You have in your secretaire a sum of sixty thousand francs. I want that from you——*as a loan*. Understand me perfectly. It is under the name of a loan, that I shall receive it from you—but as that sum will not accomplish the object which compels me thus to borrow from you, I supplicate you to add to it also your jewel case. I shall have a faithful and accurate value put upon it, by a jeweller, as to its contents; and with that I will ask you for your diamond studded watch, and these, along with the sixty thousand francs, will make the sum total of my debt to you."

The Countess was stupified alike from astonishment and fear. So much of audacity, surpassed her imagination of all that impudence could think of doing. But then how was she to act, situated as she was? Should she refuse to despoil herself of her gold and diamonds? It would be to expose herself to outrage. A man capable of having conceived and executed so rash a project, and to express himself so boldly, would not recoil from any consideration, and would crush every obstacle to attain his ends. The Countess having indulged in such reflections, would doubtlessly have instantly complied with the demand made on her, if the remembrance of her husband had not come to her assistance—for she recollected that the richest ornaments in her jewel-case had been from him—and then, how could she consent willingly to part from the last tokens of his love, that remained to her?

"I consent," she said, "to give to you the sum of money you ask from me; but the jewel-case is the bridal present of my deceased husband, and I cannot part with it without insulting the memory of one, that I honor, and venerate. Oh! that I must keep, and even you yourself, will see that I ought to do so."

"I think," he remarked, "that I told you, that I wanted all that I have specified. Nothing less than what I have stated, can free me from the embarrassment in which I am placed. It is all that I hope for from your goodness, and that I exact with the greater earnestness: because I am certain of discharging all I owe you, in less than two years."

The words "*I exact*," added to the anxiety of the poor Countess. She stood up, opened her secretaire, gave to the stranger the gold that it contained, and then taking the jewel-case, she, with tears in her eyes, placed it on the table before her, hoping that the despair which was pictured in her countenance, would be more eloquent, and more persuasive than her prayers.

It was of no avail, however. The strange visitor took up the bag, containing the gold, the jewel-case that enclosed the diamonds, and then recommending her to keep as a profound secret all that had passed between them, he repeated to her the confidence he entertained of yet paying the debt, and disappeared, leaving the Countess overwhelmed with terror and with grief.

It would be difficult to describe the various emotions, that subsequent to this adventure, agitated the Countess. The sacrifice that she had been forced to make, was, without doubt, a dreadful one; and yet the loss affected her less than the reflections induced by such a visit from a person who was evidently nobly born, and highly educated. The terror that the circumstance caused to her, however, made *her* discreet.

Scarcely a fortnight had passed away, from the time the nocturnal visit had been paid, when in the middle of the night, the Countess was awakened by the noise of something heavy falling into her room, which was thrown from without, and that had penetrated thus far, after having smashed one of the panes of glass in the window. The noise was not succeeded by any other, and the Countess having recovered from her fright, or rather her curiosity being greater than her fears, she searched for the object that she was sure had fallen on the floor. It was a stone, which was enveloped by a letter most respectfully worded, and containing an exact account of the money enclosed in the bag, as well as of the value of the diamonds taken from her. This act of honesty appeared to her to be very singular on the part of one, that after all, she could not but regard as a robber. Astonished at this new act of the mysterious individual, she put both pieces of writing in her secretaire, and deposited them in the place formerly occupied by the valuables of which she had been despoiled.

CHAPTER II.

A YEAR after the event which we have described, the Countess of Walstein, yielding to the importunities of her husband's family, left Vienna, and went to take up her abode at Munich, where she trusted that her strange visitor, of whom she now heard no more, would cease from troubling her repose. Her anticipations in this respect, were not, however, fulfilled.

Some months after her arrival at Munich, where she

led a very retired life—where she was never seen in public, and consequently believed she was secure from the visits of the stranger, she was one morning—about three o'clock—astonished to see the window of her chamber opened! No noise was made—no bolt withdrawn; but as if by magic power, it was opened, and the mysterious man again appeared, in his old costume, and his face still concealed by a mask!

"What! you again!" exclaimed the Countess. "What would you know! Have I not satisfied your first demand so fully, that I might at least hope to be free'd from a second visit?"

"Madame, your words are reproachful. If I merit insult for a second time disturbing your repose, I am sure you will not offer it, when you learn what is the object of my present visit."

"Doubtless it is to contract a second debt; for men like you have always pressing wants."

"Will the Countess of Walstein permit me to interrupt her, knowing as I do, all that can be said upon that point?"

"Then what is your business here?"

"I find it impossible at this moment, to pay you in full, the entire sum that you were so good as to lend me, a year since—but I have brought you the half of it, which you will find in this bag—and in accepting it, I beg again to express to you my gratitude, and my determination fully to acquit myself of the obligation that I have contracted with you."

This said, the bag of gold was deposited on the table, and the stranger disappeared.

When the Countess was fully certain that her mysterious visitor had taken his departure, she rose from her couch, and examined the bag that he had left behind him; and to her astonishment, she found that it contained precisely the half of the sum, that she had been compelled to give him. In doing justice to the strange conduct of the unknown, she did not, however, desire to be borne down by the weight of events, the consequences of which she could not forsee, and therefore she resolved to quit Germany, and to go and live in Italy. It is easy to conceive that this was a resolution not adopted on the instant. That which had occurred both at Munich and Vienna, filled her mind with the greatest apprehension; and she determined to depart as privately as she possibly could.

The Countess of Walstein travelled over a great deal of Italy. She visited Florence, and then resolved to stop for some time at Venice. The beauty of the climate, the charms of the city—so calm, and so impregnated with poetry—at once suited her quiet habits, and her reflective disposition. She had remained there nearly a year, and had ceased to think of her singular debtor, for she believed she had for ever free'd herself from him, when at the midnight hour—such a midight as one can only behold in Venice—she saw him re-appear in the centre of her chamber, wearing the same dress that he did at Vienna, and at Munich; and still masked!

"This is the last visit of this kind, that I shall pay you," he said. "Now, I bring to you the full sum that you, in despite of yourself, lent me two years ago. But, without examining into the causes of your conduct, I may content myself with saying, that your money and your discretion have saved my honor. At present, permit me to offer you the sincere expression of my gratitude, and to beg also that you will accept as a testimony of it this brilliant ring, which I pray you to accept from me."

Pronouncing these words, the stranger took from his finger a ring, and laid it, at the same time with the purse of gold, upon the table, which was close to the couch on which the Countess was reposing. The latter, that fright had nearly paralysed, recovered gradually from her fear, and said—

"But who are you, sir, who attach so much value to the service I have done? Permit me to assure you that my discretion will be the best security for any secret you may please to confide in me."

"I can easily believe it, Countess, especially when you find that the secret is one in which both are equally interested."

The unknown finished those words, by tearing off his mask, and casting it from him.

"Good Heavens!" shrieked the Countess, as she looked in the face of the unknown; "it is—it is my husband!"

"Yes," answered the Count with deep emotion, "I am he for whom thou hast long mourned as dead, and who, without thee, would have lost both honor and liberty. There are my adventures. I was dangerously wounded at the battle of Muskowa, and by mistake returned as among those who had been killed. I was brought as a prisoner into the deserts of Siberia. In a frightful state of misery, and without the possibility of apprising you that I was living, I passed there the entire time of my captivity. An ukase of the Emperor gave me, at length, permission to return to France: when, as I passed through St. Petersburg, an unfortunate quarrel was put upon me, by the son of a great Russian Lord. I killed him in a duel fought between us; and, although my adversary was altogether in the wrong, and that he did not hesitate so to declare before dying, yet as his family were very powerful, they swore to have vengeance, and did every thing they could to carry that vow into effect.

"I was arrested and imprisoned. The prosecution against me had commenced, when the Czar, learning what had happened, and the public feeling that was general in my favor, ordered me to be set at liberty, and

brought beyond the frontiers of his empire, on my way to France. After such a decision, I might well believe, as well as all those who took an interest in my fate, that I was saved from the fury of my enemies; but it turned out otherwise, for my foes were numerous and powerful. Notwithstanding the decision of the Emperor, they obtained my incarceration anew, until I had made a full payment of a sum of sixty thousand roubles, equal to about two hundred thousand francs, in which I was amerced as 'damages,' for in Russia, it seems, that a price is set upon the life of a human being.

"I was again arrested; but, thanks to some friends, I was able to escape, and reached Germany, from whence I wrote that I recognised myself a debtor to the amount of the sixty thousand roubles, and promised to send them, in the shortest possible time—and then I determined to conceal myself with the greatest possible care. Had I acted differently, I should have been given up to the Russian government.

"By means of the forced loan from yourself, and the aid of some friends, I was able to meet the pecuniary demand of my enemies, and to obtain a full acquittance, as well as an order for my perfect freedom from arrest for the future. Once having this order in my hands, I knew that I could appear in public. Your secret removal from Munich prevented me from seeing you before now; but now, having discovered it, I determined to play out my part of the mysterious visitor to the end."

It was thus that the Colonel terminated his recital. Since then he has lived in happiness with his wife at the chateau at Walstein which is but a few leagues distant from Vienna.

THE NUN'S DOOM.

BY H. SYMMES.

NEAR the town of Aspeitia, in the romantic land of Spain, stands a large, square, dark-looking house with nothing to relieve the barrenness of the high walls, but a few holes with gratings, and which bear the appearance rather of loopholes than of windows. It is scarce strong enough to be a prison; nor does it resemble a convent, from the absence of a steeple. The superstructure, which is in reality, however, a nunnery, crowns an eminence at the entrance of the town. There is something so gloomy about the tower—something so full of vague and awful mystery that I shuddered involuntarily when I beheld it: and when, some time afterward I came to learn one of the deeds which those gloomy walls had witnessed I was almost tempted to believe in supernatural influences, so vague and chill had been the emotion of horror which I felt on beholding that antique building for the first time.

The story was related to me by an old lady, who, in her youth, had been an inmate of this convent for many years. Never shall I forget the tone and gesture with which she spoke as follows:—

"There was a lady in our convent, who, during the two years that had elapsed since her arrival, had scarcely exchanged a word with any of the other nuns. She remained constantly secluded in her cell, excepting when summoned by the tolling of the bell to join in the devotions of the community in the choir. She was shunned and avoided by most of the nuns, who generally supposed that some terrible crime oppressed her conscience; for a calm and gloomy despair sat upon her pale brow, and gave a wild yet melancholy expression to her beautiful and dignified features. Her figure was lofty and noble, but emaciated with suffering. Her prayers and religious duties were repeated and performed with usual fervor.

"Often had I remarked, with feelings of commisseration, her wasted form thrown into an attitude of humble and earnest supplication; her pale though beautiful features formed into an expression of the most poignant grief; her eyes raised to Heaven, and dimmed by burning tears. Thus she would long remain, with her arms crossed upon her breast, and motionless as a statue, with the exception of a convulsive quivering of her lips. Suddenly she would throw herself upon the ground in a paroxysm of despair, and sob aloud, pronouncing some inarticulate words, as if complaining of her total incapacity to quell the fearful tempest raised within her breast by the conflict of opposed and unconquerable feelings. Again would she strive to raise her heart to God; but in vain. She found no relief in prayer; and, in her utter hopelessness, finding that even 'Religion' could not mitigate her torments, she would fall exhausted, and lie extended on the ground, deep sighs rending her bosom, and invoking death to put an end to her miserable and wretched existence.

"Compassionating her sufferings, I essayed to offer her some consolation. She was moved by the sincere expression of my pity, and perceived that I also was unfortunate. The similarity of our feelings and misfortunes instinctively drew us toward each other, and I soon gained her friendship, and learnt the cause of her grief.

"Her name was Amelia; she was the daughter of the Count of B——. Her crime had been the forming of a strong attachment toward a young officer in the army —a man of strict honor and principle, but whose family and prospects were unfortunately beneath the notice of the proud Count of B——, who would have thought himself disgraced by such an alliance. He forbid his daughter to speak to her lover, or even to think of him; she entreated; he sternly repeated his commands and left her; he was disobeyed; the enraged Count brought her to the convent, and forced her to take the veil, threatening, if she refused, to cause the officer to be assassinated. This had determined her, and she saved her lover's life at the sacrifice of her liberty and her happiness. For two long years she had struggled ineffectually to *forget*, and to offer to the God, to whom she had consecrated her existence, a heart pure and free from all worldly affections and regret. But, alas! never could she succeed in erasing from her heart the fond memory of her lover; which, notwithstanding all her efforts to the contrary, continued to hold entire possession of her soul. His image haunted and pursued her every where. It was in vain for her to seek consolation in prayer; her thoughts would still wander away from her God, and dwell upon her lover. And this constant conflict between love and religion—the fond recollections of the past lost to her for ever, and the torments to which she imagined herself to be doomed for the future—was the canker which wore and wasted her form, and withered strength, whilst the burning fever within her breast raged on unabated.

"Months flew, and time but increased her sufferings: all hope had long deserted her. One day, she had remained alone in the choir, after the termination of the evening prayers; she was, as usual, imploring for mercy and relief. Her meditation was interrupted by her hearing her name pronounced distinctly, though in a whisper. She listened, and heard it again; she started, rose, looked down into the church, and remained thrilled with emotion; supported by a pillar, to which she clung, for she recognised, by the last gleam of twilight—Yes— she could not be mistaken—she recognised her lover. Fearful of detection, he threw a letter into the choir, over the lattice-work, and disappeared. She was weak

enough to read it. It said, that by her father's influence, he had been sent on board of a vessel, which took him to the Havanna, where he was appointed to a regiment. He had petitioned in vain for leave to return to Spain, and even for his discharge from the service. Both had been refused. Unable to live without her, he had, at last, sacrificed everything, even his honor, to see her again. He had deserted, to find her on his arrival in Spain buried in a convent. He told her that it was impossible that God would accept of vows which force and fear alone had extorted from her—they could not be considered as binding. He conjured her, if she still loved him, to fly with him to a foreign land; to repay the sacrifice he had made for her with a similar sacrifice; and, then, they would pass the rest of their days in retirement, in peace, and happiness.

"He promised happiness, when nothing could exceed the wretchedness of her existence—when she felt that even death itself would be unable to erase him from her heart. Was it possible that she could refuse?

"I assisted them in their flight, which was effected with the greater facility, as not the slightest suspicion was entertained of such an attempt being in contemplation. The anxiety of avoiding pursuit made them take to the mountains. Being unprovided with a guide, they lost their way, and wandered until the horse that bore them, fell exhausted. They proceeded on foot, and having at last met with a shepherd, they persuaded him to guide them. They pursued their weary journey, and after walking all day and night, their eyes were gladdened by the sight of the French frontier. A few minutes more, and they would be safe! At this moment, they perceived with horror a detachment of troops, that had been despatched in their pursuit, upon the discovery of Amelia's escape being make known in the convent. They still strove to go on, straining every nerve; but their wearied limbs tottered beneath them. The troops came up, overlook, and surrounded them. Amelia's lover, driven to madness by this disappointment, began to use his weapons furiously in her defence, but a bullet laid him dead at her feet. She then lost all recollection. Upon recovering her senses, Amelia found herself again in the convent. Before she could collect her thoughts, and awaken from the confusion of what she imagined but a horrid and indistinct dream, she was summoned before the tribunal, assembled with conformity with the rules of the Order, to try and condemn her on a charge of sacrilegiously breaking her vows and profanating the sanctity of the convent."

Fatigued by the exertion she had undergone, my narrator fell back upon her chair, and it was in a voice almost indistinct from its weakness, that she added,

"You *guess* her doom?"

"Perhaps," I suggested, "the poor girl was confined to a comfortless cell?"

A ghastly smile came over the features of the old lady; a smile in which there was something horrible and painful to see. She again sat erect in her chair, placed her head on my shoulder, and approaching her face to my ear, she said, in a low, hissing whisper, which thrilled me to the heart, and made me shudder, "she was built up in the cavity of a wall, and left THERE—to die."

THE NUN'S CELL.

BY H. SYMMES.

Every year, on the same day of the same month, a splendid equipage drives up to the ruins of the once wealthy convent of Manbuisson near Paris, and a tall, majestic looking lady descending from the coach enters the dilapidated cell of Correction, and does penance there for two hours. This cell of Correction is a small cavern, about three feet long, and but little higher than the ordinary height of a female; and as it is dug out ten feet under ground, neither the fresh air nor the light of day can penetrate it. The cause for the yearly penance of the stranger was long a secret to me, but at length I learned the secret from her own lips, having become acquainted with her in consequence of her fainting and being carried into my house as pastor of the village. I give the story in her own words.

"I was born at Beauvais—my mother died in bringing me into the world. My father, a gentleman of fortune, holding a distinguished position in the province, soon married again. My stepmother at first, occupied a good deal of her time and care upon me, but when she became a mother, she devoted herself to her own children and her pleasures, and I was totally neglected.

"I was just eight years old when my father was appointed guardian to a nephew, who had within a very few months lost both his parents. My cousin came to reside with us. The similarity of our tastes and a sort of melancholy common to both of us, together with a feeling of total isolation from the world, soon drew us toward each other with the warm and lively friendship of youth. We passed together all the hours we could steal from study, which fled quickly and happily away. This innocent affection alarmed not our relations, even at an age when it might change into a deeper sentiment. It was perfectly understood by us, that we should soon be separated, and for ever.

"My cousin had scarcely entered his eighteenth year, when one day my father called him, and announced that he had succeeded in getting him appointed as a volunteer in a regiment, which was about embarking for India, and that he must hold himself in readiness to join it the next day. My cousin hastened to acquaint me with the fatal news. We each wept, endeavoring to console the other; he embraced me, and made me swear upon my missal that I never would marry another, at least till he returned. I swore to him—the next day he was gone.

"My turn soon came—my stepmother entered my room one morning, a circumstance quite unusual with her. She talked some time of the moderate fortune of my father, of the large family which he now had, and that as he had no fortune to give me, he had determined

that I should enter a convent, and as he knew the Abbess of Manbuisson, that I should be there received. This argument was unreplied to by me, and eight days after I was removed to the convent.

"The usage at all the convents is, when a young lady presents herself who wishes to take the veil, to attach to her during her noviciate, one of the sisters to instruct her in the duties of the order, and be as a friend and companion, to paint to her in glowing colors the peace and sweetness of a religious life, contrasted with the disappointments and mortifications inseparable from the world. The companion and friend they gave me was called Sister Rose. Nothing could be more seducing than the manners and appearance of this interesting creature. To her, all the practices of religion seemed easy and acceptable, and she appeared a living exemplification of sweetness and virtue. Charming girl—dearest object of my heart's affections, long as life remains shall my bosom heave with fond and affectionate remembrance of thee. Born to an illustrious family, poverty had served her for a vocation as it did with me, and she also entered the convent in obedience to a father's mandate. But her sweet and docile nature was more pliable than mine. Her angelic face—her mild blue eyes—her quiet and impressive manner—in fact, every thing under the influence of her sweet voice, appeared like her own soul, tender and innocent, and at the same time that I detested the cloister, yet to live with her and near her, appeared the extreme of human happiness.

"She soon gained all my affection—all my confidence, and gave me in return her friendship, strong and sincere. We scarcely quitted each other. When I was separated from her, I thought of my cousin—but what had become of him?—dare I look back? Then the mandate of my father would present itself to me, and throw, as it were, an insurmountable barrier between us. Notwithstanding I saw approaching with considerable regret the moment when I should take the vows—it was in three months.

"One evening in the month of June, upon entering my cell, I found a letter upon the bed. At first I thought of bringing it unopened to the mother Abbess; but when I had seen the address, I hesitated no longer. I recognized the writing of my cousin. He said that he had returned to France for the purpose of taking possession of a considerable property, bequeathed to him by his mother's brother, that when he arrived at Beauvais, he had learned the lot prepared for me, and that his despair was at its height, at the same time he recalled to my mind my oath, and prayed of me not to abandon him. All was prepared—if I would on the following Friday go to the Turret, (which you can discern from this spot) he would manage the rest, and we should quit France together; if I came not, he would most certainly blow his brains out under the wall of the convent. This menance to a young person, is at all times frightful; it was still more so to me, who knew so well the determined character of my cousin.

"This letter threw me into a disorder of mind, which you can scarcely conceive. I passed a horrible night—a burning fever devouring me, and at the same time my heart burst all restraint, and revealed to me its feelings. It was no longer, as I before conceived, the love of a dear sister which I felt for him, no—it was love—and love the most ardent and tyrannical. I cursed myself; the cloister, and above all, the barbarity of my father. Willingly would I have put an end to the agonies I was enduring, by dashing my head against the bars of my window.

"The next day, Rose easily perceived my altered appearance and manner, and affectionately demanded the cause. I showed her the letter of my cousin. She laid before me the precepts of religion—the grief that I should entail upon my father—and the dangers by which I should be surrounded in following to a strange country, a man who was not my husband. I said in reply, that I was determined never to become a nun—that I had been sacrificed by my father—that my heart was devoted to my cousin with more than woman's love—that if I did not consent, he would kill himself, and as to myself, that I should become mad and die of grief. Rose entreated of me to seek God's assistance and comfort, and to consider the subject calmly.

"Thus passed three whole days. On the morning of the fourth, Rose came to me with a more tranquil air. 'My poor friend,' said she, 'I perceive that the commandments of our holy religion, together with my advice, have not produced upon you the desired change, but I have thought of a plan which will, perhaps, conciliate both your love for your cousin, and the duty which you owe to God. You have only to appear what you really are, ill and feverish, and when our good mother sees that you are unable to eat as usual in the refectory, she will call me and desire that you have more air and exercise; she will then give me the key of the park, as she always does when any of the sisters are ill. The day on which your cousin has appointed to see you, we shall go to the turret, the door of which is never closed, you will there be able to speak to him from the little window—tell him that you have not yet pronounced your vows, and that if he wishes you not to take the religious habit, that he must address himself to your father; and as your cousin is now rich, he will consent to your marriage. I feel,' said she, warmly embracing me, 'that you will leave me, but I trust happily, and without disobeying God—that though at least will console me.' Such was the plan which the wisdom of twenty-two suggested, and which my ardent love for my cousin induced me to adopt.

"As Rose had anticipated, the reverend Mother noticed

the alteration in my appetite and looks; she gave us the key of the park, and every evening we walked there. The fatal day, you may judge of our inquietude. Rose had maintained her usual calmness and courage; but I was more dead than alive. When we arrived at the turret, the door, contrary to custom, was shut, and just beside it a high ladder was placed against the wall. We did not know what to do, when my cousin appeared; he was about descending to us, when we threw ourselves upon our knees, telling him if he did so, we were lost for ever; he desisted, on condition that I would mount the ladder and speak to him. Trembling, I consented, but scarcely had I ascended to the top, when he seized me by the arms, and assisted by his valet de chambre, I was carried down the other side, dumb and half insensible with fear. Three days afterward we were in Holland, where we were married.

"My marriage has always been a most happy one, notwithstanding in the midst of the first joys of our union, one bitter and afflicting thought interrupted my happiness, and that was the fate of my cherished and devoted friend, Rose, who had doubtless been accused as an accomplice in my flight. To my unspeakable joy, I one day received a letter from her to the effect, that she was well, and still happy in the service of God; that outside the walls of the convent she had but one anxiety, and that was solicitude for my welfare; that for several days and nights after my departure, she had done nothing but weep for me, but that she trusted all was well with me, and that I was long 'ere this the happy wife of my cousin, and that as to her, to make my mind perfectly easy, for the penance allotted to her in consideration of aiding my flight, was but a slight one—in fact, no more than spending two hours, one day in each week in the Correction—that she considered the punishment trifling to what she expected it would be, a further proof of the goodness and mildness which at all times actuated the dear reverend Mother. That the first time she was placed in this penitential prison, she was much frightened, and wept considerably, but that now habit had accustomed her to it, and she considered it small indeed, in comparison with the certainty of having added to my happiness; that daily her prayers were offered up to the throne of Grace for my welfare, and concluded by entreating of me not to write to her, or make any exertion to see her, as such a course would only aggravate her sufferings. Such was the substance of the letter of my beloved Rose, which breathed in every line the sincerity of her devotion and the warmth of her affection. I knew she made light of her sufferings, in order to lessen mine.

"About this time the Revolution was making great strides. In the autumn of 1791 we returned to France.

"We had just arrived at Valenciennes, in the beginning of October, when one morning I read in the papers that a decree had been pronounced by the Assembly for the immediate suppression and confiscation of several monasteries, and amongst the number the Abbey of Manbuisson.

"I hastened my departure with a joyous heart, at the expectation of soon meeting my beloved Rose, and of offering her, in that world where she was about to find herself alone and unprotected, that home and that friendship which she had purchased so dearly. I arrived at Paris the 13th of October, and on the same day I was at Manbuisson.

"I cannot give you any idea of the feelings I experienced at finding the gates, which had been closed for so many centuries, thrown open to all who were disposed to enter. The church had been plundered, the tombs violated, the bones scattered about and profaned. But, oh, my God! a spectacle still more heart-rending awaited me.

"I called aloud to know what had become of the pious sisterhood, and was told that the only inmate that remained was the porteress, who now occupied the abbess' room.

"This woman immediately recognized me. 'What has become,' I eagerly asked, 'of my beloved and tried friend, Sister Rose?'

"At the mention of her name she became pale as death, trembled violently, and, without replying, she lit a flambeau, and looked amongst a parcel of keys.

"'In the name of God,' I exclaimed, 'where is Sister Rose? Is she dead?'

"'Oh!' replied the Porteress, 'come quickly—they have forgotten her!'

"'And where?' I cried.

"'In the Correction, where they placed her on Sunday, just before the commissioners of the district came.'

"'Sunday!' I screamed; 'and this is Saturday!' To raise the trap, to descend the ladder, to open the door, was but the affair of a moment. But, oh! how shall I describe the sight that presented itself. My God! how have I survived it?

"My fond and faithful friend had died the lingering and cruel death of starvation, and every thing around demonstrated the excess of her agony; her veil and her habits had been torn to tatters—her crucifix broken, and the poor unfortunate lying on the scattered remnants. I caught her by the waist, and raised her toward me. Gracious God, what a meeting! She was stiff and cold; her right hand had torn her bosom—her teeth long and white, which her agonizingly contracted lips made visible, were buried in her left arm, which she had bitten in many places. At the same time, her eyes, moveless and wide open, appeared to fix their gaze upon my face. The sight was too much, and with an hysteric scream I fell insensible, still holding her in my arms. They were obliged to

use force in separating us, so firm and death-like was my grasp.

"The next day, when I recovered my consciousness, I found my husband sitting beside my bed. In a few days he had me removed.

"And now, Sir, you can well understand the deplorable event that brings me here yearly on the 13th of October. I come not to ask pardon of my beloved Rose for the death which I have given her. Oh, no! for certain am I that, in the midst of all her sufferings, her lips or heart never breathed a single malediction against me—but I come to pray to that God who withdrew her from me, that he may be mercifully pleased to unite us in eternity. I come again to see that garden, those walks, and that cloister, where together we have so often vowed eternal friendship; where together we have promised to participate in each others joys and sorrows —unequal participation, which gave to me all the happiness, while the portion which awaited my innocent friend was a cruel chastisement and frightful death."

THE OLD STANDARDS OF BUCKLESBURY.

PLEASANT old Bucklesbury! Can I ever forget the happy hours I have spent in thee? Favorite resort of schoolboys in their August holidays, here were my happiest vacations passed. When I first knew Bucklesbury, it was a place of some five or six hundred inhabitants, none of them very rich, none very poor. Each of its indwellers was known to all, and a sociability that sprung from the heart, united them in the bonds of neighborly kindness. Their dwellings were not closely packed together as I have seen in some villages which ape the style and appearance of cities, but, generally speaking, each house stood alone, environed by its well kept garden, abounding in flowers. There was no scarcity of fine old shade trees in its highways and byways.

It is now many years since I spent an August there, and most whom I loved therein have been carried to their resting-places in the church-yard; but I love to think of them, and would pay the tribute of a few lines to their memory. It is pleasant to me to remember "the old standards," as the members of the oldest families in the place were called by uncle Bob, the negro barber, waiter and fiddler, himself, perhaps, the oldest inhabitant. Bob knew the dates of all the births, marriages and deaths that had occurred in Bucklesbury for sixty years. He was the standing chronicle and universal referee in all matters of village chronology; the decision of the relative importance of modern fires and floods, snow-storms and hail-storms was of course his privilege as the "oldest inhabitant," whose memory as to such matters is always considered unquestionable, by way of exception to the usually received opinion that the memory grows weak with age. In matters of pedigree, I think Bob was worth a whole college of heralds. To all, gentle and simple, Bob was invariably civil, but *the old standards*, the representatives of those families in which he had lived in his youthful days were the chosen objects of his mingled love and reverence. Of nothing was he fonder of discoursing than of the old standards, except, perhaps, the eventful occurrence of his holding General Washington's horse for ten minutes. A stranger could not be long in Bob's company without hearing of that horse-holding, or of the old standards of Bucklesbury, perhaps of both.

In the largest house in the main street lived Major Lane, an especial favorite of mine. A widower without children, he loved to have us boys about him, and his house and grounds were freely open to us. He had served through the Revolution with much credit, and returned to "the dull pursuits of civic life" with a fortune somewhat impaired, but a constitution as vigorous as ever. How he loved to speak, and how we loved to hear of Brandywine, Trenton, and Monmouth battles, in all of which he had done good service as a captain of cavalry! It was a great day with him when he could gather thirty or forty boys about him in his grounds and drill us. The carpenter had made for him, in a rough way, three or four dozen wooden guns, and having armed us with these, the Major would go through his engagements in miniature, it being first settled by lot who should personate, for the time being, the British or the more odious Hessians. How gloriously we marched and countermarched, charged and retreated. The only drawback to our sport was that the boys who played King George's men would sometimes become so interested as to be harder to defeat than was considered proper. Our old friend stood upon a little eminence, pealing forth his orders in that magnificent voice of his—"Advance light infantry!" "Hessians fall back," "Forward Riflemen," and so on.

In front of his door the Major had planted a battery, two small brass cannons, one-pounders, I believe. These we were sometimes allowed to drag about and pretend to fire, our mothers having strictly prohibited the use of gunpowder in our engagements. Twice a year the Major discharged them himself—on the Fourth of July and the Twenty-Second of February, whose return was duly announced to the village by a Federal salute at sunrise, and a National salute at noon from the Major's pieces. I was told that on these anniversaries, the Major was in high glee, wearing his old continentals well brushed, and having his hair doubly powdered and his queue arranged with unusual pains for the occasion. A supper for a large party of his friends usually closed the day. On the Fourth of July his door posts were hidden with wreaths and garlands, and they who had no flowers of their own raising for the adornment of their houses, which was then a general custom in the village on that day, were very welcome to Major Lee's garden. Perhaps there is more noise now in Bucklesbury on "the glorious Fourth," but I may doubt if there is as much real enjoyment or so heartfelt a veneration for the day and the men who made it memorable as in the times of which I am speaking.

Miss Susan Slocum, who resided across the way from the Major's, was another of the old standards. A maiden lady of between forty and fifty—uncle Bob, who was a great admirer of her, never thought it right to be more particular—with much of this world's wealth at her disposal, her house was the abode of hospitality and kindness. The best society in the place was here to be met with; I have spent many happy evenings there. Yet with most of the boys, her domain was not so desirable a resort, for she was very particular in her injunctions as to our deportment on her premises, not allowing us to pluck a fruit or flower without express permission, a restraint ill suited to a boy's idea of liberty.

It was a matter of much wonderment to us youngsters that Miss Susan had never married, for she had the remains of considerable beauty, was affluent in her circumstances, and setting aside a few peculiarities more of manner than of temper, was a very amiable woman. Her contemporaries told us that she had been hard to please, had refused several offers, and I have an indistinct recollection that uncle Bob said something to me of a young man lost at sea. She had a very compassionate heart, and one of her greatest delights was the getting up of benevolent societies, of which she was either President, Secretary or Treasurer. Bucklesbury, however, afforded but a narrow field for the exercise of her genius in this particular. Every body being able to set a joint of meat on table, her soup house languished for want of customers; and a barefooted child in winter being a thing unknown, the stock of thick stockings and stout boots, which formed the capital of her Provident Society, was some years in going off. Excepting some domestic medicines of her own compounding, the recipes for which she kept secret, her supplies for the poor were generally unclaimed dividends. It was thought at one time that she and our friend the Major were about to make a match of it. This she stoutly denied, declaring that a man so fond of military amusements would never suit her. His cannonades were her especial aversion. Perhaps those little brass field pieces prevented her becoming Mrs. Lane. Greater trifles have produced greater results.

Tom Hardwicke was a nephew of Miss Susan's, and generally looked upon as the destined heir of her possessions, a supposition which, perhaps, led to his being brought to lead a life of genteel uselessness. When I first knew Tom he had lost both parents, and spent his time living about among his relations. His own possessions were small, and it was amazing how well he got along upon so little money. His mother, his last surviving parent, had been a great favorite in the place, and the orphan boy if he received little else, fell heir, on her death, to the good will of the community. The shopkeepers let him have every thing at cost, and sometimes at a little under. He was a good horseman, and no contemptible sportsman. Under his tutorship I took my first lesson in angling in Bluebird creek, which skirted the village. No kinder hearted creature than Tom ever lived, and he was of great assistance to his aunt in her benevolent enterprises. It was a fortunate thing for any one with a broken arm or leg to fall under his notice. He had the first news of the existence of the varioloid, and had re-vaccinated half the people in the place before the physicians heard of it. Though no student, Tom read much, though with little system. He played a little on the flute, and had his head well stored with old ballads, with which, in an uncultivated but musical voice, he sometimes favored his friends. Poor Tom! he has been dead for many years, but there are hearts yet beating that cherish his memory.

I passed three days in Bucklesbury, during this past summer. I went to spend a month, but the change in every thing was too painfully great to bear. Twenty years make most perceptible alterations in a small place. The town contains three thousand people, but the spirit of love and cordial sociability has diminished in greater proportion. The society is cut up into three or four circles, which never touch not even in a point. The two congregations have split and re-split, and though there are now six churches, not one of them is half full, and it takes less than two years to starve out every clergyman that settles among them. Somebody invented a new religion there the summer before last, but what its tenets are I was unable exactly to ascertain. They have got a bank at one end of the town, and a poor house at the other. The place seemed close and crowded, and I detected an aping of city manners most disagreeable. "The old familiar faces" had nearly all disappeared, and the second and third generations of those whom I had loved looked coldly on me. I strolled out of town toward my old fishing ground, hoping to find nature, at least, unchanged. Oh nymphs and hamadryads! they had dammed up the creek and built a paper-mill. Three days, as I have said, were the limit of my visit. The pleasure I had anticipated was not realized, and I left the town resolved to see it no more. The Bucklesbury I loved shall live forever in my memory; as for this modern town which calls itself by its name, is an impostor. Slowly walked the stage horses up the hill to the point where the first view of the town is seen by those arriving by the northern road. In old times I had anticipated that view with delight, but now I turned not to take a last view. It was my own dear old Bucklesbury no longer.

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THE OUTCAST.

BY GEORGE W. BURCH.

It was a dark night in the dreary month of November—the season when summer, with all its vernal richness, has but lately disappeared—when nature puts off the green attire which clothes each tree with waving foliage, and every field with verdure clad was blooming soft and fresh, imparting to the soul its own still smiling joyousness—when the breath of Heaven travels onward, like the bee, and gathers sweets from every flower, wafting to the sense its grateful odors, mild, salubrious and free. But now, how changed! The face of nature late so smiling, has turned to deepest gloom; the chill wind sweeps along in fitful gusts, and sighs its mournful notes through every bough where late the merry rustle of each leaf was music to the ear.

The tall trees yield obedient to the blast, and bow their stately heads in solemn grandeur, as the rude tempestuous gale drives on its ceaseless course, and makes each bough to groan and writhe as though in very agony beneath its sway; the dry leaves by force impelled, in myriads scour the plain, then suddenly whirling upward into air, are scattered over the face of the earth. Dark clouds that veil the heavens in their misty vapor, in quick succession course each other beneath the sky, obscuring every star and shutting out the moon's soft light, whose dim pale face, just visible between each gloomy mass, at intervals darts forth a solitary ray with just enough of light to show the rugged scene below—whose wild and cheerless aspect meets the view, awakening that chill sense of wintry desolation that strikes the heart with misery indefinable.

Ah! well for those whose lucky stars have blest them with a home—a refuge from the chilling blast, whose moaning, melancholy voice proclaims, in whispers loud, the misery without, and hark! the pattering raindrops, driven by the rude winds down the quivering casements, trickle fast, while every gust with mighty rushing sound, whirls past and shakes the fabric to its base.

Now, there was one who, lone, sad, and slow, went her weary way along the barren moor, an outcast. A ruthless sire had driven her forth to seek another home, and she, poor helpless one, without a roof to shelter that sweet babe who nestles to her breast, unconscious of its mother's woes. She turned her looks to Heaven; there all was dark; and when she prayed, the rough winds choked her voice; but still her heart was there, and she implored some timely succor for the little one whose sobs broke forth as every chilling blast defied the mother's fond protection.

"Ah!" she cried; "my father, was it well to thrust me forth, at this dark hour, with the poor babe who never harmed thee; 't was cruel—yes;" and she wept as though her heart would break.

Awhile she lingered, not knowing where to turn her steps, 'till at last she saw, far in the distance, a faint light that glimmered like a star, and pointed out some habitation; this she followed with trembling steps, and eagerly strained her eyes amid the gloom to catch from whence it came; this cheered her heart, and she travelled on toward the spot with newly-awakened hopes.

Now the winds abated, and soon the clouds poured the rain in torrents forth, and, like a deluge came the mountain stream, foaming, and swelling as it rolled its downward course from rock to rock—uprooting trees whose branches swept by the hill, went crashing on, and with the waters bounding over each craggy point, descended to the vale. Here all was dark; but soon the hollow rush of waves, as the river burst its banks, struck on the wanderer's ear. She turned, and as the moon shot forth one solitary ray, espied with horror-stricken gaze, the shining waters bearing on her steps with rapid haste.

She clasped her babe with strong convulsive eagerness, and flew, for fear impelled her course, as on her footsteps now the quiet encroaching torrent gained; yet on she went, and still the tide pursued; she paused for lack of breath, then on again; fear lent her wings, until at last her waning strength could bear no more; she sank, still with her babe, that now had stilled its cries, and on its mother's beating heart reposed unconscious of its coming doom.

"Ah, mercy!" so she cried, "to perish thus; my babe, thou 'lt share thy helpless mother's fate; sleep on—there—yes, soon to sleep in death. Thy father, too—O, could he see us now; but I forgive him—yes, may God forgive him too." There was a pause—the interval of a moment—then a rushing sound of many waters, and the mother and her infant, swept by the boiling surge, were hurrying on to dark eternity.

I could not tell all the agony she felt—all the silent anguish of despair—the throbbing of the heart—the grasping at every straw or slender twig that floated by—the fleeting breath that choked each cry, which rose each moment to her lips, stifled by the wind that made the swollen waters foam and writhe like the waves of a dark tempestuous sea. The owlet from its eyrie driven, screamed and flapped its wings amid the scene of desolation; earth and heaven, all alike seemed veiled in gloom unfathomable, save now and then one long and lingering flash would penetrate the darkness, for a moment lighting up the dismal horrors of the night, and making all its terrors visible.

Not far from where the torrent whirled its rapid flight in headlong fury on, over many a rock whose craggy summit rose above the wave, there stood a cot, whose inmates, sheltered from the raging elements that warred above, were seated in a nook, while on the cheerful hearth a goodly fire blazed, and threw around its welcome light on every face, whose smiling looks pro-

claimed their heart's content. They listened as each gust swept howling by, and told its tale of cold bleak misery; then pressing closer to the glowing pile, with outstretched ears they listened to the goodsire's tale—an aged, venerable man, whose silvery hair, and snow-white beard proclaimed the winter of his life, whose statement was received with eager, simple looks, that told the interest they felt, and showed they were all attentive to his words.

The old man paused; for, as he spoke a sound now thrice repeated, met his ear, which first he took for that low plaintive moan, the herald of each blast, but now more like the human voice; 't was still—they listened long with breath suppressed—again—the old man started up; a child's low plaintive cry now mingled with the wind, and smote their hearts with a sense of woe. The sire gave the word, and each one, torch in hand, now sallied forth, and plunging into darkness, sought the place from whence the cries arose, and as they neared the spot, the roar of waters rose above the still low wail of agony that grew more feeble at each step. They reached the brink, and casting over the gulf the flickering glare from the torch upheld, espied the infant clinging to its mother's neck, whose snow-white arms were twined around the branches of some fallen tree, whose trunk, impeded in its downward course by some projecting rock, upheld this helpless pair. One daring youth descended from above, by a rope entwined, and plunging in the midst, he struggled with the stream till, by great effort, he achieved his end, and seizing in his brawny arms the mother and her child, the three were drawn to shore.

They bore her lifeless to the cot. One held her babe, whose feeble cries had ceased; they stripped its little form, and chafed its feeble rigid limbs till at last life's current to its heart returned, and every soul was gladdened with its smile. It called, in gentle accents—mother. She, poor hapless one, it seemed was still in death, for yet no signs of life appeared to cheer their eager cares; her lips were closed—and from her lovely brow, pale as the marble, her dark hair strayed in wild profusion to the ground. Her heart was still—no heaving breast betokened life; and as they hung above and gazed upon her beauteous face in wondrous admiration, the big tear started to the old man's eye, whose tears were scarcely ever shed before.

The good wife and her daughters, still with anxious and untiring zeal, applied them to the task through the night, and ere the morning dawned their tender cares were blessed with that reward for which they toiled; and she, the daughter of misfortune, awoke to life, and awoke to bless them for their pains; and oh! with what a look—with what a heart of thankfulness and love she pressed once more the babe to that fond breast, whose warm affection now gushed forth in gratitude and joy.

THE POLISH OFFICER.

BY J. THORNTON.

It was a stained and time-worn manuscript which my friend brought out from his scrutoire. We drew our chairs closer to the fire, when he opened the manuscript and read.

It was in the ever memorable and valiant attempt that Poland made to maintain its independence against a tyranny which raised in the heart of every honest Pole, an indignant feeling toward his oppressors, and caused rebellion to rankle in his bosom and seek redress—it is of that period I am now writing when man, rising from his bed of rest, feels himself still laboring under a burden too grievous to be borne. Before I proceed farther, it will be necessary to give a brief outline of my boyish days.

When it was thought fit by a kind and indulgent parent, that my mind could bear the study of a boarding-school, I was sent from home, at a distance of ninety miles, where, from my first introduction, I found an acquaintance with a fellow-boarder, and there soon appeared that congeniality of feeling and sentiment which promised to ensure us mutual happiness and comfort—we may well say "*We lived and loved together.*" I never kept a secret from him but *once*, and he was the *same* as true and just to me. Time flies and discovers secrets. I had now completed my nineteenth year, and as revolts were daily occurring against Russian tyranny, and my father suffering under it personally, he procured me a commission to join the regiment immediataly, which was then lying at Warsaw. I was forced to go and leave my old companion, and *one* with whom, when the daily duties were ended, I spent many moments; she whom I cherished at my heart with a bosom full of doubts, and hopes, and fears. I now revealed to her my ardent love, and found I was only echoing her own sentiments regarding myself, for me, and me only, she said she loved and lived.

On my return home to my companion, I told him of the only secret I had ever retained; and having paid great attention to my relation, he burst into a flood of tears. I was surprised at this strange conduct, but soon found out the cause from his incoherent expressions. I was agonized to see my companion suffering under circumstances so painful—he, who when I was a youth, a stranger, and far from home, became to me a brother and a friend. I hastened to Annette, and told her of this strange affair, when she, with that prompt alacrity which is characteristic of our Polish ladies, particularly in such affairs, complied with my earnest entreaties (and to prevent the addresses of Nowistchy in my absence) consented, with the permission of her parents, to become my wife.

On my return home, I found my companion still in the same excited state as I had left him. I gave him a slight hint of what had happened, which he seemed perfectly to understand. He in a few minutes aroused himself from the stupor and summoned up resolution to inquire when I should leave. I told him on the morrow. He said, "I shall accompany you to whatever place or in whatever circumstances you may be."

"Oh, Annette! Farewell at last must come. Adieu! may Heaven guard and protect you! Farewell—Farewell!" Those who have really loved almost to idolatry, can only picture the feelings at our separation. We proceeded in silence, each buried in his own respective meditations. Nowistchy on a sudden exclaimed,

"Should Fate decree no return to your Annette, I will be to her a friend, a brother, or a husband;" to which I cordially assented, after which conversation he appeared to resume his former wonted cheerfulness. Oh! Annette, behold me duly exercised in warlike duties, preparing for an engagement, perhaps never more to see you. The Russians are advancing. It was midnight, and now and then the distant peal of cannon could be heard rolling through the silence of the night; louder grew the sounds, and louder, till at last the warlike peal "to arms," roused us from our suspense. I recommended myself to God with a short and earnest prayer for my wife.

I was now prepared to meet the enemy. I sought Nowistchy, and found him in a deep thought; quite unconscious of what was passing around till I aroused him from his stupor. We embraced each other, and again repeated the promise respecting Annette. Now roars the cannon, and louder yet—"yea louder than the bolts of heaven"—all confusion, man falls upon man. Oh, war! thou *ignis fatuus*, that drives desolation to the door of the rich, destruction and despair to that of the poor. The combat thickens, and fighting for our independence, with bravery doubly armed by a good cause, this engagement was declared in our favor.

The conflict over, I sought my companion, and found him partly covered with the bodies of the slain, but breathing; having carried him with all speed to the hospital, the surgeon found he had only swooned from loss of blood, and had received no mortal injury; and after due attention and some restoratives he soon recovered. Immediately after the engagement, I was ordered to a distant part of Poland, where the Russians had been committing their horrible deeds of war. Nowistchy, being on the sick list was forced to remain; we were for the first time parted from our youth, and having embraced me and thanked me for his preservation of life, he once more repeated the promise, of "remembering Annette."

I had been now marching from place to place, and

could receive no news respecting her, nor yet of Nowistchy. I had seized every opportunity from the bustle of war, and written several times, but received no answer; at last one ray of hope beamed, and yet disappointment was still greater, for by frequent marches and removals from place to place, we had to pass her native village. I sought her home. Imagine me, buoyed up with all the hopes of once again seeing my wife—my all. With sensations which tongue cannot express, I found the house uninhabited, and on inquiry learned that the mother was dead, and the daughter gone, no one could tell where.

To proceed—our struggle was near drawing to a close, and one bold attempt must be made; it was done, but ah! how fruitlessly. I had been ordered to command the advance guard, and having met a company of Russians, determined to give them battle, though evidently far inferior in point of numbers. We advanced, and—oh, God! what can equal my feelings—my surprise—to see my old companion, my former friend, now my present foe. I stood amazed—confused; I attempted to mention his name. No; my tongue refused its utterance, and I know not how long I might have remained, had not a discharge from the enemy caused me to recover my self-possession.

We fought, but were at last overcome, and I and my brave associates were made prisoners. I had even at this time one ray of hope—perhaps I might hear from him of my Annette; but no; when I was taken, to my exceeding astonishment, by his express orders, I was cast into prison, to be sent to Russia as a captive.

It was over, and Poland lost that independence, however small. And I was compelled to join as a private in the Russian ranks, to my great surprise, under the command of my former friend, now my deadliest foe. The first opportunity that occurred, I intended speaking to him (fully relying on our former friendship) of my Annette; but, alas! the last ray of hope was banished from me. I soon found out my mistake; I was accused with insolence to my superior officer, and was sentenced to three month's close confinement. This conduct almost drove me mad; what could have induced him to act so?

This change in my situation I could not endure. Ingratitude from one whom I loved as a brother, and anxiety for my wife, determined me to commit some deed which might terminate my miserable existence. Chance soon favored me; being on duty as sentinel, I had been deeply engrossed with such schemes, and I was startled by hearing the voice of Captain N——y, and not observing him, I did not give that salute which is customary for a superior officer to receive; I was ordered to appear before a court-martial for insolence and neglect of duty; and being once tried for the same offence previously, I now was sentenced to seven year's transportation. I now gave up all hopes of my Annette.

The Overseer of convicts was a mild, good man—one that we do not commonly find in that capacity—and to him I told my misfortunes. After three year's sufferance, by his testimony of good conduct, my sentence was mitigated, and I was ordered to return to my former situation in the ranks. I was already worn down with anxiety, fatigue and hardships, until I could no longer endure the labor, and a fever followed. After a long illness, and through the kind attention of the matron, I became convalescent. I was allowed the privilege of walking in the gardens (which are very large) attached to the infirmary.

Frequently, at my entrance into these gardens, I observed a female closely wrapped up, whose features I could never discern, and who always seemed to avoid me. Curiosity made me inquire who she was; when I was informed that she was the wife of Captain N——. I could have spoken to her; but no—one more breach of duty and I should be lost to all chance of ever seeing her whom I could not banish from my mind. I made inquiries of the matron, to whom I had formerly told my misfortunes. She said the lady was Captain Nowistchy's wife, that he was very unkind to her, and was very careful that she should not go out without him, and appeared always to keep her confined. A thought crossed my mind—was this my Annette? but no; I endeavored to suppress it, but could not; night and day I had her image before mine eyes, yet I could not banish the thought. "For while there's life there's hope;" yet how could I expect ever to see her to whom I had so often written, and never received an answer?

One day, whilst deeply absorbed in thought, I extended my usual limits, and did not observe what was passing about until I came in contact with my captain's wife, when—Oh, God! who can paint my feelings, who can describe my sensations, when I now recognized my Annette—my long lost wife; she as soon knew me and fainted in my arms. I called for assistance, and was immediately answered by my Captain, who had me instantly confined, when, after a few days, I was to be again tried by a court-martial, for insulting his wife. I could not, during my trial, get liberty to explain; and was accordingly sentenced to perpetual banishment. Before my departure for Siberia, I obtained materials for writing, and soon made a full statement of facts and had them conveyed to the Colonel of the Regiment, who, after, perusing it, came to my condemned cell, and questioned me very strictly. He was a man of honor, and soon caused inquiries to be made into the affair, and submitted them to the Emperor, who, having discovered the truth, transferred the sentence on my old school-fellow; who, before his going into exile, declared that it was through him I suffered all these misfortunes; that after he and I first separated, he sent for Annette, to whom he made it appear I was killed in an engagement,

and to prevent the opportunity of our meeting, he deserted his native country. Fate still decreed that he should not pass in the ease and luxury of a quiet mind, for he seemed as if he had been haunted by me more like an evil genius than a human being, to remedy which he planned all those ills, and endeavored to have me banished the kingdom.

The Emperor, after due deliberation, restored me my long lost wife; and, as a recompence for my misfortunes, he has returned me to my native land, with a sufficient annuity to spend my days in ease and happiness, which we now enjoy, and of which we have been so long deprived. Never does night unfold its sable curtains, but our hearty orisons are poured forth for health and happiness for him who has been so kind, and our humble thanks to the Giver of all Good.

THE PRISON LOVERS.

BY HARRIET BOWLES.

In the neighborhood of Bourdeaux there still stands an old venerable chateau, long the residence of the noble family of Malortie. In the height of the first French Revolution, the last marquis of that name fell on the scaffold, and, a few days after, the castle was broken into by an armed mob, headed by a Commissary of the people.

"What seek you? what want you?" said an aged servant, who had accompanied his unhappy master even to the very steps of the scaffold.

"We do not seek for any one," answered the Commissary, "but what we wish for is the ill-acquired wealth of an aristocrat, and we must have it," and with these words the mob dispersed in search of plunder. They searched in the chambers, in the presses, the furniture, the ceilings, the floors; behind the richly carved wood-work; even upon the very roof. They searched too with pikes, with hammers, and with hatchets, but could not discover that which they were looking for. The inquisition, or it ought rather to be called the destruction, of the house, continued for six hours. The assailants broke the windows, they tore down the painting, they dragged away the curtains and the carpets, and they knocked the heads off the statues, as if they were so many aristocrats; and they tore in pieces the pictures of saints, as if they were the contra-revolutionists of another world. But then they found no gold, no jewels—but one. It was while they were destroying a picture of the Madonna, that a gentle sigh was heard, and on gazing around they discovered, in a small oratory, a young girl kneeling, with her eyes turned toward heaven. She seemed so young, so beautiful, and there was in her piety a tenderness and a fervor, that she gave you the idea at once, of innocence, and of beatitude. Even the Commissary of the people was so much affected by the spectacle presented to him, that he contemplated it in silence, and it was manifest in his manner that his mind was filled with the mingled feelings of respect, astonishment, and admiration. Such were not the feelings of his companions; for they began by joking, laughing, and mocking, and then a few of the most audacious presumed to approach her. Cabonis instantly placed himself before her, and he let fall upon the kneeling maiden one end of his revolutionary standard, as if he would place her life and honor under the safeguard of the republic. He then, addressing his furious companions, who were pressing round him on all sides, said in a loud and angry voice—

"Citizens! the first who touches this female—the first that insults her—the first that speaks to her, dies by my hand."

The crowd shrunk back. Cabonis raised up the beautiful Christian. He supplicated her to be seated. He removed from his head the red bonnet; and he flung to a distance from him on the floor the dreadful weapons which seemed to excite the fears of the maiden. He did his utmost to inspire her with courage. He did so by his words, and by his smiles; and he at length thus spoke to her, with an emotion that was marked by his trembling lips—

"Whoever you are, do not feel the slightest fear, but deign to answer me."

"To whom shall I give an answer? Is it to an enemy?"

"No—but to a citizen, a patriot, and an honest man."

"Well, then, what is your will?"

"I wish to know what you were doing there."

"I was praying to God for you; for all."

"For us!"

"Yes, for the murderers of my father."

"Then, who are you?"

"I am the daughter of an aristocrat. I am Lucille de Malortie."

To bear such a name was at that period a most awful crime; and it imposed upon the Commissary of the people the performance of a dreadful duty; but it was one that, in despite of the promptings of his heart, he must discharge. The crowd collected in the chateau yelled forth "down with the female aristocrat;" and Cabonis was compelled to order our heroine, and who was already his *protegée*, to rise in haste, and take her place even in the midst of her enemies; to obey what was called "the law," and to follow him.

"Farewell! we shall meet in another and a better world," said Mademoiselle de Malortie, as her hand was kissed by her old and faithful servant.

"Angel of Heaven!" stammered forth the old man, as he knelt at the feet of Cabonis; "where is she going? Where are you bringing her?"

"To death!" exclaimed a voice in the crowd.

"To martyrdom," remarked the maiden.

"To liberty," murmured the Commissary of the people.

In a few hours afterward, Mademoiselle de Malortie was a prisoner in the Castle of Hâ; and on the evening of that day, the jailor of the prison was dismissed, no one could tell why or wherefore. The jailor was an old man, and he was replaced by a man who was young, and whose very name was a terror to the aristocrat—in short, by an inexorable patriot whose courage, resolution, and popular influence were unquestionable. This new jailor wore the scarf of a Commissary of the people, and he was called John Francis Cabonis.

A very great surprise awaited Louise de Malortie the next morning; for, in the place of the old and sulky jailor, that the day before visited her, she saw her cell door opened by the man of the people, who had the goodness to smile upon, to encourage, and defend her, in the great hall of her father's chateau. Cabonis humbly and respectfully took her hand and led her quickly through all the detours of a dull and frightful labyrinth, where nought could be heard but the dolorous echo of groans, of sighs, and of wailing. They thus proceeded for a considerable time. At length the mysterious guide came to a door that was low, thick, and plated over with iron; he pushed with his foot, and the fair prisoner found herself in a room, the very aspect of which elicited from her a cry of gratitude, surprise, and joy. It was a chamber in which there was pure air; there was light, there were flowers. An odoriferous breeze filled the air; and the sunbeams came in a long spiral of luminous atoms; while wall-flowers pushed their way through the gratings of the window. Lucille ascended a few steps that led to the window—she plucked a flower and presented it to her jailor, and as she did so, she said with a sad smile—

"I am—I am surely indebted to you alone for the kindness of providing me with this charming room—my last pleasant abode in this world. A day more—perhaps not an hour—and I shall have ceased to exist. Accept then, Sir, this flower; it is all that I now possess—and keep it as a remembrance of your unhappy prisoner."

"I swear to you that it shall always be kept by me," cried the intractable republican; "but," he added, in a low voice, "have you any thing to ask of me, any thing to inquire from me?"

"Yes—but first I have a question to ask of you. Do you think I have long to live."

"I hope so."

"Then I ask you to procure for me a prayer-book, some of my dresses from the chateau, and some books."

"I will go to the village myself to-night, and you shall be in possession of those things in the morning."

"That is not all; but, indeed, I am ashamed thus to intrude upon your kindness—I would also wish for pen, ink and paper."

"You shall have them—although by doing these things I jeopardize my reputation, my honor, and perhaps my life—but what matter. Speak, order, command—say to your humble servant, 'stand up,' and I rise—'kneel down,' and I shall bend before you—'obey,' and I do your bidding; 'die,' if it be necessary, and I will die—Farewell!"

The jailor went, or rather rushed out of the chamber. He closed the door with violence behind him, and for an entire week was absent. A turnkey, in whom he could confide, executed the commands of the lady, and came each day to receive her orders, the slightest one of which, in the eyes of his master, was equivalent to the irrevocable commandment of a law.

One morning, and at an earlier hour than the turnkey usually visited her, the noise of the bolts being withdrawn, was heard outside of her door. It was opened gently, and the captive uttered a cry of surprise, perhaps it was of pleasure, on seeing poor Cabonis, who approached her with downcast eyes and like the most timid of visitors.

"Be not afraid, lady—there is no danger—it is only I," he stammered forth.

"Come here," said the young lady, smiling; "come here, until I scold you, and thank you. You here, my guardian angel, who soothe my sorrow and lessen my pains; but why do you make yourself as invisible as if you were an angel? Speak!—see! you have promised to obey me, and I order you to answer me."

"Lady," replied the jailor, blushing with delight at the gracious familiarity of his prisoner, "I have to tell you the motive of my visit to-day. I have promised, it is true, to obey you, even though in doing so I exceed my duty, or in what is not right. Well, then, I do for you as well as I can."

"I know it—I feel it."

"Fancy then that I have taken, at first sight, without my being conscious of, without my wishing, with a very strong feeling, with a friendship that is boundless, with an affection that is overwhelming, with an attachment that is irresistible, for one—"

"For me, perhaps?"

"Alas! yes. My thoughts are so occupied by you that I can think of nothing else. I speak so constantly of your beauties and your virtues, that I can hardly talk of any thing else. You are the only subject of my discourse with the prisoners; and thanks to my words, to my praises, to my admiration, every one in the prison fancies that he knows you, though he has never seen you. Every body here loves you, respects you, admires you. A few days, and it was I who took a pleasure in speaking of you to every one, and now every one seems pleased in speaking to me of you. But a few moments ago I was chatting about you to a young prisoner, who is very accomplished, very amiable, and extremely handsome. He is a M. de Castera. Do you know him?"

"No."

"M. de Castera has not the honor of knowing you, and yet he has made the finest speeches I ever heard about you. It was only this morning I found him writing verses respecting you with a piece of charcoal on the white wall of his chamber; and seeing this, I said to him, with the hope of pleasing you, 'Citizen, you ought to write some poetry for the amusement of your pretty neighbor.' But then, as M. de Castera had neither pen, ink, nor paper, I gave him my pencil and tablet, and he has written such splendid poetical compliments, that, though I have not read them myself, I have brought them to you, lady, in the hope that they might attract your attention, and perhaps amuse you."

The impromptu of M. de Castera was nothing better than a simple and peurile piece of badinage, entitled "Freedom in Prison." The rhymes were read once or twice by the lady, and then given to the jailor, in order that they might be restored to the imprisoned poet; but the jailor said to her with great *naivete*—

"Would it not be much better than sending him back what he has addressed to you, to give him an answer in verse or in prose. Do not smile at my folly; but in prison even the most trifling amusement has great charms for a captive; and I am very anxious that you should have some amusement."

Doubtless it seemed to Mademoiselle de Malortie that the singular project of Cabonis was not altogether unreasonable, in such a position, and under the circumstances that she was placed. The oddity of such an adventure, the strangeness of this epistolary intimacy between two invisible beings, who were thus about to speak to each other from afar, to know, to appreciate, and to comprehend each other, in despite of turnkeys, bolts, and bars, had in it something attractive for the curiosity, the mind, and the heart of a very young girl. She, therefore, with a bewitching grace, consented to lend herself to the romantic idea of the gentleman and the jailor. She answered the poet, and the next day a new demand on the part of M. de Castera compelled her to give him a new reply. The day following that again, and every succeeding day for an entire month, the letter-box of Cabonis received with a miraculous punctuality, the intimate and confidential correspondence of the two new friends. The verses of M. de Castera were of life, of gallantry, of frivolity, of tenderness, and of passion. The prose of the lady showed that she was at all times adorable, and if it sometimes proved that she was timid, embarrassed, trembling, it was, perhaps, the folly of the abode in which she found herself, had infected the pen of the young lady. The imagination and the heart sometimes make sad work with sense and reason. What, then, is to be said of this sweet adventure, this romance of letters, this courtship, which was not affrighted by a prison, nor jailors, nor judges, nor the scaffold? It was one of the million of strange things that occurred during the French revolution. But the story must be proceeded with—the hearts of the correspondents began to be effected by their letters. Without ever seeing each other they were deeply in love.

M. de Castera at last expressed an ardent wish to see the lady that he was always writing to. He wished for a single glance, to heave a single sigh, to speak one word. Mademoiselle de Malortie was always alone, always sad, always weary of her solitude, and she had not the courage to say "nay" to the desire expressed by her enamored correspondent. Cabonis was

asked to grant the interview, and the single-minded man did not foresee any other consequence from the interview; than that it would be the means of soothing the sadness and solitude of the lady; and consequently, one night, thanks to the blind devotion of the lover, there met in the small cell we have already described, a gentleman remarkable for his beauty, and an exquisitely lovely young maiden.

Truth must be told. From the very first interview the presence of the honest jailor spoiled the conversation. Gallantry, before him, talked politics; inclination spoke of flying from France; and the eyes alone told of—love.

Prisoners have a great deal of patience; and therefore M. de Castera, encouraged by the weakness of Cabonis, determined to see and speak to Mademoiselle de Malortie without witnesses, without annoyances, without a jailor. The genius of a prison is a wonderful magician, and when he falls in love he is an unconquerable power. Thus it was with M. de Castera, who was one evening able to obtain admission to the cell of the lady. It was not more than an hour afterward that M. de Castera had ceased to address her as Mademoiselle de Malortie; but called her "Lucille"—"his own Lucille." She had answered to that name; she had smiled on him; she sighed, and then leaning her head upon her hand, she, from excess of happiness, wept. She was weeping, when the bolts of the door were shaken, the wicket opened with a crash, and the jailor appeared upon the threshold, actually motionless from rage; and then, fixing his eyes upon the gentleman, he said, in a tone of voice that struck terror into the hearts of those who heard him—

"Aristocrat, you are a villain! Answer, and answer quickly, what brings you here?"

"You see, my dear Sir, how I am employed," replied M. de Castera, "I have come to express my love for one who loves me in return. Monsieur Cabonis, I present to you Madame, the Marchioness de Castera."

"Aye, aye; but when do the nuptials take place, Monsieur le Marquis?"

"To-morrow, provided that Heaven sends us a priest, or liberty."

"To-morrow! To-morrow there is for you and for her —the guillotine!"

At that terrible word Mademoiselle de Malortie trembled with fear. She approached Cabonis; she took his hand and clasped it in both of hers. She besought of him to listen to her, and she spoke thus:—

"I remember to have found in you a protector and a true friend, and therefore will I confide in you."

The jailor bent down his head in grief.

"Monsieur Cabonis," the young girl continued, "if you still love me I have a favor to ask of you. Pardon me."

The jailor looked on her, but evidently not in anger.

"My friend," she proceeded to say, "I am going to make my confession to you. I shall do so in a very few words, and it will be as one heart speaking to another. You, too, shall be my judge."

The jailor began to smile.

"I owe to the generous, kindly care that you have had of me, and your desire to amuse me in my solitude, the first and the last poetical billet that I had from de Castera. Is not that true, Cabonis?"

"Yes."

"I owe to your devotion to your poor prisoner, the honor of having received, in the solitude of my prison, M. de Castera; whom you yourself have brought here, not once, but twenty, aye, a hundred, times. Is not that true?"

"Yes, and it was wrong in me to do so."

"Alas, my dear, kind, good, honest-hearted friend, you alone are the guilty one among us. I received your pupil eagerly, and I saw him a second time with pleasure. You it is who have shown him the way to my cell, and he has presumed to come and visit me without you. You have chaunted my praises so loudly, that you put it into M. de Castera's head to fall in love with me; and you suggested to my mind that—I do not well know how to express it—not to hate him; and now, but an instant—a minute—since, this nobleman has come to offer me his hand, and I have accepted it. He has offered to share the future with me, and I am ready to share it. He has promised me happiness, and I hope for it. This is our entire crime, and for this you would invoke, as a fitting punishment—the guillotine! Well, be it so."

"The executioner will never be here in time for you, lady," answered the now relenting jailor. "The executioner will perhaps be here to-morrow; but you shall escape this very night."

"This night!"

"Yes! and follow me. Quick, quick! Here is a disguise for your person, money for your pocket, and a passport to the frontier. I have hastened to you to save you this night, and I do save you. But, lady, do you in turn pardon me, when you see me thus trembling, thus weeping before you, like a child—like a fool, as I am. It seems to me that I look upon you, that I speak to you, and that I admire you—for the last time. Adieu, then; and when you have nothing better to do, think on the jailor of the fortress of Hâ."

The next day M. de Castera and Mademoiselle de Malortie had travelled a considerable distance from their prison. Three days afterward they had crossed the Spanish frontier, and Cabonis was ready to die of joy, upon hearing the happy tidings of their safe arrival in another country.

The escape of the prisoners continued, however, unknown to every one. Both morning and evening the

jailor, as usual, ascended to the chambers that had been occupied by the nobleman and the young lady. He delighted in touching, in kissing the books that had been read, the paper that had been written upon, by his lovely prisoner. He gathered the flowers that she had left behind her; he delighted to listen to the song of the birds that she had listened to; he looked at the horizon that she had gazed upon so often, the stars that she had admired, and the beauteous clouds that she had seen crossing the heavens.

Cabonis went every day thus to think over and to weep about the past, and to lose his senses in extatic visions. One evening, after one of those strange visits that he loved to make to the absent fair one, the jailor abandoned the prison, and presented himself at the bar of the death-dealing tribunal. There, having recounted to his judges the innocent history of his love, he demanded for himself the punishment that was awarded to one convicted of having favored the escape of two prisoners of state; of two suspected persons; of two aristocrats.

Cabonis was arrested, convicted, and condemned! Having been brought to the fortress of Hâ, to await there the passage of the *charrette*, the jailor of the evening before obtained permission to pay another visit to the chamber of Mademoiselle de Malortie. He visited it, and there he kissed, for the last time, the withered wall flowers that she had given him. He then marched boldly, gaily, to the scaffold, where his last words were, "Long live the Republic!"

RETRENCHMENT.

I never witnessed a man submitting to circumstances with good humor and good sense, so remarkably as in my friend Alexander Willemott. When I first met him, since our school days, it was at the close of the war: he had been a large contractor with government for army clothing and accoutrements, and was said to have realized an immense fortune, although his accounts were not yet settled. Indeed, it was said that they were so vast, that it would employ the time of six clerks, for two years, to examine them, previous to the balance-sheet being struck. As I observed, he had been at school with me, and on my return from the East Indies, I called upon him to renew our old acquaintance, and congratulate him upon his success.

"My dear Reynolds, I am delighted to see you. You must come down to Belem Castle; Mrs. Willemott will receive you with pleasure, I'm sure. You shall see my two girls."

I consented. The chaise stopped at a splendid mansion, and I was ushered in by a crowd of liveried servants, Every thing was on the most sumptuous and magnificent scale. Having paid my respects to the lady of the house, I retired to dress, as dinner was nearly ready, it being then half-past seven o'clock. It was eight before we sat down. To an observation that I made, expressing a hope that I had not occasioned the dinner being put off, Willemott replied, "on the contrary, my dear Reynolds, we never sit down until about this hour. How people can dine at four or five o'clock, I cannot conceive. I could not touch a mouthful."

The dinner was excellent, and I paid it the encomiums which were its due.

"Do not be afraid, my dear fellow—my cook is an *artiste extraordinaire*—a regular *Cordon Bleu*. You may eat any thing without fear of indigestion How people can live upon the English cookery of the present day, I cannot conceive. I seldom dine out for fear of being poisoned. Depend upon it, a good cook lengthens your days, and no price is to great to ensure one."

When the ladies retired, being alone, we entered into friendly conversation. I expressed my admiration of his daughters, who certainly were very handsome and elegant girls.

"Very true; they are more than passable," replied he. "We have had many offers, but not such as to come up to my expectations. Baronets are cheap now-a-days, and Irish lords are nothing; I hope to settle them comfortably. We shall see. Try this claret; you'll find it excellent, not a headache in a hogshead of it. How people can drink port, I cannot imagine."

The next morning he proposed that I should rattle round the park with him. I acceded, and we set off in a handsome open carriage, with four grays, ridden by postillions at a rapid pace. As we were whirling along, he observed, "In town we must of course drive but a pair, but in the country I never go out without four horses. There is a spring in four horses which is delightful; it makes your spirits elastic, and you feel that the poor animals are not at hard labor. Rather than not drive four I would prefer to stay at home."

Our ride was very pleasant, and, in such amusements, passed away one of the most pleasant weeks that I ever remembered. Willemott was not the least altered—he was as friendly, as sincere, as open-hearted, as when a boy at school. I left him, pleased with his prosperity, and acknowledging that he was well deserving of it, although his ideas had assumed such a scale of magnificence.

I went to India when my leave expired, and was absent about four years. On my return, I inquired after my friend Willemott, and was told that his circumstances and expectations had been greatly altered. From many causes, such as a change in the government, a demand for economy, and the wording of his contracts, having been differently rendered from what Willemott had supposed their meaning to be, large items had been struck out of his balance-sheet, and, instead of being a millionaire, he was only a gentleman with a handsome property. Belem Castle had been sold, and he now lived at Richmond, as hospitable as ever, and was considered a great addition to the neighborhood. I took the earliest opportunity of going down to see him. "Oh, my dear Reynolds, this is really kind of you to come without invitation. Your room is ready, and bed well aired, for it was slept in three nights ago. Come—Mrs. Willemott will be delighted to see you."

I found the girls still unmarried, but they were yet young. The whole family appeared as contented, and happy, and as friendly, as before. We sat down to dinner at six o'clock; the footman and the coachman attended. The dinner was good, but not by the *artiste extraordinaire*. I praised every thing.

"Yes," replied he, "she is a very good cook; she unites the solidity of the English, with the delicacy of the French fare, and, altogether, I think it a *decided improvement*. Jane is quite a treasure." After dinner he observed, "Of course you know I have sold Belem Castle, and reduced my establishment? Government have not treated me fairly, but I am at the mercy of commissioners; and a body of men will do that, which, as individuals, they would be ashamed of. The fact is, the odium is borne by no one in particular, and it is only the sense of shame which keeps us honest, I'm afraid. However, here you see me, with a comfortable fortune, and always happy to see my friends, especially my old schoolfellow. Will you take *port* or claret. The port is very fine, and so is the claret. By-the-by, do you know—I'll let you into a family secret; Louisa is to be married to

a Colonel Willer—an *excellent* match. It has made us all happy."

The next day we drove out, not in an open carriage as before, but in a chariot and with a *pair of horses*.

"These are handsome horses," observed I.

"Yes," replied he, "I am fond of good horses; and, as I only keep a pair, I have the best. There is a certain degree of pretension in *four horses*, I do not much like: it appears as if you wished to overtop your neighbors."

I spent a few very pleasant days, and then quitted his hospitable roof. A severe cold, caught that winter, induced me to take the advice of the physicians, and proceed to the south of France, where I remained two years. On my return, I was informed that Willemott had speculated, and had been unlucky on the Stock Exchange; that he had left Richmond, and was now living at Clapham. The next day I met him near the Exchange.

"Reynolds, I am happy to see you. Thompson told me that you had come back. If not better engaged, come down to see me; I will drive you down at four o'clock, if that will suit."

It suited me very well; and, at four o'clock, I met him, according to appointment, at a livery stable over the Iron Bridge. His vehicle was ordered out; it was a phaeton drawn by two long-tailed ponies—altogether a very neat concern—we set off at a rapid pace.

"They step out well, don't they? We shall be down in plenty time to put on a pair of shoes by five o'clock, which is *our dinner time*. Late dinners don't agree with me—they produce indigestion. Of course you know Louisa has a little boy."

I did not; but congratulated him.

"Yes; and has now gone out to India with her husband. Mary is also engaged to be married—a very *good* match—a Mr. Rivers, in the law. He has been called to the bar this year, and promises well. They will be a little pinched at first, but we must see what we can do for them."

We stopped at a neat row of houses, I forget the name, and, as we drove up, the servant, the only man servant, came out, and took the ponies round to the stable, while the maid received my luggage, and one or two paper bags, containing a few extras for the occasion. I was met with the same warmth as usual by Mrs. Willemott. The house was small but very neat; the remnants of former grandeur appeared here and there, in one or two little articles, favorites of the lady. We sat down at five o'clock to a *plain* dinner, and were attended by the footman, who had rubbed down the ponies and pulled on his livery.

"A good, plain cook is the best thing after all," observed Willemott. "Your fine cooks won't condescend to roast and boil. Will you take some of this sirloin? the under-cut is excellent. My dear, give Mr. Reynolds some Yorkshire pudding."

When we were left alone after dinner, Willemott told me, very unconcernedly of his losses.

"It was my own fault," said he; "I wished to make up a little sum for the girls, and, risking what they would have had, I left them almost pennyless. However, we can always command a bottle of port and a beefsteak, and *what more* in this world can you have? Will you take port or white? I have no claret to offer you."

We finished our port, but I could perceive no difference in Willemott. He was just as happy and as cheerful as ever. He drove me to town the next day. During our drive, he observed, "I like ponies, they are so little trouble; and I prefer them to driving one horse in this vehicle, as I can put my wife and daughters into it. It's selfish to keep a carriage for yourself alone, and one horse in a four-wheeled double chaise appears like an imposition upon the poor animal."

I went to Scotland, and remained about a year. On my return, I found that my friend Willemott had again shifted his quarters. He was at Brighton; and having nothing better to do, I put myself in the "Times," and arrived at the Bedford Hotel. It was not until after some inquiry, that I could find out his address. At last I obtained it, in a respectable but not fashionable part of this overgrown town. Willemott received me just as before.

"I have no spare bed to offer you, but you must breakfast and dine with us every day. Our house is small, but it's very comfortable, and Brighton is a very convenient place. You know Mary is married. A good place in the courts was for sale, and my wife and I agreed to purchase it for Rivers. It has reduced us a little, but they are very comfortable. I have retired from business altogether; in fact, as my daughters are both married, and we have enough to live upon, what can we wish for more? Brighton is very gay, and always healthy; and, as for carriages and horses, they are of no use here; they are to be had at every corner of the streets."

I accepted his invitation to dinner. A parlour-maid waited, but every thing, although very plain, was clean and comfortable.

"I have still a bottle of wine for a friend, Reynolds," said Willemott, after dinner, "but, for my part, I prefer *whiskey-toddy*. It agrees with me better. Here's to the health of my two girls, God bless them, and success to them in life."

"My dear Willemott," said I, "I take the liberty of an old friend, but I am so astonished at your philosophy, that I cannot help it. When I call to mind Belem Castle, your large establishment, your luxuries, your French cook, and your stud of cattle, I wonder at your contented state of mind under such a change of circumstances."

"I almost wonder myself, my dear fellow," replied he. "I never could have believed, at that time, that I could live happily under such a change of circumstances; but the fact is, that although I have been a contractor, I have a good conscience; then, my wife is an excellent woman, and provided she sees me and her daughters happy, thinks nothing about herself; and, farther, I have made it a rule, as I have been going down hill, to find reasons why I should be thankful, and not discontented. Depend upon it, Reynolds, it is not a loss of fortune which will affect your happiness, as long as you have peace and love at home."

I took my leave of Willemott and his wife, with respect as well as regard; convinced that there was no pretended indifference to worldly advantages, that it was not that the grapes were sour, but that he had learned the whole art of happiness, by being contented with what he had, and by "cutting his coat according to his cloth."

THE RETURN.

BY PERCIE H. SELTON.

The summer sun was sinking in the west, purpling the embattled clouds around, and shooting long lines of light across the green hills, as a lady, attended by a cavalier, stepped forth on the terrace of Langly Manor, a noble edifice in one of the most beautiful counties of England. The sunset scene arrested their attention, and they paused to gaze on the landscape. Far away before them rolled a succession of undulating hills, spotted with woods, lanes, farms, villages, and lordly mansions, all bathed in the mellow radiance of the declining luminary. A silvery river, winding in and out among the hills, skirted the distant landscape, while immediately beyond a bold ridge towered up against the empurpled sky. Above this ridge lay piles of massy clouds, heaped one above another, and tinged with every shade of crimson, gold and purple, until, at length, toward the zenith, they faded into a pale apple green.

"How glorious!" exclaimed the lady.

"Beautiful indeed," said her attendant, "this scene reminds me of Italy. It is not often we have such a sunset in our foggy clime."

A silence of some minutes ensued, during which each gazed on the landscape, wrapt in thought. While they are thus engaged let us describe them.

The cavalier was a man of noble aspect, though a shade of melancholy hung over his countenance, and seemed illy to accord with the rich dress in which it was the fashion of that day for gentlemen of birth to be attired. His face was strikingly handsome, with finely cut features, and an eye of extraordinary beauty, though withal tinged with sadness. His hair fell in flowing ringlets down his neck and over the deep lace collar which adorned his throat and shoulders. He wore the mantle then in common use among the gallants of the day, and had throughout the air of a wealthy and high born cavalier. But all peculiarities in his dress were forgotten when you came to regard his face, but especially when that prevailing expression of melancholy forced itself on you.

His companion was more beautiful than imagination can conceive or pen describe. Tall and queenly in her person, with black, majestic eyes, and tresses that were darker than the darkest midnight, she seemed one born to captivate all observers. Her dress was a boddice of dark velvet, with a skirt of white satin, while a mantle that an empress might have been proud to wear, fell in graceful folds from her shoulders. Her exquisitely small hands and feet betokened her high lineage quite as much as the eagle glance of her eyes, and her proud majestic port. She seemed, indeed, a being above the ordinary rank of mortals, one who might have personated a Juno under the old mythology—one who would deign to love only a monarch and scarcely him. She lingered long gazing on the landscape, but at length turned away and began to trail a vine around a gigantic urn which stood on the balustrade. She had been occupied in this feminine employment some time before the cavalier spoke, though he looked furtively at her more than once, and seemed wishing to say something which he yet was half afraid to utter. At length, suddenly turning from the landscape, he approached the lady, and standing a pace or two behind her, said,

"Kate!"

The lady turned with a look of enquiry on her countenance.

"Kate," he began again, and then stopped, abashed by the proud, steady look of her majestic eyes.

"Kate," he repeated a third time, not daring to lift his gaze to hers, "hear me for a few minutes, and let me be free from this horrible suspense. I love you. I have long loved you, but I fear hopelessly. There is that in your haughty port, in your unembarrassed air which convinces me you love me not. But yet, hopeless as I know my case to be, like the criminal at the scaffold, it is a relief to me to unburthen myself to you. Turn not away, dear lady Katharine. If you cannot love, do not hate, but oh! pity me. God grant that you may never know the pangs of unrequited love."

The lady was touched. A tear gathered into her eye, and she suffered her companion to retain the hand which he had taken. But there was no encouragement in her emotion. Her demeanor was only the sympathy of one noble heart for another, whose distress it grieves at, but cannot redress.

"Edward," she said at length, "you pain me—and oh! would that I could return your love. I know your heart is noble and true—I know that your love is a prize for which the haughtiest of my sex might strive, and had we met under other circumstances I might have loved you, loved you as you deserved, loved you with a love which would have daily grown stronger until death——"

"Bless you! bless you!" said the cavalier affected to tears. His companion resumed sadly.

"But it must not be. Long before you returned I had lost my heart, and become the affianced bride of Edward Percy. This I have never told you before, and for that silence I now blame myself. But it was agreed that our engagement should remain a secret until he returned from his travels, and I did not, therefore, feel justified in speaking of it until now. When I tell you that I love him with all the ardor of a first passion, with all the depth of which I am capable, you will feel that I hear with pain your declaration, because I can appreciate the agony of a disappointment. Believe me, it cuts me to the very heart to hear your words.

Oh!" she continued, clasping her hands, "what would I not give that we had never met, so that I had never been thus the innocent torturer of a noble and true bosom like yours."

"Say nothing of it," said her companion sadly but firmly, for he had now recovered his composure, "say nothing of it. Of my own disappointment I will say nothing, but that the sight of these tears reduces it one half. Oh! it grieves me that I have brought pain to your heart. God bless you, dear, dear Kate—sometimes think of your poor relative."

"Why, you will not leave us?" she said, surprised.

"Can I remain?" he replied mournfully. "Oh! never, never. I may, when far away, school my heart to bear my lot, but think you I could endure to see you the wife of another. No, this were more than human nature could endure, and my heart would break. But when distance separates us, and the strife of war in part diverts my thoughts, I can perhaps hear calmly of your happiness, and bid, as I do now, God bless you."

"And whither do you go?"

"There is good service to be done in Germany, and thither will I go to seek a grave."

"Nay, nay—say not so. You can yet be happy. There are others fairer and more lovely than I, who would be proud to be your bride. I could almost weep to hear you thus despond, and think that I am the cause of it all. Stay, stay, my kind cousin," she said, laying her hand upon his arm, "and do not thus leave us. We will all strive to make you happy, and, believe me, you may yet be so."

Her enthusiasm, the tear that glittered in her eye, and the eloquent sympathy of her voice, for awhile staggered the purpose of the lover, and he remained silent, torn by conflicting emotions; but at length he looked up and said with a mournfulness which drew fresh tears from the Lady Katharine's eyes.

"It cannot be—it were madness to think of it. Here I can never stay."

"Oh! say not so," replied his companion, determined not to give up hope, "think better of it. We all esteem you, we will do every thing to make you happy. I am far beneath many in this wide realm and in winning them you will forget me. Promise only not to make up your mind now. Give us the delay of a week. Then we will hear you. But now, now, oh! do not decide now. I ask it as a favor—you will not refuse."

Again the resolution of the lover was staggered. That the Lady Katharine should beg a favor of him, and beg it too in a manner that proved how deeply she felt for him, was too much for his heart. He could resist no longer, and was on the point of yielding, when his attention and that of his companion, deeply engrossed as they had been with their conversation, was arrested, and directed to another object.

The terrace on which they stood looked down the long avenue that led, straight as an arrow, through the park, to the great entrance. Into this avenue a couple of horsemen had sometime since entered, and advanced up it at an unusually rapid pace. The strangers were evidently a cavalier and his groom; and from their travel-soiled dresses it was apparent that their journey had been long and hurried. The cavalier was strikingly handsome. While yet far down the avenue he espied the party on the terrace, and spoke, half aloud and half to himself, unconscious, however, in his elation, that any one was listening.

"By St. George, yonder she is herself—ah! what a load of fears the sight of her has removed from my mind. It seems a century, instead of two years, since we parted —a life-time, instead of four months, since I heard from her. How surprised will she be to see me, for she thinks I am not to return for these six weeks yet. Faster, faster, Richard," he said, addressing his steed, "your pace seems that of a common hackney rather than that of my own tried hunter," and thus with the glad exhiliration of love and youth, he indulged in many a wayward thought as he progressed.

It was long after this, however, and not till the sound of his horse's hoofs could be heard on the terrace, when the Lady Katharine and her companion discerned the approaching cavalier. Then, as she looked up, her affianced lover gracefully lifted his hat, and the next instant reined in his courser, and leaping to the ground, and flinging the bridle to his attendant, he hastened to the terrace.

At the first recognition of her lover a glad cry had escaped from the Lady Katharine, and, in joy at the unexpected arrival of Sir Edward, she forgot for the time the companion by her side. Hastily advancing she reached the descending steps just as her lover, flying up them, gained the top. He seized her extended hand, gazed into her glad yet downcast eyes, and kissed it rapturously.

"Kate, dear Kate," he said, "thank God I find you well."

"Oh! Edward, I am so, so glad to see you safely returned—tell me all about it—you know not how happy we all shall be. See even Swan, my pet greyhound, recognises you and is frisking around us," she said, in that low sweet tone in which love delights to speak, as she leaned fondly on his arm and looked up into his eyes.

A deep sigh, at this instant, broke on her ear, and she remembered her late companion, whom, until now, she had forgotten. He had remained leaning on the pedestal, which supported the gigantic urn of which we have spoken, gazing sorrowfully on the Lady Katherine, during her meeting with her affianced lover, but now, heaving a deep sigh, he turned away, and when

the attention of the happy girl was again attracted toward him, he was some distance on his way to the mansion.

They never saw him more. His sudden disappearance was accounted for that evening by a note directed to Kate, which he had penned hurriedly ere he left the house. The epistle ran thus:

"Alas! dear Lady Katharine, my first decision was correct, and though, through mistaken kindness, you have striven to change it, I feel that it would be of no avail. I do not blame you, but oh! *can* I remain and see you another's, however worthy he may be of you? This day's lesson has convinced me that I cannot, and I go, never to see you more. When you hear of my death, on some hotly contested field, drop a tear for your unfortunate relative and lover.

HENRY DE SILVERTON.

"Poor Silverton," kindly said Sir Edward, as he pressed Kate to his bosom and dried her tears, for she had already told him all, "my heart bleeds for him."

A few months later he died, as he had prophesied, on the field of battle. And none wept more sincerely for him than Sir Edward and his happy bride.

THE RIVAL BRIDALS.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

"So Ellen Lester is going to marry young Davis," said Clara Elton, to her friend Constance Seldon, as they seated themselves in the parlor after a morning walk, "well, I am surprised; I thought she had more spirit than to marry him."

"Why, who is this Mr. Davis?" asked her friend, "is he a stranger in the place, and what is the objection?"

"A stranger, oh, no," said Clara, laughingly, "he is no stranger, at least to me, nor Ellen neither, and that is the most surprising part of the affair, he is old Davis, the baker's son—would you believe it of Ellen Lester?"

"But I see no objection to him on that account," said Constance, seriously, "but tell me what occupation does he follow?"

"Why, he is studying law to be sure, that is the fashion now. Every man must study law, especially among the mechanical classes. The family was content to pursue the business of his father; but some of his friends persuaded him that he had talents, and that he must study, so he gave up the bakery and took to the office. We shall soon have nothing but persons of that description at the bar."

"Well, if they possess talents of the right kind, I can see no harm that can result from their pursuing this profession," replied Constance, "indeed I think it rather a merit to surmount the obstacles of birth and fortune, and carve out your own elevation in the higher walks of the sciences. Would you shut out from the humble citizen all hopes of promotion in life?"

"By no means," said Clara, as she played with her ten dollar French fan, a present from Count Trejaney, "but then there must be mechanics, and why not be satisfied in that sphere, and not wish to soar above their proper place—besides they cannot expect those, who have been born and educated in a different rank of society, to associate with them. Much as we may talk of equality of birth, we cannot disguise the fact, as in the face of nature there are inequalities, so it will be in the social world. There always has been and always will be different grades—the high and the low—the rich and the poor—the gifted and the humble—these are the barriers through which you would break, and force all to a level—trust me, dear Constance, 'tis all a dream."

"But a dream that must be realized, Clara. Mental superiority will find its way to the front rank, whether seen in the rich or the poor. This is the equality that I trust to, and this is strikingly the case in a country like ours, where the means of cultivating those gifts are put within the reach of all classes; and here too the incentives to action are to all alike, each will strive for the prize because it may be obtained by each. Men are valued here, Clara, or ought to be, in proportion as they display those qualities most needed in society—and what so needed as an understanding of the principles and laws that are the real foundation of a nation's liberties? But we are getting away from the subject—young Davis has talent, has he not?"

"It is said so. I have not met him since Ellen left us to reside with her aunt. You know that, at the death of her mother, she came into possession of some property, and as her aunt was poor she went to reside with her, that she might the more readily aid her without the appearance of charity. Whilst she resided with us, we all discountenanced the match so much that he did not visit us often; but since Ellen has resided with her aunt he has been quite attentive, and I heard this morning they are to be married as soon as he has been admitted to the bar. But I have other news to tell you, Count Trejaney has accepted an invitation, and will be here to-night. He is so engaging, and then so rich, quite the rage in society."

"How long have you been acquainted with this Count?" asked Constance.

"I was introduced to him at Mrs. Madden's last party," said Clara, "and he paid quite particular attention to me during the evening; and then he talked so interestingly about his travels—you will be delighted with him, Constance."

"And this is all you know about him," said Constance, "and with this slight acquaintance you invite him to a private circle of friends. Why this is more than you would think of extending to some of your earliest acquaintances."

"Ah! but then consider the circle in which he moves. The first in the city. *They* would not admit him if he was not quite the man of honor, besides we must pay some respect to the custom of the country from which the Count comes. The Count says that there a person's rank, and not his long acquaintance, is his passport to good society."

"And so it would be here if that rank conferred on its possessor more than the mere title," answered Constance, "but our country has been flooded with vain pretenders to the honor, if honor it be, to have the *Count* attached to a name, that, but for that fortunate appendage, would not rise above the mists of their own ignorance. If I was a man I would prefer the humblest rank in a land, where all must or may be useful, to a thousand titles conferred as the meed of inglorious deeds."

"But the Count's cause must suffer in my hands," said Clara, while a slight blush covered her cheek, "and I will leave the defence to him. Come, shall we practice the new song?" and taking her friend's hand, she assumed her seat at the piano, and commenced humming the melody, whilst her friend, selecting a book from the table, sank into silence.

Clara Elton was a spoiled child of fortune. Her parents were wealthy and worldly. With them the two great principles were riches and rank, and they could not separate the idea of respectability from a man who kept an account in a bank, and had a carriage and farm. To them the doctrine that "wealth makes the man," though very good on *paper*, was not so good in practice; and however sweet a period it makes in the abstract, in real life it was a stumbling block. Mr. Elton had risen from almost the lowest grade, to his present high station in the business world, but, once having got there, he did as people usually do—he despised the means that enabled him to arrive at the honor. Mrs. Elton was a woman, and loved her husband, and as a matter of course he was the focus of all her knowledge. If Mr. Elton had said the banks had ruined the country, every thing evil from the ruin of a community to the burning of a church, would be attributed to that source. If Mr. Elton said that Mr. So and So was not respectable, he could not have been admitted to the house. But Mr. Elton never *did* say that a rich man was not respectable, and consequently that was the open *sesame* to the hearts and doors of this worthy couple.

Clara Elton presented what at this age of the world is not an uncommon character among this class of females—a being right in feelings but wrong in principles. To all the calls of charity she was ever ready. No one could accuse her of stepping in the least from the paths of duty, be that what it may. This was the result of untaught native feelings; and thus far she was right, thus far the stream of the affections had not been turned out of the right channel by a false system of education, but she had been taught to revere and look up to wealth as the basis of all that was true and good in principles and actions. This was the fault. From her father she had caught all her contempt for the useful classes, and the tendency to cringe to any thing that partook of the show and glitter of wealth, without an attempt to strip off the guise and appreciate, if possible, the real character of the individual. This trait in her character, moreover, had been strengthened by the members of the circle in which she usually moved. As wealth was the magnet of attraction with her parents—the means to secure a welcome reception to the dwelling of Clara Elton, all that visited there were either wealthy or made up the deficiency in the real article by a double portion of pretension. Being an heiress, and the daughter of one of the *elite* of the land, she lived in an atmosphere of flattery—a state of being where all the finer and better feelings of the human mind are overrun by the rank weeds of pride and arrogance. All bowed to the shrine of Clara Elton, and all, while they bowed, saw in the distance the golden visions of a father's wealth. Thus surrounded by the idlers of the season, and the hangers on of the latest French fashions, no marvel that she became haughty and vain in principle, and looked upon the different orders of society as far beneath the station of Clara Elton.

Among the early associates of Clara had been Ellen Lester. Mr. Lester was not so rich as his neighbor, still he had enough at his death to leave his widow in competency. Ellen had been the companion of Clara at school, and when she had been separated from that mother to enjoy the benefits of a superior system of instruction, she had accepted the proffered kindness of Clara to make her residence a home. At the death of her mother, Ellen became the possessor of property sufficient to meet all her most lavish wants, and in obedience to her mother's will she took up her residence with her matronal aunt in a different part of the city. In the characters of the friends there was a marked difference. Ellen had been taught to look upon society as it is, to judge of mankind by the plain rule of truth, and not by extraneous circumstances. This made her look deeply into the characters of the persons who constituted the circle into which she entered, and, in her estimate, she was seldom mistaken. Plain and unassuming in her manners, she was not dazzled or led astray by the display and assumption of little minds, or lured aside after the fleeting phantoms of fashions and extravagance. She had resided long enough with the Elton's fully to appreciate the first wish of the family—a splendid alliance for their daughter. To the attainment of this hope she had seen them bend all the energies of their minds, and often had her pure mind been shocked by their conduct. Step by step she saw Clara being drawn into the vortex of fashionable life, and inducted into the schemes of her family. In private she knew Clara to be the kindest of creatures, but the web of the tempter had been set, and the victim was now about to commence the struggle for life. It is the first step in our career that decides our fate, and that had now been taken by Clara under the guidance of her father.

Among the early friends and companions of Ellen Lester was Edward Davis. His father was in comfortable circumstances, but still thought it necessary to instil into his son habits of industry. As a matter of course he was taught the business in which his father had acquired both character and competency. Whilst the father was anxious to train up his son in the paths of industry—he did not neglect his mind, and young Davis early in life displayed marks of talent and genius. In character he was frank and open, and free from deceit and treachery. He soon gained the confidence and love of all who knew him, and of none more than of Ellen Lester, who saw in him all that, in her opinion, constituted the great traits in the sum of a man's character—truth, honor, and fidelity—and thus their young hearts

grew up together. Edward soon learned to associate her name with all that was pure and lovely in his estimate; while she watched over the rising fame of her young friend with all a woman's fondness. After he had completed his education, at the instance of his friends, he commenced the study of the law, and now but waited the completion of those studies to lead Ellen to the altar. He had told her *all* his hopes and wishes—his plans and prospects for the future—and she had blushingly consented, and thus their happiness was complete. The busy tongue of report had given the news to the winds, and it was to this that the conversation at the commencement of this sketch alluded.

Evening came, and with it the private circle at Mr. Elton's, to which Clara had pressed Constance Seldon to stay. It was a brilliant affair. All that wealth could command and fancy suggest, ministered to the wants and wishes of the select few. Music and song and wit were there—beauty clad in rosy smiles, as if not dangerous enough without, glided through the mazy dance, light as the zephyr's breath upon the sleeping lake. A flood of light poured down upon the magic scene, giving to that gorgeous mansion the semblance of a fairy land. All was happiness, at least to the eye. Clara Elton was the star of the bright array. Richly dressed, she shone the gayest of them all. Around her was gathered a crowd of admirers, all bowing to the shrine of the regal beauty. And she was the life of all. To one a smile, to another a word, here a bow, and there a witty remark—kept the small circle in spirits. But to none did she bend her eyes so often as to the Count Trejaney. Many a bright glance beamed from her speaking eyes in answer to the compliments that fell from his lips, and deeper to the soul went the thrill of that voice when he spoke of beauty and admiration. Clara was called on to sing, and she complied, and the Count stood by the chair, and the touch of the player trembled, and the music ended, she accepted the arm of the Count, and together they sought the garden. The summer air was bland and fragrant, the breath of sleeping flowers stole over the senses, the strains of the distant melody floated by, the calm stars looked down upon this Eden with a smile, and then the Count talked of love, and Clara listened, and when she left the spot it was as the affianced bride of Count Trejancy. And now the time of departure had come, the greetings were said and over, the gay voices hushed and still, the bright lights dim and gone, and silence reigned over what late was all life and excitement. And Clara had gone to her chamber, but not to rest. The excitement of the past hour had waked up within her breast a tide of emotions, that would banish sleep from her pillow. She had taken the final step. The last act of the drama was drawing to a close, and yet she was not happy. The sudden proposal from the Count—and her acceptance of that proposal, after so brief an acquaintance—the language of Constance—and the undefined dread of the consequences, all spoke to her in this still hour; but then the riches and rank of the Count—the difference in the customs and manners of the people of different lands—and more than all, the known admiration which her father had for what he termed splendid matches, made up the bright side of the picture. In this whirl of contending emotions, she fell asleep, and, in her dreams, she still thought of wealth, rank and pomp. As might be expected from the character of Clara's father, the proposal was accepted; and amid the magnificence and pagentry of wealth and circumstances, Clara Elton became a bride. The Count signified his intentions of remaining for some time in the country, and a mansion, corresponding with the pretensions of the parties, was taken for their future residence.

On the same day that witnessed the nuptials of the Count—Edward Davis—having completed his course of studies and been admitted—led to the altar his long loved Ellen. With them the time was not one of excitement. All was hushed and still, save the beating of their hearts, that spoke almost audibly the completion of their joy. After the lapse of a few days they took possession of a small, but neat mansion, the property of Edward's father—and Ellen prevailed on her aunt to accept a home with her, and thus we leave them. May your stream of life, young couple, be never dimmed. You have chosen the wiser part, you have culled the roses in the spring, may the frosts of winter wither them not.

Ten years had passed away. But many a change has came upon that scene since last we trod the path together. Many a dream has vanished—many a hope has been tested—many a wish has been disappointed—many a bright vision faded in the bud; but still the wheels of time press on, regardless of what they crush.

In one of the many apartments of a splendid mansion in our city, were seated two females. The room bespoke the standing of the occupants, and told of ease and comfort. Much that revealed the pursuits of the owners could be seen in that apartment. Books and music were laid upon the table, a piano occupied its place amid the arrangement, on the walls were hung several pictures from the old masters, and others of a more modern nature, though scarcely inferior in point of merit. It was evening, and the lamps had been lit and the curtains drawn. The fire burned brightly in the grate. Without, the wind was howling and whistling through the streets in wild and woful fury. The snow, that had fallen during the day, now lay white and dreary in uneven ridges in the deserted streets, or was caught up by the blasts and whirled in clouds against the persons of the benighted and houseless wanderer.

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Seated at a table in that room were the two friends Ellen Lester and Clara Elton, though each now bore a different name; and in the appearance of the two there was a marked and perceptible difference. Both were still beautiful, but in the subdued and melancholy expression that would steal over the features of Clara, could be read a tale of suffering, well calculated to fade the rose from the cheek, and the fire from the eye of beauty. Yet still traces of her former loveliness lingered, "like the beams of the parting day." She was clad in a robe of plain black, a color well fitted to her pale and chastened features. From the page on which she was reading, she would occasionally raise her eyes and fix them upon the face of Ellen, who, engaged in some of the many occupations of a mother, sat opposite to her; and in that glance what volumes of the feelings and thoughts of the woman were told! Ellen Davis presented a different picture. In her sweet face, slightly touched by the hand of time, were to be seen hope and joy fulfilled, a youth not spent in dreams for the unattainable, nor a womanhood consumed in longings for all the visionary romance of a girl's desires. She was a wife and mother, and as she bent her gaze upon her child, sleeping by her side, tears would roll up into her eyes; but how different from these that filled those of her friend. Both were silent. Clara's thoughts were with the past—she was again a girl, innocent and happy, at home amid the flowers and joys of youth and the friends that she loved, before the world with its chilling blasts nipped all the warmer and holier feelings of the young affections, and gave her in return a blighted and withered existence. And Ellen was in the present, calm and contented, blest with the love of a husband, who cherished in each expiring year all the depth and intensity of his young aspirations—surrounded with the love of her children—conscious of being the means of cheering the drooping spirits of one to whom through every vicissitude she still clung to with a wife's deep love. No wonder that, on her beaming countenance, no traces of sorrow could be seen. But as the hours flew by, and still no familiar knock was heard, (and all day had that husband been absent) impatience began to be manifest in the eager listening for each noise, and the frequent risings to catch, even through the gloom, a glimpse of the husband and father. But the anxiety was soon rewarded, as, flushed with the attainment of a cause in which more than ordinary ability had been engaged, Edward Davis entered the room. And now he recounted the labors of the day, and in his glowing and forcible manner gave to his listeners a brief and simple account of the few past hours. Then the toils of the office forgotten, he took up a volume of *Hemans*, and, in the best tones of a rich and manly voice, read aloud. This poetry of Home, this copy of the affections, and what a family circle was gathered there! When the time of rest came, each retired with the love of peace resting upon the household altar, and among the many prayers that ascended from the shrine of *Faith* to the throne of *Love* that night; none was more pure or sincere than that of Clara Elton for the happiness of Ellen Davis.

Kind reader! one more move on the table of the past and we are done. As stated in the preceding part of this tale, after the nuptials of Clara Elton and the Count Trejaney, they began life on the most magnificent scale. All that wealth could lay upon the altar of fancy was procured. Ball followed ball, and parties succeeded each other in rapid succession. All was glare and show, fashion and extravagance; and the beautiful wife of the Count was every where the theme of admiration and envy. Thus passed a year. But at the end of that time, Clara saw a visible change in the manner and appearance of that husband, and in his habits came also a change. Home to him was no longer a source of attraction; he was often absent all night. To the remonstrance of his wife he at first presented an evasive answer, but now came the harsh look and the cutting reply. Under the pretence of delayed remittances, he procured large sums of money from the father of Clara to be expended secretly in gambling. Clara bore up against the tide of coming misfortunes with a woman's strength and resolution. She saw one after another of her long cherished dreams fade away, and bitterly did she repent the wrong impressions of men and things that she had entertained in early life. She saw now the true standard of worth, but alas! too late. For some time after the marriage, her family gave themselves up to vain and delusive dreams of the alliance, but as the requests for means to keep up the course of living in which the Count indulged became more frequent and pressing, doubts would suggest themselves to the mind of the worldly man, and these were every day strengthened by the reports that began to be circulated as to Trejaney's pretension to the title of Count. More than one boldly hinted that he was a foreign adventurer, in quest of money; and this became the settled belief of many. At this crisis of affairs came the derangement of the business matters of our country, and as Mr. Elton was deeply engaged in the moneyed institutions, he of course was a heavy sufferer. Whilst he was writhing under the losses that must reduce him to absolute dependence, the Count still continued to solicit large sums of money. Seeing that there was now no possibility of concealment, Mr. Elton gave up his effects, and retired to a small residence some distance from the city, the property of a friend. This was a severe blow to poor Clara. But a still heavier one awaited her. She was accustomed to the protracted visits of her husband to other cities; but he had now been absent still longer than usual, when she received a letter

from him, that was a death blow to all her hopes. The letter said that he had left the country, and indulged in all the meanness of a little mind. It confirmed all the worst suspicions of her friends, and he was indeed a foreign adventurer. He taunted her with this, and gave, as his reasons for his departure, her father's inability to supply him in his demands for money. All this was told, and to his wife. And this was the consummation of *all* Clara's hopes! Her spirits became prostrated under this awful affliction. Hastily disposing of the property still remaining, she joined her parents. To them the blow was a severe one, and reflection did not lighten the burden. Had they not by their attachment, only to these who had the appearance of wealth, so tutored the mind of that daughter as to lead her to a mistaken judgment in this important matter? This reflection was the bitterest draught of *all*. Her mother did not long survive the desertion. Of a naturally weak constitution, she fell a victim to the most fatal of all complaints, because the least understood, a broken heart. Still Clara labored to cheer the declining years of her remaining parent, but to no purpose. He too fell beneath the crush of all his hopes, and she was left alone. It was now that Ellen Davis heard of her misfortune, and, through the kind and delicate attentions of her gentle spirit, and the more than brotherly care of her husband, Clara regained a portion of her spirits, and became an inmate and friend of their family. Here she still resides, joining with a hushed and noiseless tread in all the tender sympathies that makes woman, in the hour of trouble, a ministering angel.

Edward Davis is still rising in his profession, taking his place amid the wisest and best of the land. He has twice represented his native state in the councils of the nation, and exhibited there genius and purity, rare combination in these days of political degeneration! And Ellen! she still is the idol of her husband and the best of women. With him she has fought, and with him she wears the laurels, in the pride of a wife for the honor of a husband.

And Constance Selden what shall I say of you? Years have been added to thy brow, but not to thy feeling. They still are fresh and green. The wings of thy sympathies are still over the children of want and suffering, as they were in the days of the past. Many a prayer from the abode of the poor and needy is sent up for thy happiness. Eyes beam brighter as they recognise thy lightsome step. Hearts beat with hope that before were sunk in sorrow at the mention of thy name. God's benison be on thee, gentle lady! Mayst thou have the best of all earthly rewards, the knowledge of a well spent life.

THE RICH WIFE.

A PRACTICAL TALE OF THE TIMES.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"I WISH Mary Elcott was richer," exclaimed Charles Masters, as if thinking aloud, breaking the silence which had now lasted for more than five minutes at his friend's dinner table.

"And I second your wish, Masters," answered his companion, coolly cracking an almond, and drawing the wine toward him, "since you seem so heartily in earnest—although I cannot see why you should desire it so much. Is there not something more than a mere interest there, eh! Masters?"

"To be candid with you there is, or rather would be if Mary was but rich. I have often been on the point of telling you my sentiments, but something has always intervened to prevent me. Now, however, I will put off my confession no longer. I admire; ardently admire Miss Elcott, and I am satisfied I could love her, provided she were only wealthy. You needn't smile. I am not, as you would suppose, a fortune-hunter—that is I do not consider a fortune the '*ne plus ultra*' in a wife—but as my means at present are just equal to my own wants, I cannot afford to get married unless I wed a bride who has some money at least."

"Stop—let me understand you. You say you cannot *afford* to get married because your income is only sufficient for your own wants. Now it is but the other day that you told me your profession yielded you two thousand dollars a year—surely it is not impossible to live, even when married, on such an income. I make but a bare fifteen hundred, and yet I should not be afraid to venture matrimony to-morrow, although it is true I should calculate on increasing my income in a year or two."

"Exactly; but you were always a saving fellow, even with your pocket money at school, when I have always liked to live a little more expensively. Now two thousand dollars will just allow me to live as I wish, but even then it must be as a bachelor. There is my horse, and then my private parlor, and there is my annual trip to the springs—all these I *must* have, and to have them, I *must spend* my two thousand. Now if I get married, without I wed an heiress, I should have to give up all these—in other words I must surrender my tilbury and walk on foot, while my wife must patronize the omnibus or stay at home. Egad! just think of it—the lady of Charles Masters, Esq. Attorney at Law, running after a Chesnut street omnibus whenever she is tired and wishes to return home."

"All very humorous, my dear fellow—join me in a glass—but still it has little to do with the question; and since you have consulted me I will," he continued smiling, "give you, as the old women say, a bit of my mind. I dislike, as much as you, to deprive a wife of the comforts of life, but with your income, or even mine, there is little danger of doing that. The very thing which you cling to so perversely are luxuries, mere luxuries, nothing else under the sun. Possessed of the love of some virtuous woman you would soon learn to do without them—aye! and enjoy ten-fold more happiness than you do now. Believe me, my dear fellow, you are misleading yourself on this important subject. It is *not* necessary that you should marry an heiress. You *can* live, and respectably too, for the first year or two, on your present income; and after that, with *your* talents, and the standing marriage will give you, you need fear nothing. I do not speak what I am not willing to practice. You are a lawyer and I am a physician. Your profession can be made available sooner than mine. You have two thousand a year and I have but fifteen hundred; and yet I am about to be married, and that to, I may as well tell you, Mary's younger sister. You have seen her, I believe, but once, for she returned only last week from New York, where, however, I met her last summer during my three months sojourn there. I have every reason to believe we shall be happy, even," and again he smiled, "on a bare fifteen hundred a year."

"You surprise me," said Masters, after a pause, "but still there is a difference betwixt your case and mine. Mary has high views of things, and as she could not, if married to me, live, at least for some years, in the style in which her father lives, she would—you may depend on it—grow discontented and peevish. You shake your head, but it would, I am certain, be so. Even if *I* could give up these comforts, which you call luxuries, *she* could not——"

"Stop, my dear fellow, you misrepresent Mary. I know her well. She is not the kind of girl you pretend she is. I will not enter into details, but of this I can assure you," and here he emphasised his words, "that if Mary could love a man she would cheerfully give up every thing but the bare necessaries of life, to follow his fortunes."

"Well—well, it may be. She is at any rate an angel. I have had hard work to keep myself from falling in love with her, although conscious of the folly of uniting my lot to hers in the present state of my finances. Confound this money—why had she not a few thousands, or why am I not richer?—I must stop thinking of her, or going there so often, for," and here he paused and added, "it *cannot be*. There is Charlotte Spencer, whom all my relatives wish me to marry—she is rich, pretty, accomplished—I suppose I shall have to propose to her, though, heaven knows! if Mary had but half her money I would prefer her. Well, after all

there is an old saying 'that when poverty comes in the door, love flies out the window.'"

"As you please, Masters, but you are still deceiving yourself, by calling comfort poverty, and pretending that a wife will beggar you even with two thousand. I will say no more of Mary, except that I believe a nobler or more beautiful woman you will never find. She is a treasure in herself. Nor will I say ought of Miss Spencer, beyond a word—I fear she has a bad temper. And now, my dear fellow, let us dismiss this matrimonial debate, and take to our cigars—here are some choice Habanas."

Charles Masters, as our readers will have seen, was one of those young men who without being an actual fortune-hunter, deem *some* money indispensable in a wife—although, as in his case, they veil their real character from themselves by a course of deceptive sophistry, and will not admit the actual selfishness of their views. His friend, Henry Prescott, was of a different character. Love, with him, was a pure unalloyed passion—a sentiment in which nothing base took part—a holy exalted feeling which filled the heart with sunshine, and would have made even privation endurable. He loved Ellen Prescott with his whole soul, and had long been satisfied that his love was returned. Indeed, as he said, their union was already settled. He saw with pain the determination of his friend, for he knew that Charles was a favorite with Mary, although, as yet, the feeling had not on her part ripened into a warmer sentiment—more, however, because the attentions of Charles had been nothing more than those of an acquaintance, and the strict principle in which Mary had been brought up, would not suffer her to throw away her affections unsought, and thus perhaps shipwreck her happiness forever. It was with an inward sigh, therefore, that Prescott heard, a few days after the above conversation, that the attentions of Charles to Miss Spencer were becoming of the most marked character. He saw also that Masters no longer visited the Elcotts. The love for display had triumphed over affections.

Meanwhile time slipped rapidly away, and rumors began to be prevalent that Charles had proposed for and been accepted by Miss Spencer. In a little time the report was confirmed by those who were believed to know, and to set all doubt at rest it was authorized by Charles himself. He met Prescott casually, for of late they had been less intimate than formerly.

"Ah! my good monitor," he said, laughingly, "they tell me you and Ellen are to be married in a fortnight. Is it so? Glad to hear it. But I shall not be long behind you—egad! since I come to think of it, we shall be married on the same day. Miss Spencer is a fine, dashing girl—a cool fifty thousand is hers—we shall live in some style, but you must come and see us. Cards and all that sort of thing will be sent you. But I forgot—I've an appointment to look at a pair of carriage horses at eleven, and it now only wants five minutes of that hour. Good bye—I'll see you soon."

"There goes a fine fellow who is about to sacrifice his happiness to his love of display," mused Prescott, as his eye followed the receding form of his friend; and with a sigh he turned and walked on.

They were married—Prescott and his bride seeking their simple, yet comfortable home, while Mr. and Mrs. Masters were whirled off on a fashionable tour from which they returned in due time to astonish the town by their splendid entertainments. But alas! even before the honey moon was over Masters found that his friend's anticipations were true, and that Mrs. Masters, though rich, beautiful and accomplished, threatened, by a peevish temper, to embitter his life. As time elapsed, moreover, the evil only increased, and about two months after the wedding, it was more than doubled by an event which then occurred. This was nothing more than the discovery—then first made by the final settlement of Mr. Spencer's estate—that his daughter was in reality worth but a bare ten thousand dollars. The knowledge of this circnmstance could not fail to irritate a husband whose chief motive in marrying was to possess himself of his wife's fortune—crimination and re-criminations ensued betwixt the ill-mated pair—and, as usual, the interview ended in a flood of tears on the part of the lady, and a volley of curses on that of the gentleman. Seizing his hat, Masters rushed from the house in no very enviable state of mind. Almost the first person he met was a mutual acquaintance of himself and Prescott.

"Ah! Masters—the very man I wanted to see—have you heard the news—I am glad of it for both their sakes. I see you are ignorant, and that I am the first one to bring you the intelligence. Well then Prescott has had a glorious windfall in the way of fortune—his wife and her sister Mary have fallen co-heiresses to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, left them by an East Indian uncle, whom they had not heard of for twenty years. I once thought you and Mary would be married, but I was mistaken—she has been engaged you know a month and more to Mr. Leicester, your old rival. But I must hurry on. You look ill. I hope all is well at home. Remember me to your bride."

Masters did not speak, but, in his heart, he cursed the day he ever saw Miss Spencer, or refused the love of such an angel as Mary Elcott, for filthy lucre. He was rightly punished, in being tied for life to a peevish, extravagant, and comparatively portionless woman.

If his story shall prove a lesson to our readers, our object in relating it will have been fulfilled. It is better to deal in truth, simple though it be, than in fiction, however gorgeous.

THE LOST MIDSHIPMAN.

A STORY OF MADRAS.

Harry Broughton was one of the noblest and most generous of his sex. I well recollect the first day I saw him. We were just about to leave Hampton Roads on the cruise from which Harry never returned, when the Captain's gig dashed alongside, and with the old skipper came a slight, girlish, fair-haired boy, apparently a mere child, dressed in the uniform at that time worn by the midshipmen of our navy. The poor little fellow had been sent to sea to learn an honorable profession, because his father since his bankruptcy could not educate his son at home as became his former station. He stood uncertain for a while on the quarter deck, alone, neglected, abashed, until the Captain suddenly recollecting himself turned round, and introducing him to us, ended by committing Henry Broughton to my oversight as the eldest midshipman on board. We were soon on intimate terms, if I may call that intimacy which subsists between a youth of nineteen and one like him. But Broughton had a mind above his years, he was besides so frank, so gentle, so winning in his manners that you could not, for the life of you, escape loving the bold and generous little fellow. He soon became a favorite with all on board. Even the rugged old tars would do any thing to please him, and the severity of the first lieutenant himself often relaxed itself when little Harry Broughton, as we all called him, had offended against some paltry rule of discipline. Always the first to turn out in a gale; never to be found skulking like some of the other youngsters, from his watch,—but at all times ready and eager to volunteer on any extra duty, he had gradually wound himself into the heart of every one on board, from the land lubbers in the waist to the Captain in his after cabin. If we went on shore, Harry Broughton was sure to be one of our company, for he was such a favorite with strangers on account of his beauty and youth, that we were always better welcomed if he was along. Besides he was so generally beloved, and was such a merry little companion that few were willing to forego his company. He was sick once for a few days, and there was as much anxiety in the ship while he was dangerous, as if the Captain himself had been laying at the point of death. "Poor little boy," said the kind-hearted doctor to me, as his patient lay tossing in the delirium of a fever, murmuring every now and then his mother's or his sister's name, "he may never live to see the ones he loves so well again"—and he never did live to see them, though his death did not happen as the tender-hearted surgeon supposed.

We had been out nearly three years, cruizing on the Pacific station, when we were ordered home,—and glad were we all to hear the news, which was to restore us to a sight of the dear faces we had left behind. We stretched across the Pacific under a favorable wind that seemed to partake of our eagerness. Every thing on board was joy. The long, beautiful moonlight nights came and went like the sound of music, and a hundred gallant fellows danced away the evening watches to the rude sound of their violin. I remember one of those evenings in particular. We were bowling along under an easy sail through the beautiful waters of the Pacific, gliding by little fairy islands that seemed to start like green Edens from the water, and stealing amid the reefs of coral rock that rose around us in every direction. It had been a sultry day, but now the night had come, and the cool breeze deliciously fanned our cheeks, while the moon floated in liquid beauty above, flooding the heavens in a sea of light, and silvering the crests of the long waves as they rolled lazily up from the darkness below. Far away the horizon seemed gradually to become less boldly defined, rising and sinking in thin tissue-like clouds, and then softly melting away into the heavens above. No sound came over the solitary seas, and only the faint ripple of the waves was heard as they dashed against our sides. The men were forward dancing, and amid the shuffle of feet and the rough but merry laughter, came up the lively notes of the violin. I was standing near the side talking with young Harry Broughton, and insensibly our thoughts reverted to the happy homes we had left behind us in America. Poor little fellow, how eagerly he longed to see that sweet mother and lovely sister of his once more. He could, for nearly an hour talk of nothing else, and as he dwelt upon them his young heart became more agitated with thronging recollections, until at last I saw in the moonlight the hot tears running, one by one, down his young cheeks. He saw I observed him, and looking up said,

"Indeed, Mr. Seyton, you musn't think wrong of me for this, I can't always stand thinking of mother and Fanny, when I recollect how many thousand miles are between us, and that perhaps I will never live to see them again. Indeed, Sir," and he wiped away the tears hastily, "one cannot always command his feelings."

"Harry," said I, "you need not fear any one would think less of you for loving your mother and sister. God knows I would be too glad to shed tears if I only had a mother to shed them for!"

"Oh! Sir, I'm sure you would, I never knew how I cared for her till I left her, and now I often think of all she used to say and do, and wish I had loved her more when I was at home."

"Ah! you are right, Harry. I once had a mother, but I've lost her now, and I would have given worlds when she lay dead in the room, if I could have called her back only to tell her how I loved her, and to ask her forgiveness for all the anguish I had caused her in my reckless youth."

"How glad I feel," said the little fellow after a pause, "that every day brings us nearer to home. I could almost worship this breeze, Sir, if it would only blow all the way. Oh! it will be so sweet when we reach Norfolk once more. I wonder if father and mother and Fanny will be there to meet me, I should think they would—don't you, Sir?" and thus he continued, dwelling in his own boyish way, upon the happiness which was now only a few months distant, until the night had waned far into its middle hour, and the deserted decks warned us it was time to go below. Poor boy, the bright visions that smiled on his cheek that night, were soon to give place to a sad reality. He never lived to see them fulfilled. But I anticipate.

We reached the Phillipine islands, passed the straits, and at last entered the Bay of Bengal. We were all heartily tired of a close confinement on ship-board, and resolved to run up the bay and visit a few of the chief stations of the coast. It was a glorious day when we first caught sight of Madras rising above the distant ocean like a narrow streak of silver, as the sun-light fell full upon its white walls and minarets, while the waves now hid it from our sight, and now again discovered it flashing brightly in the distance. As we stood on with the wind nearly on our quarter, the snowy city rose rapidly before us, until we could plainly discern the long, low beach of white sand, crowned with the walls of the fort above and the tremendous surf, rolling and thundering in ahead. It was a beautiful sight. The sky was clear and cloudless, the horizon had not a mist upon it, a golden light flooded every thing around, while the snowy walls of the eastern city rising beautifully into the blue heavens, and glittering with the beams that danced upon their pure white surface, reminded us of the temples of Athens, the sunny skies of Greece, and the old classic fanes that flashed in their whiteness on every song-crowned hill. The whole crew leant over the side or filled the rigging, gazing on the splendid spectacle, and as we lay off and on, keeping away from the fearful surf that makes the city almost unapproachable from sea, you could hear nothing but expressions of delight from all on board. Every heart beat high with pleasure—and it was no difficult matter to obtain permission to land. A party of the officers, among whom were Broughton and myself, resolved on making an excursion into the town.

"Give way, my lads, with a will boys—pull," said the lieutenant of our boat, as we dashed over the long, dark green waves, and leaving a whirl of waters behind us rapidly neared the land, "we'll soon be up with the surf—give way."

I should have mentioned that there is no port for vessels within twenty miles of St. George's Fort, and as our frigate would be compelled to stretch out and in until our return, we had but little time for our adventure. We had intended, when we started, leaving the boats outside the surf, and landing in the flats which are used for passing the breakers, and which being sewed together and without keels, are admirably fitted to resist the jerking of the surf, and can, with great difficulty, be overturned. But when we neared the shore we saw that none of these native boats were at hand, and as we had but little time to lose, we lay upon our oars just outside the breakers and called a council to determine what to do.

"What say you, Seyton, to making a dash and passing it at once, it will be something to talk of, eh?"

I shook my head in disapprobation as I pointed to the huge billows that raced by us, and curling over a cable's length ahead, broke with a noise like thunder on the beach, while the shivered wave foamed and boiled in the wild vortex below.

"Give way, my sea-dogs, away!" shouted the third lieutenant, coming up abreast in gallant style, "shall we dash in, Mr. Tiller?"

"It looks like a venture where one cast is death and the other a ducking—but what say you, Broughton?"

"Oh, Sir," said the little fellow, his eye kindling as he spoke, "they say that an English man-of-war's boat passed it a few years ago,—and I'm sure *we* can do it too. Besides, Sir, we can try it with one boat first—why it isn't such a high surf after all, and look there, Sir, they're watching us from the fort," and true enough the officers of the garrison were quizzing us already with their glasses.

I still, however, objected. I felt a strange kind of presentiment that some dreadful accident would occur if we ventured in the surf, and I dwelt earnestly upon the possible danger and real folly of such a course. A half an hour at most would bring out the flat bottomed boats of the natives, and meanwhile we could ride in safety on the edge of the boiling whirlpool. But it was in vain. The national pride of our men had been touched, and the lieutenant seeing it, wavered no longer, but shouting the order to give way,—our crew broke forth into a cheer, and then rapidly dashed up to the gigantic breakers.

The aspect of the surf as we approached it was really terrible. The enormous billows rolled in one after another, rising up like monsters to the sky, pausing a moment with their white crests combing before they descended, and then hurling their mass of waters down into the abyss below, with the noise as of some mighty cataract. The very earth seemed to tremble beneath the shock. Far along the coast the waves were running in, curling, breaking and foaming into the gulf beneath, and tossing their snowy spray wildly up from the vortex, while the ceaseless thunder of this eternal worship rose up continually to its great author on high.

"Keep her away—that's it—run her along here till we pick out a better place," said Tiller.

"Isn't that a good opening, Mr. Tiller?" said little Harry, pointing ahead.

"You've a sharp eye, Harry, it's the very thing—pull away there, my lads," and we shot into the surf.

Hitherto all had been careless on board, and jests had been flying plentifully about, but as we dashed into the troubled vortex every man in the boat felt that a crisis was at hand, which, though voluntarily met, was not the less dangerous, and accordingly the deepest silence pervaded all, broken only by the noise of the oars and the quick orders of the lieutenant.

"Larboard," shouted Tiller as he stood up waving his hand, "larboard a little more," and riding on an enormous wave we were whirled into the heart of the surf, with two gigantic billows madly pursuing us on our quarter. For a moment we thought the crisis passed, but all at once the wave seemed to lose its impetus, and gliding from beneath us broached us almost broadside to, while the foremost of our pursuers dashed against us and heeled us nearly over into the abyss. The other one was scarce a fathom off, we were losing all command of the boat, and could see with horror-struck countenances the wild gulf below, when a voice came from our colleague outside the surf,

"Look out, there's a shark on your quarter," and at the same instant Tiller, perceiving the imminency of our danger, thundered,

"Larboard, hard—ease off there,—larboard harder, for God's sake, down!" but the poor coxswain, startled by the ill-timed warning from the other boat, and conscious of the terrible situation in which we were, lost, for a moment, all command of his faculties, and before he could regain them sufficiently to obey the command of his officer, the other wave had struck us full on our broadside, and in another instant, with a wild cry of horror, we found ourselves struggling in the tumultuous surf.

When I rose to the surface I struck boldly out, but the sight that met my eyes I shall never, never forget. The boat was already broken in pieces, and the fragments tossing wildly about, while her venturous crew were struggling here and there in the breakers. A poor fellow was just ahead of me buffeting the current which was setting strongly out, and gazing with agonising looks on a huge shark that lay eyeing him basilisk-like, just without the surf. The horror-struck man looked at the distant shore, then at his foe, then struck his arms wildly out, and as he felt the current gradually sweeping him, despite his fearful struggles, nearer to his terrible enemy, he screamed aloud for succor. But it was in vain. The other boat ventured as near as it could, but it would have been madness to have come closer. They called to him to strike aside and get more out of the current, but by this time the poor wretch was so alarmed that he scarcely knew what he did, and after a few desperate efforts, he gave a quick, shrill shriek, flung his arms wildly on high, and disappeared suddenly under the water. The next instant the blood-red hue of the surface told the horrid cause. All this had not occupied an instant, and it was with a quaking heart that I turned aside and struck away desperately for the shore. I felt that there was little hope of escape, but I was a good swimmer, and as long as I could command my faculties I knew I had at least some chance of reaching land. To do this I hastily scanned the prospect around me in order to escape the current, and find a place where the surf rolled in less frightfully. Here and there I saw a companion buffeting the wild tumult of waters, and out to sea several were being picked up by the other boat. But the horrid sight I had just witnessed forbade all further escape from that quarter, and I was just turning to plunge headlong through the surf when I heard a faint cry beside me, and saw poor little Harry struggling not two fathoms off. He seemed almost exhausted, and unable to make any headway against the set of the current, appeared striving only to keep his head above the water.

"For the love of Heaven," he cried, "Mr. Seyton, here!" but as I dashed toward him the noble boy suddenly cried, "save yourself—I'm getting weak—tell mother and Fanny I died thinking of them."

"Courage, courage," I cried, "I'll be there in a minute, my brave lad," and I strained every nerve to reach him, but the current was so powerful that it baffled for a while my most desperate efforts. One while the surf would sweep us far apart, and now dash us almost together. I saw with joy, however, that I gradually neared the gallant little boy. The boat outside meanwhile perceived our situation, and her crew fired with enthusiasm, cheered as they bent to their oars determined at all risk to succor us.

"Seyton,—hillo," shouted the lieutenant, losing sight of us for a minute, "come outside, quick—for your life!"

I was now almost up to little Harry, who still continued supporting himself in the water with weary strokes and rapidly failing strength, when suddenly our companions in the boat shouted,

"The shark! the shark!" and the huge monster shot along not twenty yards off between us and our only hope the boat. I had not before noticed that in my efforts to reach Broughton, the current had been sweeping us more to sea, and I now saw with horror as I made two or three desperate strokes, that I had got into the same tide which had proved too powerful for the poor wretch a few minutes before. My brain reeled as I looked. The boat was rapidly approaching, but the surf was too wild to suffer it to come to where we were, and between us the frightful monster venturing as close

in as he dare, was sailing to and fro waiting for the tide to sweep us out.

"I'm going, Seyton, I cannot stand it any longer—Oh! my poor mother and sister—God forgive me my sins," faintly said little Harry.

"Hold on a minute for Heaven's sake!" I cried, for I was already within a yard or two of the sinking boy.

"Hold on," thundered the lieutenant from the boat, "we'll be there if we die for it—give way lads, for a life, hurrah!"

But the poor little fellow had held on till nature was completely worn out, and casting a wild look on all around, he faintly ejaculated, "my mother, sister—oh, my God!" and then with a convulsive jerk of his arms sank like lead into the waters. The next moment I would have been by his side.

"Give way, give way, give way," roared the lieutenant wildly as he waved on his men.

"Come on, for God's sake, come on," I shouted as I dived.

But alas! my search was unsuccessful, and when I rose to the surface, I was far away from the spot where Broughton had disappeared, and nearing with frightful rapidity the monster on the edge of the surf, who was already poising his huge body to turn upon his prey. The boat was struggling in the surf a few fathoms off, but it was yet too distant to promise any effective aid. I looked hurriedly and with agony around, but no other help was nigh. Never shall I forget the emotions of that instant. A cold, dead, sickening sensation came across my heart, my brain reeled, my joints grew weak, and my arms seemed to refuse their duty, as I felt that the most gigantic exertions did not increase the rapidly lessening space between me and the ferocious monster. I could see his vast fins appearing and disappearing just ahead of me, and almost feel the lashing of his huge tail as it beat impatiently against the waters. He was now nearly at my side. I made one last, desperate, but vain effort to buffet the current, and giving up my hopes of this world and all I loved, I breathed a silent prayer for mercy to God, and shut my eyes upon the terrible enemy before me. A moment that seemed years ensued,—a moment of torture more horrid than I ever had conceived, when a loud, sharp cry rung out just behind me, and at the same instant a coil of rope fell beside me as a voice called out in broken English,

"*Hold on!*" and clutching the cord mechanically, I felt myself drawn rapidly in among the breakers, while the enormous monster perceiving he was about to be disappointed of his prey, struck the waves wildly with his tail, and dashed like lightning after me.

"In with him, hand over hand," shouted a voice in the boat which had so opportunely arrived, and whirled along with inconceivable rapidity, I felt myself jerked into one of the flat-bottomed boats common on the coast almost as soon as I had grasped the rope. At the same instant a thundering cheer rung from the crew outside the surf—but forgetful of every thing but my wonderful preservation, I fell down on my knees and thanked God that I was alive. When again I looked around, I saw we were riding in upon the surf, and, that the huge monster disappointed of his prey, had suddenly sheered out to sea as we entered the foam of the breakers. We were soon landed safe upon the coast, and I had then time to learn the manner of my deliverance. We had happily been seen, and a boat had put off to rescue us, which had already taken up several of our crew, when they discovered me struggling against the current, and had come at once to my aid, and had I not been so much engaged in endeavoring to save poor Harry, I would have noticed their approach sooner. As it was, only four of our crew were lost. Poor Harry, thank God! was washed on shore that same afternoon, and there was not a dry eye in the ship when they heard of his untimely end. Few of us that would not, at that moment, have died to bring him back to life. Even the old quarter-master wept over his little grave; and the good chaplain, as he read the service with a faltering voice, watered the grave with his tears. Poor little fellow, they laid him there in his narrow home, far from his land and those he loved, and he too so young that he was fitter to be by his mother's side than buffeting the fearful surf. * *

SECRET LOVE.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"MAKE room—give her air—has any one salts?" were the cries that rang through the crowded ball room, startling the careless lookers on, and even arresting the dancers. The music stopped, and a rush was made toward one of the windows.

"Who has fainted?" asked my aunt.

"I don't know," replied a passer by.

"I believe it is Miss Henley," said a third, hastening forward with a glass of water.

"Miss Henley," replied my aunt, turning to me, "then I know it all. Poor, poor girl!"

"What do you mean," said I.

"Come hither into the balcony, where we will be unobserved, and I will tell you."

We stepped out into the night. Calmly and beautifully the moon was sailing on high, silvering the garden trees around, and flinging her mystic beams in patches along the gravel walk; while a light wind, ruffling the leaves pleasantly, and fanning my forehead with its cool breath, wantoned around. The contrast with the glare and bustle within was striking. We lingered a few minutes on the portico, but one or two persons approaching, we descended into the garden, and it was while walking to and fro in one of the paths, that my aunt related the following story.

"Amy Henley is one of the meekest of her sex, and four years ago, when she was just eighteen, few could vie with her in amiability or accomplishments. Nor is she without personal attractions, though these alone, perhaps, would never have distinguished her above the crowd. She has but one defect—she is somewhat lame. The deformity which produces this is, however, so slight that it is never betrayed except when she walks. But, if she is unfortunate in this respect, her richly stored mind and her fine imagination amply compensate for it. Indeed none can converse long with Amy Henley without being fascinated, and perhaps few girls have had more suitors, many of them such as any woman could be happy with. But it has been Amy's misfortune to form a secret attachment which has long controlled her heart, and which, I grieve to say, has ended in disappointment. But let me go back to the time when Amy was scarcely seventeen, and when no sorrow had ever dimmed her beautiful brow.

"The residence of her parents at that time was in the country, at a spacious and elegant mansion on the banks of the Susquehanna. They had but two children, Amy and her brother Henry, now the lawyer, whom you have met. At that time he had not finished his collegiate course, and, like all undergraduates, had a bosom friend, with whom you also have a slight acquaintance, Albert

Morford. As Henry always spent the vacations at home, and as Morford was an orphan, and had no friends to go to, an invitation was given him to accompany Henry to Henley Hall, and accordingly he came. You know that he is generally admired by our sex, is talented, and has peculiarly winning manners. He soon fascinated the whole household, even to the servants, and with the old folks he was indispensable. A few generous acts of charity, springing from a feeling heart, had recommended him to the mother; and his daring in field sports, for which Mr. Henley entertained a passion, established him in the heart of the father. Then he was always affable and kind, ever ready to yield his own pleasures to those of others, in short the very person to visit at a country seat in a somewhat secluded district. Nothing could be done without him. His advice was asked on every occasion, and, when he concluded his visit, his praises were trumpeted daily by the family until his return at the ensuing vacation. And for a while even Amy was as fervent, if not as loud, as any.

"The second visit of Morford established him, if possible, in greater favor than his first. He hunted with the father—he conversed respectfully with the mother—he was obliging to all the servants, but especially to the housekeeper—and he was always, when disengaged from the others, at the service of Amy, to read to her, ride with her, or attended her in her errands of charity around the neighborhood. Yet these attentions were always characterized by a frankness which precluded the idea that he was in love with her, though at length Amy, ignorant of the world, and endowed with a too susceptible heart, began to think otherwise. Poor girl! she had seen little of human nature, except as it existed in her own family, and she fondly dreamed that was a representative of the great world without.

"'Tell me not that men are as you describe them,' she said one day to Morford, when he had been picturing man as he exists in our own cities, 'for if you speak the truth—if there is so much hollow-heartedness, deceit, and wrong in this world, I wish not to live.'

"To a girl of such sentiments—so romantic and susceptible—Albert Morford was a dangerous companion. Not that he would knowingly have trepanned her affections from her, for his was a nature incapable of such baseness, but then his constant attentions to her—and she was at that age when attentions alone are almost irresistable—united to his eloquence, his manly beauty, his finished manners, and the reputation he enjoyed for talent, gradually established an interest in her heart, even before she was aware of it. Day and night she thought of him, all unconscious to herself, for as yet she knew not what love was, and innocently regarded it as the most natural thing in the world that she should think of her brother's bosom friend. It was not until the second year of Morford's visits that she even knew she loved him, and then, the delay of his arrival for a week' coupled with the knowledge that he had gone to the Springs with a distant cousin, who was said to be extremely beautiful, first aroused her to the state of her heart, by filling her with a strange uneasiness, which often subdued her to tears, and which at length she knew to be jealousy, that sure symptom of the presence of love—though, by the bye, love often exists without it. From this hour the unhappiness of Amy began. Hitherto she had never known sorrow, but life had been to her a beautiful dream. Now all was changed. Once aware of her love for Morford, she was tormented by continual doubts whether that affection was returned. At times she would imagine that he loved her, and then again she feared that he did not. Oh! how she watched his every movement—how she listened to catch the tone in which he spoke—how she looked for his return at dinner or supper when he had gone out with her father, brother or others. But still his demeanor was a puzzle to her, for unsophisticated as she was, she could not perceive that his attentions were only those of a near friend, and thus, exhilirated by one thing to-day and depressed by another to-morrow, she lived on, loving deeper and deeper every hour of her existence. Often a word casually dropped by Morford, and to which he attached no meaning, would afford her food for delicious thought for hours; and then another word, uttered with as little thought, would cause her a sleepless night and a pillow wet with tears. Our sex is not understood by the other, for how much would they prize our love if they knew the agony of heart we suffer at times, even when the passion is reciprocated. A light word or passing jest, forgot by a suitor as soon as uttered, has wrung many a maiden's heart with torture for hours, nay days and weeks, until explained. But I wander from my story.

"Could Amy have read Morford's heart—and had she been more acquainted with the world or with his sex, she could have read it—she would have seen that he did not love her. Yet he admired and esteemed her—admired her for her talents, and esteemed her for her amiability. Had it not been for that unlucky lameness he might even have loved her; but Morford was quite as romantic, in his way, as Amy, and having formed to himself a beau ideal of a wife, in which personal beauty, or at least an absence of deformity was regarded as essential, he was protected from the arrows of the god, so far as Miss Henley was concerned. It never entered into his thoughts that Amy could love him, simply because he never thought of loving her, and he had none of that despicable vanity which is ever alive to one's own charms, and imagining that others are equally so. Thus days glided into weeks, and weeks became months, and Morford and Amy still continued in this dangerous proximity—the one pleased with the good

sense, accomplishments and virtues of the other, and thinking how dull Henley Hall would be without such an inmate; the other lavishing her whole soul on her visitor, dreaming of him by night and musing on him by day, with an adoration of which only a first love, and that love secretly indulged, is capable. Growing with her youth, and strengthening with her strength, the passion of Amy for Morford soon came to form a part of her being—to be so inextricably interwoven with her every thought that their separation would be death. Alas! for her.

"Thus time passed. Again and again they met and parted, and still Morford was ignorant with what devotion he was regarded by Amy. At length an incident happened to open her eyes.

"During one of his visits to Henley Hall, a ball was given in the neighboring country town, and, as it was to be a festive occasion of unusual splendor, it was resolved that the whole family should go. Amy never looked better, nor was in better spirits, than during the ride there, and for some time after she entered the room. It is true, her infirmity prevented her from dancing, but she loved to gaze on others engaged in this graceful pastime, and her accomplishments and conversational talents soon drew around her a little circle of admirers. It was now that Morford, who had been her attendant thus far, stole from her side, for he had noticed in another part of the room a lady of extraordinary beauty, who had been known to him by sight a long time, and to whom a mutual friend had promised him an introduction. They were now presented to each other, and Morford soon found that all he had heard of her wit, eloquence and accomplishments had not exaggerated them. He was soon completely fascinated by his new companion. They talked together, they promenaded together, and they danced together, and it was not long before he forgot even that Amy was in the room. He was soon, however, recalled to the fact. Amy had followed him with her eyes on his retirement from her circle, and all at once it was noticed that her spirits deserted her. This was when Morford was presented to Miss Wevill. His interest in her soon became apparent to the keenly sensitive heart of Amy, and she watched their movements with feelings that no words could describe. Her cheek now deadly pale and now flushed with crimson, would have revealed her secret to any keen observer, who had known the circumstances of her intimacy with Morford. But none such were there. She made several efforts to control her emotions, but all in vain. She saw that Morford loved her not, for there was a devotion in his every look when speaking to his companion, which he had never shown to her. At length her physical nature could understand her agonized emotions no longer, and when he and Miss Wevill swept by in the dance, both so deeply occupied with each other that Morford seemed to have forgotten where Amy sat and passed her without a look, she could endure it no longer, but placing her hands on her heart, rose to leave the room. Before, however, she had advanced many steps, a deathly sickness came over her, and she fell fainting to the ground. A general cry of alarm broke from the spectators, and then Morford's attention was attracted to the insensible girl. He ran to her, and was among the most active in restoring her; but when she opened her eyes, and saw who it was tha stood by her, she turned away with a shudder. On her retiring he would have accompanied her to the carriage, bnt she shrunk from him with undisguised aversion. Her mother now, for the first time, understood her daughter's heart, for what woman could shut her eyes to these symptoms? Morford too saw all.

"I have but little more to add. Morford did not return to the Hall that evening, and on the ensuing day left that portion of the country. He had no heart to bestow on Amy, even if he could have loved her, which estimable as she was, he could not; for, alas! love is a thing we cannot control, and makes slaves of us all. But it was a year before he renewed his acquaintance with Miss Wevill, so shocked had he been by the result of that evening's devotion to her. Nearly another year elapsed before their marriage, which, you know, occurred about a month ago.

"And since that fatal evening Amy has pined away. Change of scene has failed to bring the sunshine back to her heart or the smile to her eye. She has been, with her parents, to Niagara, and is now on her return home. It is most unfortunate that our fair hostess was ignorant of her story, else she never would have invited her and Mr. Morford here on the same evening. I have no doubt that this unexpected meeting with him and his bride has proved too much for the acute feelings of Amy—but let us go in again, and I will find an opportunity to enquire."

It was as my aunt said.

A few words, and this sad story is closed forever. Amy never looked up again. The marriage of Morford had been kept a secret from her, and this startling annunciation of the fact proved too much for a frame already wasted with sorrow, and a heart long since buried to this world. She went home, and as fall drew on, an alarming cough made its appearance, the sure premonition of consumption. The snows of December fell on her grave.

If we are desirous to meditate on the past, or look into the mysterious future, there is no place better fitted for the purpose than the lonely woods—remote from town and hamlet.

MY SISTER'S GRAVE.

It was one of the last days of March. The earth had already, for the most part, bared its bosom to the revivifying influences of the breezes of the vernal season, while the brilliancy of the few remaining spots of snow, as they reflected the rays of the sun, now descending from his meridian, bespoke that they too must soon yield to the power of warmth. Not a cloud interrupted the mild beauties of the sky, while every tree, though as yet destitute of the least signs of vegetation, seemed to smile with gladness, as it reflected the Creator's glories.

On such a day I was making one of my vacation rambles through the broad and beautiful valley of O——— C———. To the student who has long been confined within the gloomy walls of College—who has been accustomed to its dusky halls—to its rigid discipline—its stereotyped routine of duties—who has been poring for months over the musty, time-worn pages of ancient lore—to him, I say, nature has a sweetness—a delicious charm which it has to few. Like an uncaged bird his spirit soars away on gladsome pinions, revelling in those felicities peculiar to its being. What though the verdant green of May, with its host of flowers be wanting? He finds in his soul a chord which yields to the feeblest touch—a sympathy with the slightest external influence. He has a satisfaction in the joyful presages of such a day which others might not experience amid all the glories of summer—the earth in its robe of green—the forest in its rich foliage, enlivened by the music of the feathered choir.

To me, the scenes before me had peculiar interest. This was my native valley. Those hills were the first objects of my remembrance. Just below was the spot I once called home.

Pensive and solitary, I wandered on. I had visited, during the day, some of my early companions; but although I had been absent for some time, I excused myself from long calls: for notwithstanding that I am naturally fond of society, I felt a peculiar preference, that day, to being alone. There was no want of objects with which to occupy my thoughts. Every spot, every shrub was consecrated by some endearing recollection. There was the school-house, to which I had often repaired for the delightful engagements of school; where I so often greeted the smiling countenance of my teacher—a man of a very different order of mind from that possessed by too many whose professed business it is "to teach the young idea how to shoot." He had an eye to perceive, a soul to appreciate the delicate workings of the young mind—he cherished with fondest care its infant aspirations, directing them to the noblest objects. There was the play ground, where I had disported myself, during hours of respite, with my young mates. I could even fancy that I heard the jolly shouts of the thoughtless group, as they, with elastic spirits, with hearts free from ease, bounded over the turf—while the thought occurred to me, where are they now?—and I need not say that the big tear frequently gushed from my eye.

With such feelings, I at length found myself at the grave-yard, where the early settlers of the country, of whom were my parents, had been accustomed to "bury their dead out of their sight." This place—the abode of the departed—though it has so often been celebrated in the lay of the poet, will ever afford new subjects of interest to the meditative imagination. But now I did not pause to reflect that in this spot might be laid

> "Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;"

that in this yard, sequestered to be sure, where mouldered the dust of those who had occupied the ordinary walks of life, might lay buried some one who, by due cultivation, and the favors of fortune, might have filled the chief offices of the nation, and moved in the highest walks of society—none of the ten thousand ordinary reflections did I indulge—there was one feeling which pervaded my whole soul—under whose influence I repelled every other impression. There, beneath that green sward, now nearly levelled with the adjacent ground—shaded by a broad marble slab, on which were two inscriptions, lay mingling with earth the remains of my only sisters!

My sisters! I start at the sound of the faint whisper which escapes my lips. Were there ever those beings on earth of whom I could say—they are my sisters? Oh, it must be a deceitful vision with which I am beguiled! It *cannot be* that ever the day was when I was thus happy.

I approached the head stone and read the inscriptions—their names, the times of their death, and their ages—a flood of subduing recollections came over my soul! I was but three years old when Anna, my elder sister, was buried, yet fresh in my memory were the circumstances connected with the melancholy ceremony. There was the coffin slowly lowering into the grave—there the newly heaped up mound under which Cornelia had lain for three short weeks—there the sorrow-stricken parents, whom not the strong consolations of Christian hope could restrain from a flood of grief:—yonder stood in a row ten or twelve—I cannot now say whether lads or young men; but their situation I could point out exactly, and their very dress I could describe. The neighbors, young and old, were looking on with weeping eyes—for Anna, they say, was a lovely girl—she was beloved of all who knew her.

Cornelia was an infant of a few months when the icy hand of death was laid upon her: Anna was eleven years old. Having long been an only daughter, she

was the peculiar regard of her fond parents, and her older brothers—the pride of their hearts. For, whether from partiality I knew not, Anna was thought to give high intellectual promise. Certainly she was of a lovely disposition. She loved her brothers ardently—she showed her love by every little means in her power: they, in turn, never would cross her will—they would yield to her slightest wishes; in short, her affection was by no means unrequited. Oh, what must be that brother's heart, who can trifle with the feelings of a loving sister, pleased with the society of any other young lady rather than hers! Truly, I have thought of such, you are unworthy of the felicity in your power. Had I the envied possession—but who knows the deceitfulness of the heart? Perhaps, though now grieving the deprivation, I might have abused the enjoyment of the blessing.

But to return—keen must have been the dart which pierced those brothers' hearts who had sustained such a loss. The wound it caused would refuse to be healed. They have no other sister to fill the place of her of whom they have been deprived. Oft have I heard them in after years speak of their sister till tears would roll profusely down their cheeks. She was a most dutiful child, yielding implicitly to her parents, and participating in turn largely both in a father's and in a mother's love. For three years, likewise, she had been the subject of frequent and violent illness. A distress in her head had sometime previous to her death deprived her of sight. The solicitude occasioned by such afflictions naturally draws closer the ties which bind a child to the parent's heart. But in her were blasted darling hopes. Parents are inclined to look to a daughter as destined to be the solace of their old age. The son may—amid the exciting scenes of business—of the political world, be forgetful of his filial duties; but in the daughter such conduct is so unfrequent, and withal so incongruous, that we are apt to regard her who exhibits it as a *monster* rather than a human being. But now the bud of promise had been plucked by the ruthless hand of the destroyer, just as it began to open and develop its hidden beauties. My father was a man peculiarly "made for the stern hour of strife;" but this one grief he ever indulged—it could not be soothed. And oh how often have I heard my mother relate, with swelling bosom, narratives of her child; delighting to show the little products of her labor; to repeat the sentiments which she uttered—far above her age, the passages of poetry of which she was fond.

Think you, reader, that I did not participate in this common grief? Oh do not thus wrong my young feelings. I loved my sister; I was loved by her. You have doubtless noticed the affection of a sister for her younger brothers. I was her only younger brother, and enjoyed her love undivided. I had seemingly no other companion. I was ever with her—after she was deprived of sight I led her about the neighborhood,—yes, I had sorrow. Too young, to be sure, for that sentimentalism in the indulgence of which sorrow often vanishes into mere empty affectation; mine was the pure—the ingenuous sorrow of the heart.

Some years after my mother gave me the following narrative. The little girls of the neighborhood used to visit my sister often, and construct small play-houses for her diversion. A few days before her death quite a company were assembled—the circumstance I remember well, but not the time—and had constructed several. The day succeeding her burial, after having lain some time pensive and silent, on a bed, with my eyes turned toward the door opening into the yard where they were standing, I at length rose and said, "Mother, now sister is dead, I shall not want any thing more of the play-houses. I have a mind to take them down if you are willing, mother." Having obtained her assent, I went about it and piled up all the materials of which they were composed, with much care.

But still of my sisters I can have only an imperfect recollection. A single incident in the life of the younger, a dozen or more in that of the elder, the funeral ceremonies of each, is all I remember. Nor do I recollect the occurrence of a single incident for more than a year after their death. The intensity of my infant feelings is, perhaps, the only reason why memory clings, with so tenacious a grasp, to the circumstances connected with them. I gradually awoke into life, and these seem as the disordered visions of some frightful dream. Now I am surrounded by reality. I am in a grave-yard, where the dead *have* been buried,—where lie many with whom I once associated. Here reposes the dust of my sisters. For twenty summers the wild flower has bloomed upon their peaceful graves; and I have become transformed from the vacant, thoughtless child, into the sober, reflecting man—I am surrounded, I say, with reality. Mine is a *real* sorrow. Stoicism might despise and forbid the indulgence of grief for the loss of friends, from whom we never should have derived benefit had their lives been spared to us; but me it will admit to have sustained a *real loss*. And oh, if the mingling of any selfish with other feelings be ever tolerable, it will be pardoned in me at present on this occasion! Were the stroke which deprived me at once, as it were, of my only sisters, a fatality I could not be reconciled. But it is from the hand of Providence, "Who sueth not as man sueth;" "Who does all things well;" and I should "be still and know that he is God."

Yet surely never was boy more blessed than I should have been if my sisters had remained alive. I can fancy to myself a beautiful picture of childhood and youth: Anna, eight years older than myself, would have joined a sister's love to something like maternal care. Her eye would have been ever over me; and for the supervi-

sion of my conduct which she would have ever exercised, her qualities would have rendered her invaluable. Cornelia, near three years younger, would have been my companion. With her I should have disported among the early flowers of spring, the fuller beauties of summer, and the mature glories of autumn.

But I turn from a picture fraught only with the idlest fancies! Such felicities were never mine, I never enjoyed a sister's care—I never knew a sister's love since I was old enough to appreciate them. That kindly—that frank—that unceremonious intercourse, associated with sincere mutual regard, which I have witnessed between brother and sister—I have only looked upon to envy. But here I stand by the graves of *my* sisters—I remember well when they were consigned beneath this turf, and I hastily glance over the cheerless desert through which I have since passed—I am no misanthrope—I am not out of love with life, I see something lonely in it when considered in view of our future state—of our relations to the Deity, and to our species. If a tinge of melancholy affects my character it is but from sympathy with my circumstances. Yet these are causes of sorrow in this accursed world—baffled projects, disappointed hopes, bereavements, thoughts of which sicken the heart. Here was one destined to give a coloring to all my after life. Much, very much influence I feel it to have had on my character, on my happiness hitherto; much yet it is to have. Yes, to a young man destitute of the meliorating enchantment of a sister's love, many of the purest founts of virtuous feeling remain sealed. Every man of sensibility must appreciate the society of the gentler sex—he will "seek the sympathy of the female heart." Woman is made "the ornament of his happier hours," his solace in adversity. Her placid loveliness smoothes and softens the asperities of his nature. But with whom can the young man associate as with his sister? Who so watches over his character and conduct? On whom can he depend as being so faithful to tell him his faults? And whose admonitions can he so regard as prompted by pure affection and sincere good will? There is an openness of heart, and a familiarity between brother and sister, which propriety forbids in the intercourse of others. There is a confidence not elsewhere to be found. There can be no suspicion of heartlessness, or art and duplicity in their intercourse; and while the brother feels that the heart of her with whom he is conversing is free from hypocrisy, his own is made better, and is filled with the holiest delight, as he experiences the overflowings of female love, and witnesses the ingenuous developments of female virtues.

If there is a feeling on earth allied to that of beings above, it is the fervent, devoted love of a sister for her brother—so pure, so uncontaminated with any selfish or unworthy motive. If he is sick, who bends with faithful sympathy over his pillow? If absent, who looks with fond and anxious solicitude for his return? If calumniated, who first appears in vindication of his character? If vexed with the cares and the disquietudes of life, who pours into his agitated bosom the genial oil of consolation? Who observes with such solicitous regard, and seeks to correct any impropriety in his conduct? Next to a mother's unquenchable love that of a sister is pre-eminent.

To me, at this time, such love would have been peculiarly desirable—for a *father's* care and a *mother's* love I could no more enjoy! A little more than two years before I had seen my mother consigned to the grave, I could not wish her back.

> "Afflictions sore long time she'd bore."

I felt that, removed to a better land from a world in which for years she had experienced little but pain, she was now resting in the happy embrace of her Saviour. A few months before my father had gone to join her; and the wound was still fresh and bleeding in my bosom. I was by his bed side when the lamp of life went out.

> "In saw in death his eyelids close
> Calmly as to a night's repose."

From them I was now separated. No longer could I enjoy their sympathy and prayers—and must I too be destitute of a sister's? Oh, when I hear my school-mates tell of going to their homes, while there is no spot on earth which I can, with propriety, call by that hallowed name—when they exhibit the tokens of affection furnished by a sister's hand, an arrow pierces my heart, "the poison of which drinketh up my spirits." And when among strangers, encountering the rude buffets of the world, realizing "how hard it is to find true sympathy, how few love us for ourselves,"—I say when in such circumstances, I hear a sister express her deep solicitude for an absent brother, her concern lest sickness should befall him where he must be attended by stranger hands, and her own could not administer to his comfort—lest misfortunes should come upon, and her sympathy could not soothe his heart, and feel that there are no such regards—such solicitudes for me, a withering influence chills my soul. Truly, I think, detached from all the sympathies of existence, that, like some abandoned bark, I am driven about on the tempestuous ocean of life. Before me were now the sad mementoes of my blighted joys; and my spirit instinctively panted for that blessed region into which sorrow and disappointment do not enter, where I might rejoin those I had loved on earth.

The sun was fast sinking behind the western hills, and as I had an engagement to spend the night with my early teacher, mentioned above, who lived in the immediate vicinity, I left the grave-yard where were the memorials of my blasted hopes—again "to mingle among the jostling crowd,"—to experience clearer evidence the depth of my misfortune in that early bereavement, the loss of my sisters.

THE SMITHS.

BY BENJAMIN B. THOM.

Reader, whoever you are that may be fortunate enough to commence reading this paper, whether old or young, male or female, I am about to give you advice for which you ought to bless me, and an admonition for which you should reverence me: the advice and the admonition are equally brief—"beware of the Smiths," and do this whether they come to you in the abbreviated appellation of "the Smiths," or extend themselves into the elongated designation of "the Smythes." Credit me, they are all the same; and once you permit a Smith to shake hands with you, you will have the whole tribe upon you. After so fatal a calamity as being on friendly terms with a Smith, you might as well think of driving away a swarm with the queen bee settled on your head, as banishing the Smiths, that is, if unfortunately you have a roof to shelter them.

Somebody has said, but my mind is so confused with the Smiths that I cannot tell by whom, that "History is the best teacher, as all her precepts are enforced by example." Let me then be my own historian, in order that the world may be taught by my misfortunes. Poor, innocent, happy, ignorant youth that I was! There was a time when all appeared gay and smiling around me. Blessed with health, I thought Peter's Pills a humbug; and as to Rowland's Macassar Oil, I considered it an egregious delusion; for my thick, dark hair twined in natural curls around my then unwrinkled brow. Possessing a sufficient fortune, not only for my wants, but even enough to gratify my wishes, I had troops of friends, and enjoying excellent animal spirits, whatever I said was declared *by them* to be "excellently jocose," and "wonderfully witty." Alas! those good times are gone by. My health is impaired, my money is nearly expended, my friends have disappeared, and I am moody and melancholy, for—*I have married a Smith!*

It is now, I feel, somewhat more than three centuries; but, according to that heartless time-keeper, the calendar, something less than three years, since ill luck brought me to the evening party where I first saw her, who now, most inappropriately terms me "lord and master." The fair lady destined to be my future spouse was sitting lonely and deserted. I must admit that she was young and handsome. I enquired why she was so forsaken, and the answer given was, that she was "one of the Smiths;" that her family were high, proud, it was reported, rich, and, it was known, as innumerable as the green leaves in the summer woods. "Deaf as the adder" was I to the kind friends who thus forewarned me. My fate was fixed. I asked the enchanting Felicia Ophelia Smith to be my partner in a quadrille. She was small as a fairy, light as a fawn, lovely as a nymph. I admired her in "advancing," I was captivated in the "*balancé*," and heart-stricken in a "*dos à dos*." Every step she took was a new knot in the bands of Hymen, and I am now tied neck and heels, with all the Smiths, to the third and fourth generation, capering over me.

I know not whether Soloman or any other wise man has remarked that which my sad fate has taught me, that "the days of courtship are short, though they were to endure for twenty years; while those of matrimony are long, though they should terminate in a twelvemonth." I shall, (for mine is a woful tale) therefore pretermit the few weeks I passed as a lover. They were the rays of the evening star to my day of happiness; and even these were crossed by some clouds. I became the avowed suitor of Miss Felicia Ophelia. By none were my attentions more cordially received than by her venerated father, Samuel Smith, Esq., of Smith Hall, Smithtown, and her eldest brother, Captain Alexander Julius Cæsar Smith. The Captain was none of your stand-off acquaintances; men who measure their bows and graduate their nods with as much nicety as if they were filling out doses of physic—*for themselves*, and with whom proffers of kindness, expressions of regard, and tenders of friendship, are as carefully watched as sovereigns. On the contrary, the Captain, the very first evening he met me, declared he was "body and soul devoted to me;" the next day he shook hands with me, the third day called me by my Christian name, and in a week afterward placed his life and reputation (?) in my hands, by appointing me *his friend*, in as ugly an affair of honor as I ever yet was engaged in. I have entirely too much to say about the Smiths to enter into the details of the Captain's conduct in this transaction. It is sufficient to affirm, that if all the officers in the British army were as careful of their precious lives at Waterloo, as my respected relative, Alexander Julius Cæsar usually was, on all occasions of danger, Napoleon would have supped in Brussels on the evening of the eighteenth of June, 1815. He had in fact, placed himself in that most unenviable of positions, with his name upon every lamp-post in the neighborhood, and an opinion of his "martial propensities," appended thereto. The Captain wanted to fight himself into a good character; and it was my duty to deliver a message to the gentleman who had taken the trouble of describing Alexander Julius Cæsar as being "an exceedingly peaceable individual." Of course the message was declined, and in perfect accordance to the rule in such cases, I had to "call out" the poster, who being an excellent shot, and a very good-natured man, and having some pity on my youth and inexperience, was satisfied in shooting off the skirt of my new black coat, with a decent portion of the leg. My pain, anxiety and trouble, however, were greatly compensated by the

asseverations of Alexander Julius Cæsar, that *his honor* was fully satisfied.

The esteem of Samuel Smith, Esq., for the wounded defender of his heir's reputation was openly manifested in my regard, and displayed itself to such an extent, that, at the very first visit I paid to his house, upon my recovery, he said he should always treat me "as one of the family," and in proof of that, he "felt no hesitation in asking me for the loan of five hundred dollars." The money was given, and his high opinion of me was shown in his jumping at my offer for his daughter's hand, apprising me, however, that her dowry, of which he would not state the amount, but gave me to understand it was "*worth* some thousands," would not be paid until—his demise. I may as well remark here, that since I married, old Smith seems to be growing younger every day. He is a perennial plant, ever blooming. He has a cruelly good constitution. He rises regularly at an early hour in the morning, lives upon vegetables, drinks no wine, and never affords the evening dews a fair opportunity of catching him with a cold, or even giving him a slight touch of rheumatism. There is, in short, every appearance of his living for ever, and of my coming into possession of his daughter's fortune the day after the day of judgment.

But let me hasten to the sad crisis of my fate. I was —I have been—alas! I *am* married to Felicia Ophelia (no longer) Smith. At the breakfast on the day of my wedding, there was no room at any of the tables for one of the very few friends of my own I had invited—all the places were occupied by the Smiths. There was a shopful of "favors," and a wagon-load of bride cakes exhausted on them alone. The county appeared to me to be covered with a shower of white ribbons; and yet no human being wore them, but those bearing that detestable name. Hills of confectionary were brought to the level of a railway by their insatiable stomachs; they were the harpies at the feast, and their claws clutched every thing eatable. That morning, an hour after I had been married, and with the kiss of my virgin bride fresh upon my lip, I saw all the horrors of the sad future before me. I saw that I was cut off from friends, kindred, country, pleasure, peace, quiet, happiness, and banished amongst the Smiths. I was Gulliver, and my companions, Yahoos. They wished me "happiness," and I wished them in Timbuctoo. My old household gods I beheld displaced, and crammed down the hideous maw of the modern Smith Juggernaut, which was set up as the only idol to be worshipped at my hearth. I abandoned my own home to pass the honeymoon, as I thought, in a quiet, retired village; and as I drove from the door all cried out, "Joy, joy!" after me; but to my ear the words came metamorphosed to "Smith, Smith!"

Before I was a week married, I discovered that *my* Felicia Ophelia was devotedly attached to her family—that she prided herself not less on its antiquity and nobleness (for one of the Smiths she assured me had been a Scotch earl) than she did upon the present extent of its ramifications—a Smith being, like a thistle, discoverable in every county, district, and corner of the States. Before my honeymoon had half filled its orb, its happiness was all eclipsed by my failing to express my delight, one morning at breakfast, at having to pay ten dollars postage on letters of congratulation from the Smiths, the Smyths, and the Smythes, who, from the north, south, east, and west, filled the mail-bags (and forgot to pay for their epistles) with the sweetest expressions of superlative love for "their dear Felicia Ophelia, and the amiable partner of her connubial felicity!" I really could not appreciate such costly proofs of the esteem of those whom, I would have been rejoiced to hear had been all engulphed in the Red Sea. Since then, the over fondness of my spouse has rapidly diminished, and before our loves were blessed with a boy, had entirely disappeared. This misfortune happened, even though I paid, without a murmur, for the first month of our marriage, fifteen shillings per diem, at least, for letters from all her relations and kindred.

The first month of marriage "dragged its slow length along," and I returned to my *house*, but *home* no longer. In my absence I found that there had domiciliated themselves there old Mr. Smith and his four sons; for so much was Felicia Ophelia entwined in their affections, that they could not bear the idea of being separated from her, and therefore—*they all came to live with me.* Nothing could exceed the delight and pleasure of my kind-hearted wife at this marked demonstration of their attachment *to her.* She was the first day of our return all joy and spirits, and when she could spare time from chattering with all her dear, beloved relatives, she would recollect herself so far as to speak *at* me. Here again I am greatly afraid I failed in amiability, and particularly so when I discovered that no part of the house was left unappropriated by the Smiths. My study was changed into a sleeping chamber for the old gentleman, as it had a fine, healthy, southern aspect. I admit it, that to rid myself of them, I, knowing my man, and how safe it was to dispute with him, *created*—I cannot even say *made*—a quarrel with the Captain, and kicked him out. That evening, to show her resentment, my wife separated from me, and I had the happiness of passing it alone, and in the room that the atrocious Alexander Julius Cæsar had destined to himself; but I had to abandon it the next morning, for the gallant warrior actually walked in to breakfast, and requested of me—nay, insisted—that *we* should never think of the occurrences of the past night, as "no circumstance would ever induce him to feel an enmity against the husband of his beloved sister!" I resigned myself to

my fate in despair, as I saw that my habitation fitted the Smiths, as the shell does the snail, and that death alone could divide them from each other.

From the time that my house has been thus colonized I have lived in a riot, and breathed in a tumult. My estate and fortune are like an hostile country, "laid under contribution," and the Smiths eat and drink as if they were "quartering on the enemy." To them are offered up hecatombs of oxen, flocks of sheep, and all the tribes of birds that fill the air, from the gorgeous pheasant to the plain plumaged snipe. The fishes in vain seek to hide themselves in the briny deep, or in the darkest nook of the most retired stream. The Smiths bait their hooks, or sink their nets, with my gold, and the stately sturgeon is no more secure from them, than the diminutive white-bait. Before them the septemplicated coat of proof with which nature has armed the turtle, is as weak and fragile as the transparent shell of the shrimp. I never yet have seen the Smiths feeding (eating gives no idea of their voracity); but I have thought that in my case the fable of Cadmus was reversed; with him teeth were changed into armed men—while, for me, men appear to be *changed into teeth!*

Amid all the vexations that I have suffered, I can, however wonderful to say, speak in terms of praise of one of my brothers-in-law, Mr. William Smith. Blessings on his name! for I have never seen his long nose and wide mouth for two entire years. During all that time he has voluntarily vacated his seat, and resigned his bed-room. May prosperity attend him in whatever land he visits; for I have never beheld him since he *borrowed* my best trotter, my matchless Manton, and two of my choicest setters. May he never get tired of them, or may my mare break his neck, or some of those dear delightful "accidents to sporting gentlemen," at the commencement of every shooting season, cover him, instead of a bird, with a double charge of swan shot! So as I never look upon him again, I care not whether he marries a princess, or is snugly encased in his coffin. Even for the short time he has absented himself, I shall "love him while living, and respect him when dead." How different, how vastly different is the propriety of his conduct, from that of my third brother-in-law, Mr. Isaac Newton Smith, who seems to be of the opinion of Tristram Shandy's father, that genius is given with a baptismal appellation; and, as a proof of the profundity of his thoughts, never deserts my library.

Reader, I envy you, if you have not married a Smith —if you have, then *you* can feel for my deplorable condition.

P. S. I have just heard that old Smith died suddenly. His will has been opened, and instead of bequeathing to me the fortune he promised, all he has left me is—*his blessing!* My curse upon the Smiths!

THE SISTER NUN.

It was in the year 18—, when the English army were encamped neai Lisbon, that two British officers paid a visit to the Convent of St. Clara. It enclosed within its walls, at that period, two sisters, beautiful and unfortunate girls, who had taken the vows, which rendered them wretched for life, under circumstances of the most unprincipled deception. Their story interested the feelings, and their beauty gave rise to deeper impressions in the breasts of two romantic young men: and repeated interviews ended in the young officers offering to carry off to England these victims of deception, and there to make them their own for life. The wretched state of the country—the storm of conventual persecution, of all others the most severe and most pitiless—induced the Nuns to give their enterprizing admirers a willing assent. Colonel Pierrepoint and Sir Harry Trelawney were both men of family and fortune; and Constance and Inez de Castro readily believed them men of honor. It was speedily arranged that Colonel Pierrepoint's brother, who commanded a man of war then lying under sailing orders in the bay, should receive the fugitives on board, and convey them to England. There, their lovers were to join them, immediately on obtaining leave of absence.

After almost insupportable delays, the signal that the Andromache would sail on the morrow, and that their lovers would be under the western wall at twelve that night, was perceived in the Convent. The hour, so important to some beating hearts, arrived. The bay of Lisbon lay clear and blue in the summer moonlight; the man-of-war's boat, with muffled oars, was stationed at a little distance from the shore; and the gray massy building in the Convent was distinctly visible through the bending foliage of the lines that surrounded it.

The hour had barely struck, when a female form appeared above the Convent wall. "She's mine," cried Pierrepoint, as the high-minded Constance, to inspire courage in her sister, and show her the example, first descended the rope-ladder. Inez attempted to follow her: but, from some accident never explained, the ladder slipped—she faltered—tottered—and, attempting to grasp one of the buttresses of the wall, fell over into the grounds of the Convent. The scream of agony which escaped her, and the frenzied exclamations of Trelawney, alarmed the sisterhood, who rushed in crowds to the spot, and, after a search, found the insensible Inez. Trelawney was dragged, by main force, from the spot, while Constance was hurried on board the Andromache, which conveyed her to England. There, her lover soon after joined her, but as a *lover* only. The sacred name of wife he faithlessly withheld from her; and, to the agony of being betrayed by the man she loved, were added the most fearful apprehensions for her sister, and the unceasing reproaches of her own heart. Of Inez, or of Trelawney, she could obtain no tidings. Pierrepoint was ignorant, or pretended ignorance, as to what became of either; and, hardly daring to reflect on the fate of her sister, yet hoping that it was happier than her own, she continued to live on. The past only furnished her with a subject of regret; the future with a source of gloomy anticipation.

Three years of her life she had thus dragged on, a cold, deserted, joyless being, unloving and unloved, devouring her sorrows in wretched solitude, with every capacity for happiness turned inward on herself and converted into so many sources of the most exquisite misery—when Pierrepoint, coming, unexpectedly to a title, and feeling some little compunction towards the woman he had so cruelly deceived, determined on offering her all the reparation in his power, and made her his wife. It was a few weeks after this event, at the opera, blazing with jewels, and adorned as a bride, her person—faded indeed from its former loveliness, but still sufficiently beautiful to be the attraction of the evening—was recognised by Sir Harry Trelawney. An invitation brought him to her box. In a voice hardly articulate from emotion, she asked for her sister.

"Can you bear to hear the truth?" said Trelawney, anxiously.

"Any thing—every thing"—she exclaimed—"but suspense."

He then told her, cautiously, that, disregarding the agony which Inez endured from a limb fractured in two places, the superior, discovering she yet lived, had her instantly conveyed to the Refectory, where the nuns repaired in full assembly:—that thence, without her limb being set, or any relief afforded her, the hapless victim was hurried to the fatal cell, where, between four walls, with her loaf of bread and cruse of water, she underwent the lingering death entailed on broken vows.

"My agony," Trelawney added, "at discovering her fate, you may conceive, but I cannot describe. Her affection—her devotion—her reliance on my honor—all, at this moment, rise before me. In the last words she was heard to utter, she forgave her seducer—he never can forgive himself."

Constance uttered no scream—no shriek—not a sound escaped her—but she was never seen to smile again. With her, the season of hope was at an end. After an ineffectual struggle to stay in a world she could enjoy no longer,—without the ties of children to bind her to society,—without affection to console her,—without friendship to advise her,—she entreated Lord Pierrepoint to loosen his hold on his victim, and allow her to return into a convent. This request her husband—though a libertine in principle, and now without affection for her, yet pleased with the admiration she excited—alternately refused and derided. Perceiving her entreaties were renewed with increasing earnestness, and incensed at Trelawney's communication, in a moment of irritation he

penned a challenge to his former companion; sent it—fought—and fell.

She was now left alone. There was no being in existence who could control her, and she hastened to mature her plans. On the continent, she was aware her life would be endangered; but, hearing that some nuns had formed themselves into a society, in Yorkshire, she requested—and her wealth easily obtained for her—admission. A rigid noviciate, shortened at her own request, being terminated, under the name of Anastasia she took the black veil. Unexampled privations, and the most severe penance, soon triumphed over a constitution impaired by disappointment and corroded by remorse—and, on the second anniversary of her entrance into the convent, the grave shed over her its tranquilizing mould.

THE SIBYL'S PROPHECY.

BY MRS. SARAH H. HAYS.

SLOWLY, in one unclouded blaze of liquid fire, the summer sun was sinking behind the green robed hills of Austria, while his parting rays lingered amid the gorgeous scenery, and shed a flood of "living light" upon the massive walls of Castle Alverstein—walls which in their frowning strength seemed gloomily to defy the storms of ages. Two girls, both young and beautiful, were gazing on the prospect. The elder by her queenly bearing might have been known to be the possessor of this fair domain.

"My sweet Eva," cried the younger lady, in a voice whose tones of joyousness proclaimed that on her young and guileless heart the wing of care had never thrown one darkening shade—"My sweet Eva come and with me enjoy this scene of enchantment."

"Scenes of enchantment," returned her companion with a mournful smile—"scenes of enchantment possess no charms for me; the laughing eye of happy youth can fling its own hue of gladness over the gloomiest prospect; but to the stony gaze of cold despair, a land glorious as a Musselman's dream of Paradise could present no beauty to admire."

"You speak of despair, and smile so mournfully," said Lina; her own playful face assuming an expression of sadness "that I could weep, although I knew not why. Even within the convent walls where together we bent over the classic page and explored the hidden mysteries of science; when first you clasped me to your heart and called me friend, I noticed the cold abstracted gaze with which those eyes so formed to beam with love, and hope, rested on every object; and the quivering look of heartfelt anguish lingering around a lip moulded to wreath with naught but smiles of gladness. And yet young, beautiful, high-born, and independent, what has earth to bestow with which you are not gifted?"

"A draught from the dark wave of 'Lethe's fabled stream.' Oh! Lina, dear and best, could I drown all recollection of the past, fling aside exalted rank, and with to-morrow's dawn begin a new state of existence, even as a bond-woman I might yet be happy."

"Friend of my love," cried Lina, kneeling beside her, and winding her snowy arms around the neck of Eva—"Friend of my love, reveal to me the horrid mystery; oh! without reserve repose your sorrows on the sympathising bosom of your earliest friend."

"Hear me," cried Eva, raising her head and motioning the weeping girl to a seat by her side—"hear me, then, and you are the first, except of the proud race of Alverstein, who has listened to the tale. On such a night as this, in years gone by, the lady of Alverstein reclined upon her luxurious chair within this very balcony. Her eyes were fixed upon the extent of country stretched around, redolent with the beauty of summer; and with all the pride of conscious power, she mused upon the honors of her princely house. Twilight darkened slowly around; but unmindful of the lateness of the hour, and enamored of the dreamy loveliness of the scene before her, she lingered until the sound of approaching footsteps awaking her from her reverie, aroused her to a consciousness of the loneliness of her situation. Turning with the quickness of thought she encountered a pair of glowing eyes, whose snaky glare striking a chill of terror to her heart, sunk her powerless on the seat from which she had arisen. Waving her arm with a gesture of command, a gaunt and spectre-like figure before her sang, or rather chaunted the following words in a low, and sadly solemn voice—

Lady of lordly Alverstein,
In velvet robes and jewels sheen—
A Sibyl to thy haughty face
Predicts the downfall of thy race!
The lord of Alverstein shall die
Where none shall close his glazing eye;
The *heir* of all this wide domain
Shall fall upon the ensanguined plain,
In foreign land shall yield his breath—
Nor friend, nor foeman, near in death!
His heir within the stormy wave
Shall find a cold unhallowed grave;
His orphan flow'r of tender bloom
Shall sleep within an early tomb;
The future dim I truly trace
A *daughter* ends thy lordly race.

"The red glare of the rising moon cast a flood of crimson radiance around as she concluded, and revealing to the awe-struck lady the fiend-like appearance of the unearthly being before her. A shriek which ran fearfully upon the ears of the startled domestics, burst from her lips, and rushing to her assistance they found her motionless upon the stony floor. The rays of the morning sun gleamed through the casement of her chamber, ere consciousness returned to the bewildered faculties of the unfortunate lady; when starting wildly from her couch, she despatched a courier for the Lord of Alverstein, absent on a hunting expedition—and with a frenzied gesture of command bade her attendants explore every recess in the wide grounds, and bring before her any intruder lurking therein. But vainly they searched 'each nook and bushy dell,' the warning Sibyl had disappeared, and forever. Loud and long, ere many days rolled round, did the deep wail of woe echo within these massive walls. From the sports of the hunting, in which he had engaged with all the ardor of youth, the Lord of Alverstein never returned. His mangled form, together with the crushed body of his fallen steed, had been found at the foot of the rocky precipice, surrounded with weeping comrades, by the courier of his lady. With a cry of agony the despairing woman recalled the prophecy written in characters of fire upon her soul—

The Lord of Alverstein shall die
Where none shall close his glazing eye.

"And clasping her fatherless boy to her widowed bosom, she only vowed he should never leave the boundaries of his paternal home. It is vain, however, to contend against destiny—she slept with her fathers on a foreign shore; upon the fatal field which hurried so many of the young and noble of our land to an untimely grave, apart from his followers, and alone and unaided, the 'heir of this wide domain' yielded his dying breath. The lifeless body of my honored father, the gentle and the good, was confided to the billowy sea on his return from a distant and more genial clime, whither he had gone with the vain hope of restoring health to a shattered constitution. With fearful exactness has the prophecy of that friend of darkness been fulfilled, and when I, his orphan child, am at rest in an 'early tomb,' the lordly race of Alverstein will be no more."

It was an age of superstition, and as with a voice scarcely articulate, she concluded, a leaden weight seemed to press upon the young heart of the shuddering Lina—but pausing for a moment to rally herself, she exclaimed with a beaming smile and in her gayest tones,

"Is this the mountain load of misery under which you have been laboring for years? The weighty argument you urge in favor of invariably absenting yourself from a court you are calculated to adorn, and immured within this feudal pile with no companion but that withered duenna, denying yourself all the dear delights of social life? Oh, Eva! deeply I regret that one whose intellectual superiority is so generally acknowledged should thus weakly yield to the dark power of superstition."

She paused, but her words intended to assure, conveyed no consolation to the bosom of her companion. The impressions received in the tender years of childhood could not so readily be effaced. For a moment she made no reply, and the low twanging of a guitar at that instant breaking on the stillness of the evening, effectually precluded farther conversation. Music tunes the chords of the soul to its own harmony; and as with bold and skilful touch the hand of some unseen performer swept over the quivering strings, the following words accompanied in a rich, manly voice, exerted a sweetly soothing influence on the stricken heart of at least one fair and eager listener.

When summer clouds are weeping
O'er bush, and dell, and tree,
When ev'ning winds are sweeping
Through the lone forest free.

When moonbeams soft are streaming
On bending branch and flow'r;
When starlight pale is gleaming
I hie me to thy bow'r.

As music's strains of gladness,
Or dying breezes sweet;
Those tones of thrilling sadness
My raptur'd senses greet.

And pure as in their lightness
The "stars eternal burn;"
On me their mad'ning brightness
Those eyes may fondly turn.

"It is Everard! my brother!" cried Lina, as he ceased to play—"he has preceded the carriages to be despatched by my father, your guardian, to conduct us to Castle Lalenburg; and thus delicately makes known his arrival." Clasping her hands with girlish delight, with the speed and lightness of a fawn away she bounded to meet and welcome him.

A few hours afterward, in a superb saloon, lighted by innumerable lamps, the stately head of the young Everard of Lalenburg, bent in wrapt attention to the tale which by the persuasion of her friend, Eva had again been induced to breathe into a wondering ear. She had finished—but there was no forced enjoyment in the merry laugh which greeted his startled hearers, as the young prince taking the trembling hand of the lovely narrator, exclaimed in a voice whose every tone was glee.

"And is this the secret to which you so darkly alluded? and which I deemed must forever press its palsying weight on all my hopes and happiness?" But assuming a more serious air he continued—"had the sad story of her mournful doom been confided to the Lady Eva at a less tender age, it had not, I trust, thus preyed with withering blight upon a heart, which, in this instance, has proved alas! but too susceptible. At a late period the natural energy of her character, and the riper judgment of mature years, would have enabled her to make inquiries and ascertain facts which must undoubtedly dispel her groundless fears. Dearest lady, the 'heir of Alverstein did not die upon the ensanguined plain,' unaided and alone. The arms of my father's father pillowed his dying head, and with the rude forms of mail clad warriors bending near, he yielded his latest breath. This instance, at least, exposes the falsehood of the random guesses of the moonlight phantom—but again, wonderful to relate, has she spoken with prophetic truth—for truly the race of Alverstein will be no more when the sweet face of its last descendant is smiling in beauty beneath the gem-lit coronet of a Princess of Lalenburg."

Eva spoke not, but the full tide of rapture which rushed from an overflowing heart, to a countenance now animated with hope and happiness, told more than feeble language can express. And when in a few short months, Eva of Lalenburg, the loveliest Princess of the imperial court, was presented at the foot of Austria's throne, what eye in all the bridal train beamed with such laughing joyousness as that of the happy Lina!

THE STAGE BOX BEAUTY.

BY MRS. M. V. SPENCER.

CHAPTER I.

Henry Beauchampe was the son of a decayed gentleman, who, after the due number of attacks of gout, died and left his only child to starvation. But from this evil the young orphan was preserved by a maternal uncle, who, being an old bachelor, and possessing an income far beyond his wants, at once took charge of our hero, and resolved to educate, perhaps to adopt him. Accordingly the young orphan was provided for at a public school, and subsequently at an academy, until his uncle's death, an event which happened just as Beauchampe was entering on his fifteenth year. The death of his patron, however, did not leave Henry unprovided for: indeed the world looked on it as rather a happy event for our hero, since it left him the possessor of an estate worth ten thousand a year. The devise, however, was fettered with one condition. It was made a contingency necessary to the enjoyment of the estate by Beauchampe that he should marry a niece of his uncle, whom the kind hearted old man had adopted a few years after he had done the same act for Henry. This clause, however, afforded no uneasiness to any of the parties, since all reasoned that the young heir would only be too glad to take the estate encumbered by a lovely wife, for the *protègee* of the uncle, although Beauchampe had never seen her, bore the character of being exceedingly beautiful.

Accordingly Beauchampe grew up considering himself the possessor of his uncle's estate, as much as if it was already under his control. Ample provision had been made in the will for the education of the young man. As he was naturally of considerable ability, he passed through college with *eclat*, and at eighteen took his diploma at the head of his class. His guardian proposed that he should devote the three remaining years of his minority, which were generally devoted to the study of a profession, to travelling abroad; and accordingly Beauchampe sailed for Europe under the guidance of a tutor. Here he was absent for two years and a half. It cannot be supposed that travel was without its effect on his mind. But happily he had no common amount of sense, and he passed safely through the temptations of foreign life, without becoming either a fop or a buffoon. Naturally, however, of a poetic, we might say romantic temperament, he increased this tendency by loitering along the vine-clad hills of the Rhine, and listening to the legends of that fascinating region. But, although few men were more romantic at heart, his life of fashion when in the great cities of Paris or London, taught him to disguise his sentiments; and of all the gay companions he met in the *salons* of the great and proud, not one would have suspected his real character.

"Ah! De Burgh," said he, one morning in the Park at London, to a fashionable acquaintance, "you have got back from the continent, and I am glad of it, for I have to sail in a fortnight for New York."

"Indeed—why, I thought you were not going until the season was over, and here it has just begun. Are you serious?"

"Never more so in my life. Time has slipped away so rapidly of late that I find the period when I *must* be in America is close at hand—the more, since I received a letter from my guardian yesterday, in which he hints at my approaching majority, and says it would be but polite for me to be at home ready to fulfil the betrothal which my uncle made for me."

"Ah! I have heard of that—is the lady pretty?"

"She is said to be as beautiful as an Houri!"

"She brings you a fortune, my dear fellow, and that would raise a Gorgon into a Leda," said De Burgh, patting the neck of his restive steed.

"Well, I don't know," said Beauchampe, "but that, if I had ever seen any one to love, I might give up fortune and all. You laugh incredulously. But you little know me. However, since I have never yet felt the passion I may as well marry my uncle's *protègee* as not."

"Ha—ha," said De Burgh, "you are quite resigned! One would think you were about to suffer martyrdom. It is a good excuse—that inability to love. But come to the opera to-night, and we will test whether your heart is made of adamant."

"Why—is there a new prima donna, or is the queen to be there, or will there be a row—what is it? I haven't gone near the opera for a week, having just come up today from Liverpool."

"I went there the hour after I reached town, and shall go there nightly until the opera closes, or this mysterious beauty disappears. Know then that a face appeared in the stage box last night which has set the town mad. Whose it was no one has been able to find out. The manager is deaf to bribes and prayers alike. All we can learn is that she is a guest of some friend of his. At any rate the face is new, and when a glimpse of it can be caught behind the curtain you think you are looking on an angel's. Come to-night and see if your heart will prove unconquerable."

"I accept the challenge," said Beauchampe, and the two friends parted.

CHAPTER II.

"Is she not beautiful?" said De Burgh.

His companion did not seem to heed the question, but gazed, as if transfixed, up to the stage box, where a delicate hand might be seen holding back the curtain. A

minute before the face of the fair owner of that hand had been revealed for an instant; and it was that sight which had called forth the impassioned exclamation of De Burgh.

"Is she not beautiful?" he asked again.

"Heavenly!" was the response of Beauchampe, "when will she be visible again?"

The music went on. The prima donna sang her finest airs, and the orchestra thundered in at the chorus, until the house shook again with applause, but Beauchampe still remained gazing up at the stage box, seemingly unconscious of what was going on around him. That hasty glimpse at the face of the mysterious beauty had touched a new chord in his heart. Why did she so perversely keep herself secluded in the darkest corner of the box, revealing only the fair white hand which, but for the necessity of holding the curtain back, would doubtless have also sought the obscurity of her secluded seat? A half an hour at least had passed since that momentary glimpse of her face. At length when the prima donna had executed one of her most difficult airs, and while pit and boxes were resounding with enthusiastic acclamations, the tiny hand slowly and stealthily drew back the curtain, just affording space for that unrivalled face to look down on the scene.

It was indeed a face to watch for, to dream of, to worship! Soft melting blue eyes, rivalling heaven's own azure; a brow whose transparency surpassed that of Parian marble; cheeks, whose pearly whiteness was saved from monotony by the rosy tint that suffused them; and tresses of that indescribable hue which seems auburn at night, but which when lit by a gleam of sunlight, assumes the hue of gold. Then the rich, ripe, pulpy lips, disclosing, when she smiled, teeth of such exquisite whiteness! This countenance, beautiful thus in repose, was rendered even more lovely when she spoke—as she did occasionally to a companion beside her—by the changing expression which flitted across her face, making it, as it were, a mirror in which every feeling of her soul was reflected. The subject of her conversation seemed an animated one, for her eyes would momently sparkle with merriment, and then her face would relapse again into a comparative repose, reminding the gazer of a quiet pool glimmering from light to shade as the sunshine shimmered down on it through the quivering leaves.

"Who can she be?" said Beauchampe, "I must discover her name. Raphael must have dreamed of such a face when painting his immortal Madonna, for only in that divine countenance is anything even approaching to this to be found."

"She is indeed seraphic," said De Burgh, "and I wonder not that she has interested you. Ah! did I not say she would? But the curtain rises, and there comes the prima donna!"

But Beauchampe saw nothing save that angelic face. In vain the unrivalled Malibran poured forth her liquid melody—in vain the orchestra burst in with a magnificence which has never since been equalled, Beauchampe was wholly insensible to the music, but, half hidden in his box, gazed entranced on the strange beauty. The fervor of his gaze, at length, appeared to attract the notice of her companion, for after a whisper betwixt the two and a glance at Beauchampe, the curtain was once more closed, and the stranger was visible no more that night. Not even the delicate fair hand was left exposed to fire the beholder with dreams of the still more lovely face.

Beauchampe left the house that night with a tumult of strange feelings at his bosom. He had spoken truly when he told De Burgh that he had never loved, for although a beautiful face had more than once made a momentary impression on his fancy, none had ever inspired him with the lasting emotion of love. But now he felt that he had at length been conquered. That face was his fate. For hours after he sought his couch, he lay thinking of this mysterious beauty, and when at length he fell into a troubled slumber, it was only to dream of that seraphic face, looking down, as he had seen it a few hours before, on the glittering scene beneath.

He rose at a late hour still more in love. His first duty was to enquire respecting the occupants of the stage box on the two preceding evenings, but here he found himself foiled. No one knew who the unknown beauty was, except the manager, and he was deaf to all inquiry.

The mystery hanging around the fair stranger only increased the passion of Beauchampe. The adventure was one which aroused his imaginative mind, and he surrendered himself at once to the seductive influence of his new feelings. At the earliest hour the next evening he was seated in a fashionable position to observe the unknown beauty, and he waited with a trembling heart for her appearance. At length a figure passed behind the curtain of the stage box, and in a few minutes that unrivalled face might be seen peeping modestly down on the scene below. It seemed to Beauchampe as if it was even more beautiful than on the preceding evening; especially when, as she turned to address her companion, she emerged a moment from the shadow of the box, so that the full blaze of the lustres shot across her rich auburn tressses, producing an illusion as if a shower of gold had fallen on them. The look which she cast around the house was but momentary however; and ere the curtain rose she had retreated into the shadow of the box, and was no more visible, except when the enthusiasm of the house called her for an instant forward—seeming, in her lustrous beauty, to the eyes of the impassioned Beauchampe, like a meteor lighting up a dark and hopeless prospect.

CHAPTER III.

Night after night found Beauchampe at his post, gazing up at that curtained box with the adoration of an idolater to his divinity! Sometimes its unknown occupant was absent, and at other times she remained perversely invisible. But still the impassioned lover was more than once rewarded by a sight of that fair, lustrous face—and the glimpse, though it lasted but for a moment, afforded food for the thoughts and dreams of a week. Beauchampe no longer went in company with the gay De Burgh, but sought a secluded seat whence he might gaze unnoticed, and drink in the surpassing beauty of that face in selfish silence.

Thus passed a fortnight, and still all the efforts of Beauchampe to discover who the fair stranger was, had proved unavailing. More than once he had endeavored to follow her carriage home, but the vehicle had been as often lost in the press of equipages. He no longer thought of returning to America—at least not for the present. He was resolved first to discover who the mysterious beauty was, that had thus moved his heart for the first time to love. and engrossed every other feeling of his soul into one all absorbing passion.

The opera was about to close, for the prima donna had an engagement in Paris. Yet Beauchampe had made no approach to an acquaintance with the unknown beauty—indeed he was no further advanced toward it than on the first evening he saw her, since he did not even know her name or residence. He determined to make a final effort to trace her.

He had just reached the carriage walk, on the last night of the opera, when he saw the manager approaching, with a lady on each arm, and, though the figures of both were closely shawled, Beauchampe's heart told him that the form of the slighter one was that of the fair stranger. This was the first time that he had succeeded in beholding her before she reached her carriage, and he fancied that he could see that her figure, shrouded as it was, was one of the most exquisite proportions. He saw her, however, only for a moment, ere she stepped into her carriage with her companion, when the manager bowed and the vehicle drove off. Hastily calling a hackney coach, Beauchampe sprang in and ordered the driver to follow the other carriage, but a distance sufficiently great to conceal his object. The carriage of which they were in pursuit, however, drove off so rapidly that it was with difficulty they could keep it in sight, in the devious course it pursued. But this velocity which, more than once, put the pursuers almost at fault, proved in the end a happy occurrence for the lover, since, in rapidly turning a corner the wheels of the carriage struck against a pile of stones and the vehicle was upset. Beauchampe, at this juncture, was but a short distance in the rear, and soon reached the shattered coach, from which he was the first person to extricate the sufferers. Both were much frightened, and the companion of the fair stranger, an elderly lady, had an arm broken. The young lady was, however, uninjured. Beauchampe proffered his services at once, sent the coachman for a surgeon, and handed the ladies into his own carriage, soothing and assisting the sufferer during the remainder of the ride, which happily for the injured lady was a short one. But to Beauchampe it was one of bewildering joy. He breathed the same air with her whom he had so long worshipped, and much as he had admired her beauty at a distance, he now admired her even more for the tenderness which she displayed toward the sufferer.

Beauchampe had the tact when they reached the house, to remain just so long as his services could be of value, and then to retire. The eloquent look of thanks with which the young lady rewarded him, filled him with a joy such only as a lover can appreciate.

The next morning he called to enquire after the sufferer, and if he had been charmed by the few words which the fair stranger had uttered the night before, in terror and grief, how much more was he delighted by her conversation now that the smiles had resumed their place on her countenance, and all danger to her aunt had disappeared. Beauchampe sat entranced, until it suddenly occurred to him that he was protracting his visit beyond all etiquette. With a thousand good wishes for her aunt's recovery, therefore, he rose to take his leave.

"My aunt has charged me to return you her thanks for your timely assistance and kindness last night," said the young lady, with a sweetness that Beauchampe had never seen equalled, "and she hopes in a few days to be able to express her gratitude in person. I need not say," she continued with a bewitching frankness, and Beauchampe fancied her cheeks grew a shade more crimson as she spoke, "how glad we shall be to see you at any time!"

The lover left the house that day feeling as if he trod, not on earth, but air. That sunny countenance, those soft grateful eyes, the melodious accents of that voice filled his memory throughout the livelong day, and haunted his visions at night. He was irretrievably in love. The divinity whom he had worshipped at a distance had not disappointed him when he met her, but his chains were, if possible, tightened.

He had left his own card with the ladies on the night of the accident, but amid the confusion and alarm they had forgotten to acquaint him with their names. He had gathered, however, from the landlady—for the ladies were transient boarders—that the name of the elder was Mrs. Wareham. On his second visit he had learned that the younger one was a neice to the sufferer, and that she bore the same name. They were on a visit to

the city, and as the aunt was an old friend of the manager's lady, they had accepted her invitation to avail themselves of the stage box—and thus the difficulty of their being without a protector was got over.

"It was Edith's passionate love for music," said the aunt when she was convalescent, and had been able to descend to the drawing-room to thank Beauchampe, "which induced me to consent to this arrangement. We wished to remain as secluded as possible, but the dear child has ever been so kind to me that I could not deny her. And even now I do not regret it although it has cost me a broken arm."

Beauchampe had never thought to ask if Miss Wareham was fond of music, although he had noticed a harp standing in one corner of the room. He now petitioned for a song, and Edith modestly complied. As she bent over the instrument, displaying the full sweep of her magnificent neck and shoulders, while her azure eyes, humid with the emotions which the song awakened, were raised to heaven, Beauchampe thought, and justly, that he had never seen anything so lovely. She seemed another St. Cecelia, rapt with her own celestial thoughts. When the song ceased words failed him to express his admiration.

CHAPTER IV.

Beauchampe thought no longer of America, or of aught except Edith. He saw that she was such a one as he had often pictured to himself, but despaired of finding. She looked on everything with the eye of an enthusiast. Her heart seemed, in its warmth, to take in the whole universe. All things, in nature, were to her beauty and incense. For the first time, in his life, Beauchampe had met one with whom his soul could hold communion unreserved. His visits daily grew longer, and daily seemed more acceptable to Edith; until, at his entrance, her heart would beat quicker and the truant blood rush into her cheek. These signs met the eye of the lover and filled him with joy unutterable. Could it indeed be that she, whom he had worshipped so long at a distance, returned his love? Or was it not rather bliss too extatic to be real? Yet the glad smile with which Edith met him assured him that her heart was his own. Oh! how delicious were the hours they spent together. Books, music and conversation occupied their time, unless when silence, that bliss of love, would steal down on their souls. This could not continue long without a mutual revelation of feeling, and Beauchampe one evening seized the opportunity of a momentary *tête-à-tête* to express his passion. The trembling and blushing Edith murmured a scarce audible assent to his impassioned declaration, and her lover catching her in his arms, imprinted his first kiss on her glowing cheek.

Let it not be supposed that Beauchampe had deceived his betrothed as to his fortune. It is true that, in the intoxication of his earlier acquaintance, he had wholly forgotten the clause in his uncle's will, by which he forfeited the estate, but he soon found that neither Edith nor her aunt knew of his expectations, and therefore when, on the morning after the scene we have just described, he asked Mrs. Wareham, as the protector of Edith, for the hand of her neice, he did not disguise from her that his fortune amounted to only a paltry five hundred a year, such being the income left to him by his uncle in case he refused to marry the lady to whom he had been betrothed. He expressed his determination, however, to adopt a profession at once, and with the sanguine hopes of youth, declared that in four years at furthest he would be able to claim his bride. The cooler years of Mrs. Wareham led her to be less sanguine of his immediate success, but he pleaded so fervently that she was at length forced to give a half consent. She promised that, while Beauchampe visited America, she would not interdict a correspondence betwixt the lovers; and that, if at the termination of the four years, Edith and Beauchampe should both remain unchanged, she would then consent to their union. But she would not permit any engagement at present.

"You are both young, my dear Mr. Beauchampe, and four years may work a great change in your feelings. You have hitherto enjoyed a handsome allowance, and lived in the expectation of a still more handsome fortune. You have never yet—pardon me for saying it—acquired those habits of business which are necessary to one who has to make his own fortune; and, although now the unceasing toil of a profession seems light to you, yet your opinions *may* change, understand me I only say *may*. I speak frankly, as I would to my own child, for you have deeply interested me. Perhaps age has taught me to be less sanguine than you—at least it has acquainted me with the weaknesses of human nature."

There was much in this which grated harshly on Beauchampe; and yet nothing at which he could be offended. There was wisdom in every word which Mrs. Wareham had uttered, but a wisdom which seemed to the romantic lover a cold and almost repulsive prudence. His good sense had to acknowledge that she was right, although his heart would fain have pronounced her wrong.

"If such is your resolution," he said, "I must obey, although with a heavy heart. But you shall see that you judge me harshly."

"Not so, my dear young friend. I confess my heart is with you, but as the protector of Edith I must act with the world's prudence, if I would save myself from reproach. And in what do I oppose you? I permit you to correspond—you will thus constantly commune together—you say you will visit England once a year, —and at any hour you may claim Edith. At the same

time you will not be bound by a promise, and thus forced from a sense of honor to fulfil a pledge of which your heart might repent. Think of all I have said, and I know you will acquit me of any harshness. But believe me, in any event, my dear Mr. Beauchampe, to be your true friend."

The lover saw that he could not change the resolution of Mrs. Wareham, and accordingly he was forced to submit. Eager to put his plan in operation, he lost no time in engaging a passage to New York. We will not attempt to describe his parting with Edith. Amid all her grief, however, there was no hope—hope for the future, bright and beautiful! She had not seen disappointment like Mrs. Wareham, and life was sunny and alluring before her. With the tear that dimmed her blue eye at parting, there was mingled a smile to cheer her lover, and bid him look forward to a happy meeting.

"Sweet girl," said Beauchampe to himself, as he drove away from the house, "*she*, at least, is not cold-hearted! *She* does not doubt my faith. Beautiful Edith, that smile is worth a world to me. And now for America!"

During the long voyage that ensued, for it was protracted to an unusual length, Beauchampe thought often of that parting smile. It was to him a sign of hope. When should he behold that smile again?

CHAPTER V.

The first duty of Beauchampe, on returning to his country, was to acquaint his guardian with his resolution to abandon his fortune, since his heart could not endorse the vows which his uncle had made for him. The guardian was a man of the world, a cool old merchant of some sixty years of age, and he heard the determination of his ward with undisguised astonishment.

"What!—throw away ten thousand a year and a lovely girl, for a mere whim, a passion that will not outlast the leaves. Pooh! Pooh! you are crazy, Beauchampe. You must not think of such a thing. Five hundred a year and a profession to support a family with!—my dear boy, you never can do it."

"But I have made up my mind, and am willing to abide by my resolution," said Beauchampe, with a little warmth, "besides if you were to see Miss Wareham," he could not call her Edith before the calculating merchant—"you would not wonder at my choice."

"And if you were to see Miss Harper, you would be cured of your romantic notion. By Jove! if I were a young man I would move heaven and earth to win her. Why all the young men have been crazy about her, in the few weeks since she has finished her education and come out!—and here are you, actually refusing her and ten thousand a year to boot, without so much as having seen her. You deserve to be cut off without a shilling."

"But, my dear, sir, beautiful though she be, I do not love her!"

"But you could love her if you were willing. No one can see her without loving her," exclaimed the old man with some warmth.

"But I love another, and I am sure that Miss Harper would not wish me to bring her a cold unsympathizing heart. Her better nature must repel at being trafficked away as in a shambles!"

"Well—well, you must call on me to-morrow at my house, when we will talk the matter over again. You will think better of it by that time."

The next day Beauchampe paid his second visit to his guardian, and was received in the old man's library. The lover was firm, for the sweet face of Edith was continually in his memory, and could he barter her away for gold?

"I have one last argument to urge," said the old man, as he followed his guest down the hall, pausing, while he spoke, at the parlor door, which he threw open, "here is Miss Harper, and I leave you to express your resolution to her." So saying the old gentleman retired, leaving Beauchampe thunder-struck in the hall.

His first impulse was to retire. But the young lady had heard his guardian's words, and he could not refuse the interview without rudeness. His situation was awkward in the extreme. But there was nothing left except to advance and extricate himself the best way he could from the dilemma. After a moment's hesitation, therefore, he stepped into the parlor, wondering in what manner he should open this strange and embarrassing interview.

A female was sitting with her back toward him, half concealed by the rich curtains that shrouded the front windows. He felt satisfied that this was Miss Harper. For a minute she did not hear, or affected not to hear his footstep on the rich Wilton carpeting, and the embarrassed young man had nearly reached her side, before she seemed to be aware of his presence.

"Miss Harper!" said he, and then paused, unable to proceed.

The person turned around quickly and rose, revealing to the astonished gaze of Beauchampe the very counterpart of the features of the stage box beauty.

"Edith! Miss Wareham! Do I dream?"

"And you are determined to refuse me?" said she, with an arch smile.

That voice and look removed every doubt, and catching the sweet girl in his arms, he answered her by imprinting a kiss on her pouting lips.

"That's a practical argument," said the voice of his guardian, from the other parlor, "and has proved more conclusive than all my other ones. Ah! Beauchampe did I not tell you that my ward was irresistible?"

"Yes! my dear boy," said the voice of Mrs. Wareham,

as that lady also appeared on the scene, "you have proved true. And now," she continued, smiling meaningly, "I give my consent to your betrothal."

Beauchampe turned from one to the other in an astonishment which was depicted on every lineament of his face, until the ludicrousness of his looks plunged the whole party into laughter, in which he too finally joined. When their mirth had subsided Mrs. Wareham took on herself to explain the mystery, which was soon solved.

Miss Harper after her education had been completed had visited Paris, in order to perfect herself in the French language, under the charge of Mrs. Wareham, who was really her aunt. Of this visit abroad, however, Beauchampe was ignorant. The ladies were on their return to this country, by the way of London, when they visited the opera, in the manner we have narrated. The accident which happened to Mrs. Wareham had revealed to the ladies the fact that Mr. Beauchampe was none other than the individual to whom Edith had been betrothed. Eager to learn if he would love her for herself alone, the young lady, with her aunt's concurrence, had practised the innocent deception which resulted as we have detailed. It is necessary to state that immediately after Beauchampe sailed, the two ladies also took passage for America, where they arrived nearly a fortnight before the lover. The guardian of both entered at once into the scheme, and had played his part adroitly as we have seen.

A month later witnessed the union of Edith and Beauchampe; and neither ever regretted the happy chance which brought them together in London.

THE STRANGE CAVALIER.

A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY H. SYMMES.

"Let me tell your fortune, pretty ladies—very good fortune to you, ma'am," cried a dark-eyed gipsy, as two ladies turned the corner of a beautifully-sequestered lane, while the last rays of a gorgeous sun were merging into the more voluptuous tinge of a summer twilight. "Oh, do let us have our fortune told—I should so like to know my fortune!" exclaimed the younger of the ladies, who leant upon the arm of her companion. "Nonsense, Annette," rejoined her friend, and by this time they had reached the spot where the sibyl was standing. Her appearance fully demonstrated her tribe; her face was of the most swarthy hue, but interesting in the expression; her eyes were jet black; and her dark elf-locks, which hung dishevelled over her neck and shoulders, were partly concealed by a small hat that was tied under the chin by a party-colored handkerchief; while her figure, of no ordinary mould, was encumbered by the tattered fragments of an old red cloak. The ladies paused for an instant to contemplate the object before them. "I can tell you," said she, addressing the younger lady, "what, mayhap, you will not like to hear. You will love, but you will not be loved again; you will sigh, but no sigh will be returned to you; you will weep, but your tears will fall on your cheek like dew on the summer flower, that dries but to receive fresh moisture."

Without uttering a word, the ladies now turned, and hastily pursued their way homeward. They had wandered, attracted by the beauty of the evening, farther than they had intended. The Baroness D——, for so we must introduce her to our readers, had taken under her protection Annette De M——, who was an orphan, and the sole remaining branch of a noble family. The Baroness D—— had herself been left an orphan at an early age. She had afterward married the Baron D——, who had been dead about two years at the time our tale commences, leaving her without progeny, her only child having died in its infancy. She had inherited her husband's vast estates, and was at this time residing in her favorite castle, situated in the most beautiful of the midland counties of England.

The ladies silently pursued their way until they reached the extensive avenue that formed the barrier to the noble domain. Trees of regular but enormous height were thickly studded on either side, and the Baroness frequently started at the echo of their footsteps as she pressed forward with her young companion. The moon had risen and now shone in silvery brightness, while not a zephyr fanned the foliage, nor a whisper broke upon the stillness of the night. They had reached

about the middle of the avenue, when they were alarmed by the sound of a horse's hoofs. Both started and fearfully looked behind them; the figure of a man on horseback was distinctly visible; retreat or flight was alike impossible, for in another minute a cavalier, in complete armour, and mounted on a panting charger, stood beside them. In the next moment the knight sprung from the saddle-bow, and falling gracefully upon one knee before the Baroness, exclaimed—

"Fairy lady, deign to take pity upon a stranger Knight, who is pursued by his enemies; even now," cried he, with increased trepidation, "is a price set upon my head; my party have been defeated by some of Cromwell's army, and a number of my followers are slain. Deign then, kind lady, to grant me an asylum in your mansion for this night only; and I pledge you, on the faith of a true knight, to requite your hospitality."

"Sir Knight," replied the Baroness, "your request is granted: it is enough for me to know that you are a Royalist, and in danger; follow us then, and I promise you a safe retreat."

The Cavalier arose, and was profuse in his expressions of thankfulness. In silence they now pursued their way, until they reached the principal entrance of the castle. The Baroness rung at the massive portal, and in a few seconds it was opened by an aged domestic.

"Morden, see that yon steed lacks not proper food; and for you, Sir Knight, I bid you welcome; you need not be apprehensive, I am mistress here, and there is none to thwart me." They were now ushered by several domestics through suites of rooms, until they reached one brilliantly illuminated, and furnished in a style of magnificence suited to the time; the walls were of oak richly carved; and the ceiling, which formed a cupola, was of the same material. Upon a marble pedestal stood an alabaster chandelier, in which were numerous lights, that gave a brilliancy to the whole apartment. The Baroness politely motioned her guest to be seated, and ordered the supper to be presently served. When the domestics had quitted the apartment, she arose, and taking a small silver lamp from a table near her, she requested the Cavalier to follow her. "Sir Knight," continued she, "while the domestics are preparing our repast, I will show you where you may conceal yourself, and where, even should your pursuers demand an entrance, they cannot discover you." Then turning to her young friend, she said, in a tone of assumed gaiety, "Annette, my love, take your lyre, it will wile away the time till our return;" saying this, she quitted the room, followed by the Cavalier. They proceeded through a long suite of rooms, which terminated in a winding gallery; here they paused to unlock a door, which discovered a narrow staircase; having ascended several steps, they found themselves in a spacious apartment hung with arras. It was perfectly square. The Baroness advanced to one side of the room, and lifting the hanging, gently touched an unseen spring; instantly one of the panels disappeared, and displayed a room of more spacious dimensions than the former.

"Here, then, Sir Knight," exclaimed the Baroness, "you may find a safe retreat; I will myself teach you the virtue of the spring, that in case of a surprise, you may, without difficulty, find your way to this apartment."

Having satisfied herself that her guest was acquainted with the method of opening the panel, the Baroness hastened to return to the saloon, being fearful that Annette might be uneasy at her absence. The dulcet notes of the lyre reached them before they arrived at the apartment. Annette expressed her joy at their return; and, at the request of the Cavalier, sung a ballad with exquisite pathos and harmony.

Supper was now spread; the Baroness courteously invited her guest to partake of the rich viands that were set before him. The repast being ended, they entered into an interesting discussion upon the probable results of the fatal wars, that harrassed every part of the kingdom. The discourse had lasted about an hour, when the hearts of all present seemed to stand still, as a loud knocking was heard at the portal. "Fly, Sir Knight," cried the Baroness, hastily putting a lamp into his hand; "your pursuers are here—but fear nothing—remember the secret spring!" The Cavalier pressed the hand from which he took the lamp, then hastily quitted the apartment.

The knocking was now renewed with redoubled violence; and the domestics were ordered to give parley. It was, indeed, some of Cromwell's party, who were in quest of their unfortunate victim. They loudly demanded admittance, which the Baroness, anxious to prolong the time for awhile, desired her servants to refuse. Soon, however, they accompanied their knocking with threats, and the porter was desired to suffer them to enter. A party of soldiers now rushed into the hall. They soon found their way to the saloon, where the Baroness and Annette were seated in trembling agitation. The foremost of the party, who seemed the chief in command, now spoke—

"We believe you to be the Baroness D——, and as such, take you to be an adherent of Charles Stuart; we, therefore, command you, in the name of the commonwealth, instantly to deliver up him you have concealed within these walls. This is our General's pleasure."

"You are correct in the conclusions you have formed of me," rejoined the Baroness; "but he whom you seek is not here; but go," she continued, "you have free access to every part of my mansion."

No sooner had the Baroness ceased speaking than the soldiers quitted the apartment to commence their search.

About an hour elapsed, during which time the two ladies sat in a trembling state of anxiety and apprehension. At length a heavy tread announced the return of the besiegers. Their voices were raised as if in deep altercation; as they approached near the saloon, it sunk into audible murmurs, accompanied by muttered threats and imprecations. The leader of the band re-entered the apartment, and said, "we find that we have been mistaken, lady; but beware that you do not harbor any traitor, for you would sorely repent your rashness."

The man then quitted the room, and commanding the soldiers to follow him, the portal once more closed upon the unwelcome visitants. The Baroness having assured herself that peace was restored, hastened to that part of the Castle where she had secured the unfortunate stranger. As she trod along the spacious apartments, she often paused to listen, and in imagination, thought she could hear the dreadful imprecations that had escaped the soldiers; but all was still, and she reached the door of the captive Knight. Great was the Cavalier's joy at beholding her, and profusely did he pour forth his expressions of thankfulness to his deliverer. They continued to converse upon what had passed for some time after they had reached the saloon. The Baroness posted two of her domestics in the great hall for the night in case of a second alarm; and her guest entreated permission to watch with them, but this his kind hostess would not consent to. They now separated for the night.

The next morning, when they met at the breakfast table, they recapitulated the events of the preceding night, and a general thanksgiving was offered to that Power which had protected them. If the Baroness and her young friend had been charmed with the elegant deportment of the Cavalier on the previous evening, they were now not less delighted at the graceful polish of his manners, and the refined intelligence that pervaded his conversation. When breakfast was over he proposed to depart; but the Baroness so warmly urged the necessity of his remaining until his pursuers had quitted the precincts of the Castle, and so strongly animadverted upon the probability that some secret emissary might be lying in wait for him, that he consented to remain for a few days.

The time passed uninterruptedly in agreeable and interesting discourse, which was occasionally varied by the sweet tones of the lyre, to which Annette sung in a strain of touching melody, and at the request of the stranger would frequently repeat her lay. It was on the fifth day of the Knight's sojourn at the Castle. The Baroness, Annette, and the Cavalier were all seated in the saloon, watching the shades of evening closing around them.

"To-morrow, my kind friends, I must depart," exclaimed the Knight; "by dawn of day my steed must be in readiness; and," continued he, addressing the Baroness, at the same time unclasping from his neck a gold chain of exquisite workmanship, "let me present you with this, and remember that you may claim every thing at my hands, for my debt to you cannot easily be repaid." Saying this, he imprinted a kiss on the hand that was extended toward him.

On the following morning, at dawn of day, Morden was in the court-yard, holding the bridle-rein of the noble charger. In an instant the Knight had vaulted in his saddle; the old porter presented the stirrup-cup, then gave the parting benediction. The Knight gave one glance at a window, where stood the Baroness and Annette, who had both risen at that early hour in compliment to their guest; thrice he saluted the fair inmates—in another minute the horse and his rider had disappeared.

It was on the twentieth of May, 1661, that the Baroness and her friend were seated by an open window in the spacious library; the castle clock had tolled the hour of noon—then the accustomed dinner-hour for all persons of quality.

"We must begin our journey to-morrow, dear Annette," exclaimed the Baroness, "for I would behold our beloved Monarch's triumphal entry to the throne of his ancestors; and who knows," continued she, as she gazed anxiously upon her young friend's pallid countenance—"who knows but we may see him who once sought shelter within these walls; such an event would, I know, give my dear friend pleasure." Annette spoke not; but a pale blush overspread her fine features; still she remained silent. The remainder of the day was spent in making preparations for their departure. On the following morning, the two friends, attended by a train of domestics, set out for the metropolis; and at the expiration of a week, during which nothing particular happened, arrived at the entrance of the vast city. It was on the very day that the populace were assembling to welcome their sovereign. Triumphal arches, decorated with flowers and interspersed with oak-boughs were raised across the road, and at intervals through every street. The windows in all the houses were adorned with garlands, or hung with costly drapery; the bells of the neighboring churches were sending forth a joyous peal, while drums and trumpets resounded from every quarter. An immense multitude, both in carriage and on foot, thronged every avenue. The Baroness commanded her coachman to drive up one side, as a deafening shout rent the air, intimating the monarch's approach. Another shout—and another ascended from the people; all eyes were turned to one individual. Mounted on a milk-white charger, his head uncovered, and repeatedly bowing to the multitude, sat—Charles II! The Baroness's attention was suddenly called to her young friend. She, too, had looked that way; but

the sight had been too much for her—Annette de Montmorency had fainted. She had seen that face before; it was the stranger Knight—it was Charles Stuart!

TEMPLETON.

BY HARRIET J. BOWLES.

"Do you know Templeton?" said a gentleman to his companion, as they rode into the Park, "yonder he goes on that spirited bay—too fine an animal by half for such a fellow."

"Slightly,—but I never knew, Stanly, that you did not like him. I've always heard that he was a gentleman, and withal a clever companion."

"Oh! I knew him at the University, where he always affected learning. I hate your scholars as I hate the plague. And now he has set up for a fine gentleman, and a dandy, forsooth, the contemptible puppy."

"Well, there is something in hearing both sides. I don't know him at all, but his friends say he is only a polished gentleman, and you magnify him into a fop. But, as you were classmates, you ought to know him."

"I do. And, by St. George, there he is at the side of my sister. Will he never cease his attentions to her? I'll bet any thing now he's a coward; and to settle it I shall insult him. *He* pay attention to Louisa!—I'll have a word to say on that point."

At the words Stanly spurred his horse forward, and soon reached his sister, who seemed deeply engaged in conversation with Templeton. The brother did not hesitate an instant, but seizing his sister's rein with some violence, he drew it from Templeton's hold, and in a voice in which passion had already attained the mastery, insisted on the other leaving her side.

Templeton looked confounded, and the young lady besought her brother, as eloquently as woman's eyes can speak, to desist, and, as a last resource, put her horse at a brisk canter, leaving the excited young gentlemen to settle the dispute as they best might; but not without the most lively fears for the issue. Nor were those fears without foundation. Templeton soon evinced that he was not wanting in spirit, though the passion of Stanly forbade, from the first, any hope of an accommodation. Templeton, indeed, endured the insults of the brother as long as he could, seeming indisposed to quarrel with a relative of Louisa, but at length he was forced to take notice of Stanly's remarks, and high words ensued, which ended with a tacit understanding that the difficulty should be settled by a duel.

The night of the foregoing *fracas*, a large party had assembled at the house of a noble friend of one of the belligerent parties, at which Louisa Stanly chanced to be a guest, and hearing her own name frequently repeated in the course of conversation, her anxiety so far overcame her scruples, that she ventured to address a gentleman whom she observed had but lately quitted a group of his companions, where it was plain to distinguish, her name formed the prominent subject of discussion.

"Ha!" exclaimed Captain Alcroft, acknowledging her salutation with a very polite bow, "it gives me sincere pleasure to meet you; I———"

"Captain," said the lady, "will you enlighten me as to the cause of my name being so much in request to-night; wherever I turn I can distinguish nothing but my name, and some young ladies, whose party I left but now to accost you, are so mysteriously silent and ambiguous to my inquiries, that I really feel somewhat uncomfortable; pray tell me, is it any thing in which my brother is concerned?"

"Why—yes—that is, your brother and Templeton. You know Lawrence Templeton?"

"Oh, dear me, yes," said the fair girl, recalling to mind the afternoon's ride, and trembling for the result of her inquiries. "What of Templeton, Captain?"

"Why," said her companion, humorously, "that I think him, notwithstanding the effeminate graces he sometimes puts on, to be a deuced pleasant fellow; and what does Miss Stanly think?" said the Captain, archly.

"Oh, that he is very well, certainly; but come, Captain, will you please to satisfy a lady's inquiries, or must I seek the information I wish elsewhere?"

The Captain apologised, and proceeded to narrate the afternoon's subsequent adventure, which was but just concluded, when, feigning slight indisposition as the cause, Miss Stanly ordered her carriage immediately, and ere it had been announced, the trembling young lady had eagerly descended to the hall, where she stood waiting its arrival, scarcely conscious of the presence of the numerous servants. "We couldn't get through the rank, Miss," said the footman, at length appearing, and respectfully touching his laced hat, in reply to her reproof at the delay. After giving the word "home," she sprang into the carriage, and a few moments afterward alighted at the family residence in ——— square.

Louisa Stanly was a young lady with a highly cultivated mind, and had received an education commensurate with the position she held in society; she was at once accomplished and beautiful, and possessed of an equally susceptible nature. It cannot, therefore, be made a matter of surprise that one, young, handsome, and well-bred as Templeton, and, like herself, the possessor of a richly cultivated intellect, and a deportment highly polished from constant intercourse with the best society, should have made considerable advances in her youthful affections. There existed, indeed, a natural and a warm passion in the hearts of these lovers—a passion which, hitherto, had been kept secret from the families of either, and of which Stanly himself had never entertained the slightest idea until the unfortunate discovery and *rencontre* in the park.

Stanly was quietly seated at the breakfast table on

the following morning, busily engaged in scanning the pages of the "*Post*," which a servant had just laid on the table, when the same servant re-entered and announced Captain C——. Stanly appeared to muse for a moment, as though striving to recall the name, when, suddenly recollecting himself, he exclaimed—"Oh, ah! let me see, Templeton's friend, the scurvy rascal, I recollect. Tell the Captain I'll be with him immediately." The servant bowed and retired. Stanly rose from the table, leaving his mother and sister to wonder at, and surmise the reason of so early a visit.

"Surely, my dear mamma," exclaimed the young lady, after a silence of some minutes, "the visit of Captain C—— has no connection with the unpleasant affair of yesterday; tell me," she repeated, pausing anxiously for a reply, "what *do* you really think? do pray answer me, dear mamma."

Lady Stanly, who, until this moment, had been busily occupied with an entertaining article in the paper that her son had previously been perusing, suddenly threw it on one side, exclaiming somewhat peevishly, "really, my love, you seem perfectly concerned in this matter; one would imagine, from the nervous excitement you appear to suffer, that you apprehend some dire calamity is the inevitable consequence. Set your fears at rest, silly girl; remain perfectly assured that Templeton has neither the moral courage to say any thing more about the matter, nor the physical courage to resent the injury he has received, if injury it be. By the bye, my dear girl, I have, I think, great reason to be displeased with the freedom you have permitted to Mr. Templeton."

"My dear mamma," cried the lovely girl, bursting into tears, "you are extremely unkind, and I think you do Mr. Templeton great injustice to suppose he would for a moment forget the position he holds as a gentleman, or that he would calmly submit to the gross insults of yesterday, without demanding reparation at my brother's hand."

"You *love* Mr. Templeton, then," rejoined Lady Stanly.

"My own dear mamma," said the beautiful creature, sinking at her mother's feet, "I will not deceive you, I do, indeed, *love* him," she continued imploringly hiding her features in her mother's robe.

"What the deuce is the matter with Louisa?" exclaimed Stanly, re-entering the room.

The weeping girl rose, exclaiming with passionate grief, while regarding her brother imploringly, "he has challenged you—I know he has, and you have accepted it; is it not so?"

"Challenged who? accepted what? What does my sister mean," replied Stanly, affecting surprise. "Well," he added, after a pause, "the fellow *has* had the *hardiesse* to send Captain C—— with a message! Who'd have thought it, not I."

"And you have accepted it?" inquiringly she asked.

"Of course; and have agreed to meet him three days hence. Oh, never mind," said he, "he's a shocking bad shot—can't hit a haystack at twenty paces! why, my dear mother, I could let the daylight into him at thirty the first fire, tol de rol."

"Horrible! remember, Sir," said Lady Stanly, rising from her seat, "if you *do* meet him, I will *never* forgive you. Heavens! you have killed Louisa—you have, cold-hearted boy."

The tender object of her mother's solicitude, unable to control the powerful effects which her brother's announcement had wrought on her already excited feelings, had swooned, and like a marble statue, lay extended on the couch, whither she had flown to indulge in an agony of grief.

Stanly had intentionally deceived his mother with regard to the time he was to meet Templeton, for it had been arranged that they were to settle the affair on the following morning, and the meeting was to take place in a field in the neighborhood of Battersea. Accordingly, without arousing the household, he repaired to a spot where his seconds and a surgeon, together with the carriage in which they intended to proceed, were already in waiting; and the party set off.

It was a beautiful morning in June, at about the hour of half past five, that the party proceeded over the Thames by way of Battersea bridge; the sun shot forth his clear bright rays, clothing the face of nature in one universal smile of gladness, right welcome to the heart—the fresh invigorating breeze from the noble river—the sweet odors of the new-mown hay, wafted to the grateful sense

> "————By lightest zephyrs borne
> From sunny meads."

Earth seemed to have put on, as she usually does, at this heavenly season, her fairest aspect—the green fields sent forth their rich incense, filling the air with ineffable sweetness, and the varied charms of every object around; the calm and peaceful scene, the harmony of which was about to be so soon desecrated by an act of blood. All these circumstances contributed to have their weight with Stanly, who had for some time remained silent, and deaf to the light-hearted observations of his companions. At length he spoke, "would that I were any where but engaged in this infernal piece of business."

"What! Stanly hang fire!" exclaimed his second. "What! and allow that sneaking, that smooth-faced, lack-a-daisical rascal to escape and crow, after having challenged you."

"Perish the thought," said another.

"You know me too well, Grantly, to suppose," rejoined Stanly, "that I would for a moment think of retracting in this stage of the proceeding; my only regret is to reflect on the folly on my part which gave rise to the position in which I find myself."

"Rash man, here we are," replied his companion, as the carriage, turning a corner of the road, discovered the appointed place of rendezvous, and in a moment afterward the approach of the antagonist party became visible; they had already alighted, and were walking across the field. In a few moments afterward, the gentlemen had saluted each other, and the seconds proceeded to measure the ground.

"Good morning, Templeton," said Stanly, frankly advancing and taking the proffered hand of his adversary, "are you ready?"

"Quite," was the laconic reply.

The belligerent parties then took up their position at a dozen paces, and after having each been presented with the pistols, remained a moment stationary, quietly and anxiously awaiting the signal to fire. The seconds having seen the coast clear from all intruders, retired a few paces, when Grantly, holding up his right hand, exclaimed in a voice loud enough to be heard by all present—"Fire!" Each ball, true to its trust, by a coincidence not very frequent in such cases, entered the body of the adversary. The seconds ran in. Stanly, who had received his antagonist's shot in the right leg, immediately fell to the ground, but Templeton remained standing, with his arm still extended as though about to fire a second time, and to the hurried and anxious inquiry of one of the seconds if he found himself hurt, he replied, "hurt, no—but I feel a kind of burning sensation in the right side." He mechanically placed his hand on the part affected, which he withdrew saturated with blood; he gazed for a moment with a bewildered air on those around him, and asked if Stanly was wounded. "Slightly," was the reply. "Thank God it's no worse," said he faintly; "his sister would have said that I had murdered hi—him"—the unhappy young man would have fallen had he not been promptly caught in the arms of the surgeon, who, assisted by another, tore off the clothes, and proceeded to examine the direction the shot had taken; it was found that it had passed completely through the right side, almost grazing the spine. "This," the surgeon said, in reply to Stanly's eager question if he was dangerously hurt, "was sufficient to cause death, inasmuch as they scarcely dared to hope that the vital parts had escaped."

"Templeton," said Stanly, bending over him, "speak! for God's sake speak; say but one word of forgiveness, I entreat you!"

Templeton remained perfectly insensible to the observations addressed to him by his agonised companion, who continued with riveted gaze to watch over him as he lay apparently dying on the grass, with his head supported by the knee of the surgeon.

"Oh, this accursed affair," he passionately exclaimed at last, rising, "would to heaven I had sprang into the river, sooner than have perpetrated this fiendish act. Oh, my poor dear sister, I little thought she cherished so warm a regard for him!"

"There, we've had enough of this, I think," said Grantly; "come, we must away."

"I will not go with you," said Stanly; "I dare not leave him."

"Pooh! leave him to his friends; come—" and they dragged him away by main force to the carriage, which in a moment afterward was seen whirling away from the spot.

A month after this event a scene of deep interest, but of an infinitely more pleasing character, was being enacted in —— square. There lay Templeton, slowly but steadily recovering from the effects of his wound, contrary to the expectations of nearly all his friends; his recovery from death to life and love, being mainly attributable to the tender and affectionate assiduities of a certain young and lovely being who sacrificed nights and days to his rapidly-improving health.

"And do you really love me, Lawrence?" said the affectionate girl.

"Love you!" said Templeton—"yes—infinitely dearer than the poor life thou hast saved, blessed angel," he exclaimed with intense emotion. His whole soul wa overpowered by the warm gush of his feelings, fresh from the fountain of love; how gratefully his eyes beamed upon her in the fulness of his affection. She wept upon his breast, and so they mingled their tears. Three months after, they were wedded.

THE COQUETTE.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"What a beautiful creature," exclaimed Albert Howard to his friend, as they stood at the entrance of the ball room, "she is a perfect goddess."

"Who do you mean?" said Henry Stanhope, "for you have not yet told me of whom you speak in such raptures, though to judge by the direction your eyes have taken the goddess is none other than my old playmate Charlotte Ferney."

"What—that divine creature with the flashing eyes, that brilliant complexion, and such a queenly form—she one of your old playmates! Why, my dear fellow, you must have a heart of ice, else you would have been at her feet years ago."

"Always enthusiastic!" exclaimed Stanhope with a smile.

"And you are always stoical," retorted his friend, "but come, since you really do know this bewitching fairy, present me to her at once. I would give almost any thing for an introduction."

Stanhope answered by another of his meaning smiles, and taking his friend's arm, led him across the room to where Miss Ferney sat surrounded by her usual train of admirers. Making his way through these, Stanhope presented his friend to the beauty, and, after lingering a few minutes with the group, glided away to another quarter of the room.

Meanwhile Howard was endeavoring to entertain his new acquaintance, and, as few men could equal him in conversational ability, he soon became the most favored of the evening's suitors. When the next set took the floor, he succeeded in leading out Miss Ferney, and, as both were graceful dancers, they attracted directly the attention of the room. The gentleman had a fine figure, was known to possess a large fortune, and had a widely extended reputation as a man of ability. His partner was certainly the most beautiful woman in the room. Her form was faultless, and her dress was in the finest taste. The splendor of her complexion was unrivalled, her eyes were black and brilliant as a Sybil's, and her features were in the purest Grecian style and would have seemed cut out of marble, but for the carnation in her cheek. Always in high spirits, she seemed this evening, peculiarly gay; while her partner's evident admiration of her called even a richer color than usual into her cheek. To Charlotte Ferney it was an hour of triumph, and when, at the close of the ball, Howard escorted her to her carriage, her heart thrilled with the pride of a conquest which, she knew, was envied her by half of her sex in the room.

The next day Howard and Stanhope met in Chesnut street, and the first words of the former, after the salutation, were in praise of Miss Ferney's beauty. After dwelling on her loveliness for some moments, during which Stanhope maintained silence, or only answered in monosyllables, Howard said,

"But what was the meaning of your smile last night, Stanhope?—there, you smile again in the same manner."

"I cannot see that it has any meaning. You take me to task unfairly."

"No evasion, Stanhope—I see you imply something by that smile and to be frank with you, I suspect you are no admirer—from what cause I know not—of Miss Ferney."

"You do me injustice, Howard, for I have ever thought Miss Ferney one of the most beautiful women of my acquaintance. But since you seem in earnest, I will be frank with you, and state what it is in Miss Ferney that I do not admire. In one word, then, she is a coquette."

For a minute Howard looked quizzically into his friend's face, appearing to smother an inclination to smile, but, at length, as if unable to restrain the impulse, he burst into a hearty laugh.

"Forgive me, Stanhope," he said at length, "but it is so inexpressibly ludicrous. I had thought, after your long harangue, that you were about to tell me something against Miss Ferney's family, or her education, or heaven knows what—but when you made the being a coquette, 'the head and front of her offending,' I could not restrain a laugh, impertinent as it was. Why, my dear fellow, half the girls we know are coquettes. Indeed I question whether a woman is good for much unless she is a bit of a flirt. I want one of your spicy, handsome girls for a wife, and not a dowdyish creature, as soft as cream, and about as thick-headed."

"I cannot agree with you on that subject at least," said Stanhope, "and I think experience would teach you that little happiness is to be found in the married state with a confirmed coquette. Nor is every one who is not a flirt a 'soft, dowdyish creature,' but on the contrary, they are often the sweetest as well as the most enchanting of their sex. A woman—believe me—who can trifle with a man's affections by encouraging or even allowing attentions which she is unwilling to ratify by marriage, is, at best, a heartless creature, incapable of loving as a woman should love, and deserving no pity if her own affections, or rather her vanity, should be outraged."

"You are warm, Stanhope," said his friend, "but even admitting the truth—which I will not—of all you say, you have, as yet, failed to shew that Miss Ferney is a *confirmed* coquette."

"Had you known her as long as I have, you would not have doubted it. I could name a dozen whom she has heartlessly jilted, after having given them every encouragement except that of words. Her conduct last

night alone would have convinced any one but a warm admirer like you. Her every motion was that of a practised flirt."

"Treason! treason!" laughingly exclaimed Howard, "treason against one of the brightest of her sex. I see we shall never agree, Stanhope, on the merits of Miss Ferney, so we had better pass to some other theme. What say you to dropping in at Parkinson's?"

Thenceforth the two friends studiously avoided the subject, but Stanhope saw, with pain, that Howard became daily more attentive to Miss Ferney. We say with pain, for Charlotte Ferney was all that Stanhope had said. Beautiful, witty, and an only child, she had grown up a petted and spoiled darling, proud, vain, and selfish. Her coming out produced no little sensation in the fashionable world, for who could refuse to admire the brilliant Miss Ferney? Flattery was her daily food. At seventeen she had refused a dozen offers. Triumphing in the admiration she excited, she began at length to think that the other sex was fit only to be trampled on, and from being a careless flirt, she became a practised coquette.

But if her selfish heart was susceptible of love, Albert Howard had at length roused its affections; and almost from the hour when she first met him she learned to think of him differently from others of his sex. Yet, even to him, she was often wilful, and capricious. Howard, however, admired her too unreservedly to perceive these faults, and intoxicated by the praises bestowed on her beauty, he urged his suit so skilfully and perseveringly that at length Miss Ferney consented to become his wife.

For a while the newly married pair lived happily, for their time was spent in an uninterrupted round of amusements,—the flattery poured into her ears abroad, and the almost idolatrous attentions of her husband at home, sufficing to keep the bride in good humor. But this could not always last. The entertainments ensuing on her marriage were at length over, and the newly wedded wife had now to settle down into the monotonous, matter-of-fact routine of life. Of housewifery she was completely ignorant, so that her servants constantly imposed on her, to her husband's chagrin, and often disquiet; while accustomed to habits of unlimited indulgence, she could not bring herself down to the sacrifices of time which her duties required of her, so that even those matters which she did understand were almost daily neglected. She had always spent her mornings in promenading the most fashionable streets, and as she could not bring herself to give up the custom, she was often absent when her husband came home to dinner, so that he either had to await her return, or order the meal himself to be brought up. Nor was this all. Even in the evening the young wife found it impossible to remain at home contented. "She was not," she said "of a domestic character: it would kill her to be cooped up at home, and sit moping a whole evening alone." Her husband was consequently forced to yield to her wishes. Instead of enjoying the quiet repose which he delighted in after the toils of the day, and which he had pictured to himself as one of the greatest pleasures of a married life, he was now dragged to the theatre, the ball room, concerts, or wherever else his wife could fly from her own hearth. In these places, too, her husband was only a secondary character. Thirsting for triumph as much as ever, she artfully drew around a crowd of admirers, and enjoyed the pique which she thus inflicted on younger and unmarried women. In vain her husband expostulated, she declared that he was no better than a jailor; and in these altercations Howard felt the full benefit of that wit he had so much admired. Instead of yielding to her husband's little humors, Mrs. Howard exacted submission in every thing from him as the price of peace, so that, though a man of strong mind, he, at length, became the mere slave of his wife. Every attempt, too, to release himself proved fruitless; for he found he could do so only at the cost of continual discord. His love soon perished under these circumstances, and he grew wholly indifferent to his bride, spending his time away from her side, in the billiard room, the bar-room, and other places of resort. His happiness for life was ruined. His dreams of domestic felicity were over, and he sought companionship among the vicious and abandoned. But we will not longer trace his history. We will give it in the words of his old friend Stanhope, who, one night, as he sat by his wife's side—for he had long been married to one who combined his ideas of a true companion—related it to her.

"Alas! poor Howard," he said, in reply to a question of his wife, asking why he was so sad, "it is his fate which makes me so. You know how unhappily he married, and how he has since given himself up to habits of dissipation. It is long since his practice has deserted him, and he has been for a year a common drunkard. Every effort to reform him has proved useless. At times he would admit his error, and shed maudlin tears over it; but the next day he would be as inebriated as ever. His wife's father, you know, died poor, and she has long subsisted on the charity of her relatives. She saw her error, it is said, but it was too late; for her husband was irretrievably a drunkard. To-day he was found drowned, and whether it is a suicide or not God only knows. His wife, on hearing the news, fell into violent hysterics, and I have just learned has since died, leaving her little family to the charity of strangers. And all this comes of being a coquette."

"But it is not always so," said Stanhope's wife, her eyes suffused with tears, "you should not judge poor Mrs. Howard so hardly."

"Perhaps not,—but when I think of the ruin of my

friend, and recollect how often a woman's coquetry has shipwrecked the happiness of others equally as noble-hearted originally, I have little pity for a confirmed coquette."

TRUE LOVE.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"And so you believe in love!" said Edgar Thurston, knocking the ashes from his cigar, and looking calmly into his friend George Burton's face, "I really thought better of you."

"I am sorry that I have lost your good opinion, but I congratulate myself that it has been lost in a good cause. I am not ashamed to acknowledge that I believe in love, ay! more, that every young man ought to rejoice at the existence of a passion which is his salvation. You smile—but shew me the young man who is truly in love, and I will shew you a person, all whose views of life are brightened, whose heart is softened as by the dews of heaven, and whose thoughts are purer and holier than they ever were before. Women are all akin to the skies, and never grow debased until either a husband or lover makes them so—when we love them, therefore, we insensibly imbibe a portion of their purity, which remains with us until our own brutish nature drags us down again to earth, too often, alas! bringing our wives with us. But, while the first romance of the passion endures, we are different beings from what we have been, or ever will be again. The very sky seems brighter; the wind is more musical than of old; the voice of the commonest rivulet fills us with strange delight; and we look on all men with kindlier feelings, out of regard to her whom we love. A young man who is truly in love cannot be guilty of criminal or dishonorable conduct. How many have been led to pause in some base act—how many have been saved the first step in crime—how many have been rescued from the lowest depths of vice by the influence of some pure hearted girl, whose love had become to the erring individual 'the jewel of great price,' and who, he knew, would shrink back, in her heavenly-mindedness from contamination with such a wretch as they either were, or contemplated becoming! No—no—love is the dearest gift to man! without it earth would be a Golgotha, and life a den of torment."

"Heigho! how eloquent you have grown. One would think you were reciting a popular lecture, or making the agreeable to some sentimental Miss in her teens. With you love is the great panacea for all human ills—just like the celebrated pills, which cure every thing from corns to consumption. Really, my dear fellow, I am shocked that a man who ought to know so much of the world, should talk in this strain about a passion, in which not two sensible men out of a hundred believe. I don't mean to say that there is not a certain feeling which every lover entertains for his mistress, or husband for his wife; but then this feeling is no more what you call love than women are angels, or wives one's 'household god.' To give you an idea of what I mean, you

must follow me in an analysis of our feelings toward the other sex—for I intend to argue this matter with you, and not go off in declamation, which, however pretty, is not the sort of thing to give a man of sense."

"Well—I listen."

"What then are legitimate subjects of admiration in the other sex? You will say personal qualities—beauty, accomplishments, &c.—so will say every boarding-school girl. I will take you on your own ground, and to make the argument plainer instance our own cases. For what, then, would a girl marry you? A romantic Miss in her teens would say she loved you because you were the first one that struck her fancy—that she had often met very estimable men for whom she could not entertain like feelings—and that, the fact was you were the handsomest man she ever saw, and she loved you—and there is the end of it. Now why does the girl answer thus? Because she has not followed the instructions of the old Greek 'KNOW THYSELF,' and so, unacquainted with the habits of her own mind, could not detect the causes of its preference or dislike. Had this girl been trained in habits of analysis she could have instantly told you what she admired in her lover. You needn't shake your head—I know I am right; for if we can dissect the operations of our minds in other matters, we can do it in the matter of love. For instance, I meet a lady at an evening party—she is pretty, witty, accomplished, in short the belle of the evening—I single her out for my attentions—those attentions are favorably received—and it ends with my going home particularly well pleased with myself and all around me, and so full of my new acquaintance that I make a fool of myself by dreaming of her. Now what do you call this feeling?"

"Love, to be sure—or, at least, its incipient stages."

"Not a bit of it, or, if so, then love is not the exalted feeling you say it is; for the feeling I experience, in the case I have instanced, is nothing but gratified vanity—sheer vanity. I am flattered with having engrossed the time of the *belle* of the evening, and so I go home and dream of her forsooth, just as, when a child, I used to dream over a new top, or a Christmas box of sugar plums. And gratified vanity is, in nine cases out of ten, the true origin of what folks call love. If a man is distinguished for either beauty, talents, or manners, he can win almost any girl, for she hears him talked of, and it gratifies her to have her name linked with his as her lover. She borrows added lustre from his reputation, as the moon shines by the reflected light of the sun. Why else is it that a minister, or lawyer can always succeed best with the fair sex? So you see that the secret of this romantic passion may be traced to the very weaknesses of our nature. And now talk of love, bah!"

"Then, for heaven's sake, what is the sentiment we experience for the other sex?"

"I'll shew you presently. To return—I said that any man acquainted with the operations of the human mind can analyze the feeling—be it what it may—he experiences for another. Nor is the feeling of love more difficult to be analyzed than the feeling of admiration we entertain for a fine picture, and it is only your simple folks who don't understand themselves, that deck love in such romantic colors, and all because they feel a sentiment they won't take the trouble to comprehend. But, in every case, if we enquire dispassionately, we shall be able to arrive at the true cause of our preference for another. I have instanced one case, that in which gratified vanity is the origin of such a preference. There are others. One man is admired for his face, another for his talents, a third for his manners, another for his figure, and—heaven help us!—not a few for their whiskers. By dwelling on these real or fancied perfections, to the exclusion of his faults, the poor girl gets finally to believe him a second Adonis; while another lady, by taking an early prejudice against him, and regarding only his faults, learns to look on him as a boor, a Caliban, or a fool. Instances of all this you have seen. Now, understand me, it is not every one who is aware of these things—in fact most of the other sex are blind to them, and so devoutly believe in love, for all the world like their great great grandmothers who believed in ghosts and witches. My conclusion, therefore, from all these facts and deductions is—but stay till I light my cigar."

"Well, now what is your conclusion?"

"That there is no such thing as love; but, on the contrary, the feeling we entertain for the other sex is a very common-place affair, altogether under our control, and capable of being crushed or allowed to increase just as we please."

"Regulated as you would regulate the depth of water in a well, eh!"

"You needn't sneer. If my liking of a young lady is to be attributed to her beauty, and I don't wish to marry her, I've but to think her ugly, or keep out of her sight, and my weakness is cured. If I wish to marry a certain girl, from a pecuniary or any other reason, I've but to pick out some real or imagined perfection in her, dwell on it day and night, and by the end of a month—it may be a fortnight—I'll have worked myself up into quite a respectable passion for her. There is no such thing, then, as the love you talk of: our feeling for a sweetheart or wife is akin to our liking for a friend, I will not say a picture or a horse. After marriage we acquire a habit of respecting each other—that is, in the few cases where there is no quarrel—and so live on till 'death do us separate,' after a fashion which the world calls a pattern of conjugal fidelity," and with these words, the speaker lolled back in his chair, and took a complacent whiff at his cigar.

"I have heard you to the end," said Burton, rising,

after a pause, "because I wished to see how far sophistry would carry you, and to what absurd conclusions you would come at last. You are welcome to your creed —it is that of a cynic, who would sneer at all the holiest affections of the heart. I will not stop to argue the question with you, for, as sure as we now breathe the air of heaven, the day is coming when, in sorrow and bitterness of heart, you will curse the hour you learned thus to slander a woman, and outrage human feeling. No such thing as love! Look from the window where you sit, and see that woman leading yonder blind man through the streets. They are both cleanly clad, though their garments are so patched that you cannot recognize the color or character of the original material. Mark how tenderly she supports him as he descends the curb-stone—see with what care she guides his footsteps through the throng. What has induced her to forego the comforts she might earn for herself in order to be the willing slave of that old blind beggar? Love—ay! that love which you despise. And that same feeling, still burning as brightly in her bosom as when forty years ago she promised to be a true and faithful wife to the then stalwart man at her side, will continue to irradiate his path until one or both have reached that bourne where, in the comforting language of the Scripture, 'the weary are at rest.' Look at the smile on the sightless countenance of the man, as he turns to his companion, and then deny, if you can, the power of love. I tell you, Thurston, that this blind beggar, poor and despised as he may seem, would not surrender the priceless jewel of his companion's love, for all your wealth and talents and many advantages." And with these words, spoken in a somewhat indignant tone, he left the room.

Time passed on. Thurston, carrying out his idea of love, became known in the world as a skeptic in the heart's purest affection, and though his wit always secured him a certain *eclat*, he now came to be regarded with that suspicion and distrust which inevitably attends the one who sneers at human feeling. He had few friends, though many acquaintances. He became that absurd thing a diner out, and was to be found at every convivial party, the utterer of stale jests and worn out anecdotes. Left an orphan at an early age, he had no family to whom to look for sympathy; and so his feelings grew daily more and more blunted, and the links of brotherhood which bound his heart to the human race, snapped one by one. Selfishness at length grew to be his prevailing characteristic.

When twenty years had passed from the date of his conversation with Burton, Thurston was grown querulous and cynical. He still kept up his bachelor establishment, but his youth was fading, and with age came sickness and neglect. His wealth still retained for him a certain degree of respect, but his wit had now degenerated into a habit of constant sneering, which drove every body but his own servants from his presence.

Now mark the difference. Burton, at the period of the above conversation, was already engaged to a very estimable lady, and this indeed may have induced him to repel, with such peculiar warmth of manner, the sophistry of his former classmate. The two young men often met afterward, and indeed still continued to be friends, but their wide difference of opinion on so important a subject, forbade any thing like confidence. Gradually circumstances widened the almost imperceptible breach, and when Burton married, the acquaintance of the two classmates had little more in it than the name. Neither of the young couple were wealthy, but Burton was a rising member in his profession, and his bride was sufficiently dowered to furnish her house handsomely, though not luxuriously. Their residence was in a quiet street where they could command a certain portion of elegance without extravagance. They were supremely happy.

All this, however, did not prevent Thurston from exercising his wit on what he called "the death and burial" of his old friend. That Burton should have married an almost portionless girl whom he loved, when he might have obtained more than one heiress whom he did not love, was quoted by Thurston as an evidence of the highest folly, of a supreme ignorance of his own interests.

"He could have liked the heiress, if he had made up his mind to it, just as well as he likes this Miss Bowlbey, whose whole fortune, all told, doesn't exceed three thousand dollars. Pshaw! the fellow's a fool—and then besides," he exclaimed, with a shrug of the shoulders, "we've lost a boon companion. I'll get Tom the poet here to write an epitaph. Push the wine, lads."

Mingling in such different spheres, the two classmates eventually almost lost sight of each other, and only met occasionally in the streets, when a bow formed the extent of the recognition.

Meantime Burton prospered in his profession, and rose slowly, though steadily to the front rank. This, it is true, was the work of years; but the toil of those years was sweetened by the sympathy of an affectionate wife, and the playful caresses of his children. Each year his heart grew more expanded, and his brotherhood to all men increased; for wedded love not only deepens an affection for one particular object, but widens the sympathy of the heart for others. With the increase of his income, Burton was enabled to command more of the luxuries of life; and finally he purchased and occupied one of the finest houses, in the most fashionable quarter of the city. His name became one of repute, and his influence in the city was felt by all. He was at the head of many of the philanthropic institutions of

the day, and was active in all. His children grew up around him, a family of lovely daughters, and talented and upright sons; and at forty-five no man in his native town perhaps enjoyed such uninterrupted felicity. Sickness and sorrow had fallen lightly on his household; and the partner of his life seemed still, to his eyes, as beautiful as on the morning when she became his bride.

And what was the fate of Thurston? A moment we will return to him, ere we dismiss him forever. Grown old and querulous; deserted by his former friends; and neglected in sickness by his own servants, he lingered on for months, tortured by disease, and stung by the reflection that his wealth would go to persons who felt for him no affection. He died alone in his bed; and ere his body was cold his nurse had pilfered his most valuable jewels and disappeared.

THE UNKNOWN PORTRAIT.

BY MRS. M. V. SPENCER.

CHAPTER I.

"How beautiful!" involuntarily exclaimed Edward Moreton, as he paused by a portrait at the annual exhibition of the ——

It was the portrait of a young and beautiful girl, painted in a style that was worthy of the old masters. She could not have been more than eighteen, for her face still wore that expression of sunny girlish happiness, which a few years' contact with the world changes into a more sedate, but not perhaps less lovely expression. The artist had handled his subject admirably, so that, at first, the eye saw only the face of the young girl, although on a closer scrutiny you noticed that she held a rose to her bosom, and that the drapery, hands and other minutiæ of the picture were delineated with surpassing skill. But it was the face, after all, which riveted the attention. Beautiful indeed was that countenance—beautiful as a dream of heaven. The eyes were large and dark, and shone on you from the depths of her pure soul with an expression of the most winning softness. The hair was of the darkest brown, modestly curtained on either side of the face, and apparently gathered up behind into a Grecian knot. The forehead was smooth and polished like marble, and the chin and throat as delicately chiselled as if a Canova had modelled them. The whole character of the face was that of loveliness in its most winning form. Moreton stood, for a minute entranced, drinking in the beauty of that angelic face. At length he turned to the catalogue, eager to see to whom the portrait belonged. The artist's name was a new one, but the picture was for sale. Again Moreton turned to the portrait, and gazed on that bewitching face. Strange emotions took possession of his soul as he looked. Was he in love, and with a portrait? Whatever was the character of his feelings, an ungovernable curiosity to learn who the original might be took possession of him, and he determined to see the artist, and learn something of this beautiful unknown. But when he applied to the door-keeper to ascertain the artist's residence, he was informed that the painter had gone to Europe since the completion of the portrait, and that no one could tell who had been the original.

"There has been a general enquiry," said the door-keeper, "but no one knows. The artist was always a reserved man, and lived in New York. He took great care with this picture: I rather think it's altogether an ideal face."

Disappointed in his enquiries, Moreton was about turning away when he recollected that the picture was for sale, and resolving to possess himself of it, whether the portrait was an ideal or a real one, he soon agreed for the price.

"The picture will be sent home," said the door-keeper, "as soon as the exhibition closes. I congratulate you on having become the owner of the finest piece this year on the walls."

It was strange what an ungovernable passion for that picture took possession of Moreton! Daily he visited the exhibition and spent hours before the portrait, gazing on it as a worshipper gazes on the face of a saint. To his eye, indeed, that countenance was the impersonation of all loveliness, and he never tired of looking on the smooth pearly cheek, on the white and classic forehead, on the bold sweep of the pencilled brows, and on those dark deep eyes so full of all the finest and holiest susceptibilities of woman. Awake or in his dreams that face was before him. Often, when far away, he would shut his eyes to call up to his imagination more forcibly that glorious countenance; and then would he dream, in many a wild reverie, of the possibility of meeting, at some future day, the living counterpart to this face. And when, at length, the picture came home, he would sit for hours, all unconscious of what was going on around him, gazing on the portrait. He seemed to live for nothing else. In that picture he saw expressed the ideal beauty for which he had thirsted from a boy; and he secretly determined that he would discover the original, if indeed one there was, or die worshipping a shadow. But all his efforts were unavailing. The artist had died soon after reaching Europe, and the letter of enquiry which Moreton had sent was returned unopened. No one of his acquaintance had ever seen a face bearing the slightest resemblance to the portrait. Moreton's friends, at length, began to regard him as suffering under a monomania on this point, and his persevering enquiries met thereafter only a pitying shake of the head or a contemptuous laugh.

CHAPTER II.

In one of our eastern cities, on a cold and snowy winter night, a little group might have been seen gathered around the flickering embers of a fire, in a crazy tenement on the outskirts of the town. A somewhat aged lady, and a boy about ten years old, sat in front of the chimney-place. The third individual was a young girl, who might have numbered twenty years. She sat on a low stool, on one side of the fire, holding a piece of needle-work close to the dying embers, as if she was endeavoring to sew by their feeble light. The face of that young girl was one of extraordinary beauty. The eyes were dark and full; the brow had the whiteness of Parian marble; and the thick brown tresses were modestly curtained down either side of her face and gathered up in a knot behind. Her attire, though clean and neat, was of the coarsest character, as were also the

garments of the elder lady and the boy. The two latter, however, were far more warmly clad than the girl, although—God knows!—none of them were sufficiently protected from the keen, biting blasts, that whirling around the rickety tenement, found an entrance through every cranny, and eddied the fading fire to and fro.

"Have you not done yet, Alice?" said the elder lady, in a sad tone, "you surely cannot work longer by this light without injuring your eyes, and if they are spoiled our last resource is gone."

"Fear not, mother," said the daughter in a cheerful voice, but without looking up from her needle, "I will take care not to hurt my sight. A few stitches and it will be done."

The mother heaved a gentle sigh, and a tear stole quietly down her cheek. She did not wipe it away lest her daughter might see the gesture; but the crystal drop fell on the cheek of the boy who knelt at his parent's feet.

"Oh! mother," he said, "what would I not give if I was a man; for then you and Alice would not have to work this way; but I would support you. How many years, mother, will it be before I shall be a man?"

The mother's heart was full, and the agitation of the sister, as the boy thus spoke, might be seen from the nervous velocity with which she plied the needle. But neither could trust themselves to speak. The boy saw all this, and did not press the question, although for a minute he looked curiously from one to the other. At length, however, he spoke again.

"I hope I shall be a man soon, for then I will get rich, and you and Alice, mother, shall live with me in a nice house in the country like the one we used to live in—you remember it, don't you, dear mother? oh! it was so beautiful. How I used to chase the butterflies over the green fields, and fish in the creek, or hunt wild flowers in the wood for sister's hair—were we not all happy, then? Don't cry, mother," for, by this time, the tears of the parent were falling thick and fast, "for some of these days I will get rich, and we will go back to the old place again."

That little family, as the words of the prattler indicated, had once seen better days. The father of it had been a prosperous merchant, and the world rightly reputed him to be rich. Mr. Beckett lived in a style commensurate with his wealth. He had a town and country-house, kept his carriage, and indulged himself and family in all the elegances, nay, luxuries of life; and a more happy family did not exist for each other in all this wide country. But at length there came one of those convulsions in the commercial world which periodically appear, producing a devastation which is looked upon afterward, as we would look on the path of a hurricane, when ruin has followed it on every hand. Mr. Beckett was one of the first victims to the storm. Several extensive houses, which were debtors to him for a large amount, failed, and in their ruin dragged him down with them. The blow killed him. Unable to behold the utter loss of his fortune, to contemplate the poverty to which his darling wife and children were reduced, he pined away, suffering his misfortunes to brood on his spirit, until finally he took sick and died. His poor wife nearly sank under the loss of her husband, although she had borne the loss of fortune with christian resignation. In these trying circumstances utter ruin would indeed have overtaken the little family had it not been for the exertions of the daughter, who displayed an energy which was above her years. She attended to the closing of her father's affairs and nursed her mother through a long illness, as if she had been accustomed to these things from childhood, instead of being the offspring of luxury. When her father's estate was settled, a bare pittance of five hundred dollars was paid to her. On this paltry sum, with the aid of her needle, she managed to support the family for two years, during which her mother was ill for most of the time. But their means had at length failed, and although Alice had foreseen this with a heavy heart, yet she had endeavored to keep up and still maintained a cheerful aspect. On this evening they had consumed their last loaf of bread. Their fuel too was nearly gone. They had no means of replenishing either, until Alice had finished and been paid for the fine piece of fancy needle work on which she had been working. At length she rose up.

"There it is done," she said, "and now I will run home with it. In an hour I will be back."

"What through the storm, my child?" said the mother.

"Yes! but it snows very little now, and besides I promised to have the work done by to-night."

The mother looked on her child and sighed, but made no farther answer; and Alice, putting on her bonnet and wrapping a thin shawl around her—for alas! she had no cloak—started forth into the storm. Her brother would have accompanied her, but she would not suffer him to leave her invalid mother.

CHAPTER III.

The wind roared wildly around the rich mansion of Mrs. Templeton, as she and her nephew Edward Moreton sat talking by the drawing room fire. The sofa had been wheeled in front of the grate, and the whole apartment had that air of comfort which is so peculiarly appreciable on a tempestuous winter night. As the aunt and her nephew sat listening to the shrill whistle of the gale as it swept down the street, and then heard the low roar of the massy grate glowing with its load of coal, their situation and feelings were in striking contrast with those of the little group we have just left shivering over their scanty fire.

"Why, Edmund," said the aunt, continuing their

conversation, "you are crazy. Refuse Miss Oxley's hand, with two hundred thousand dollars, when you know you can win her—and all on account of this strange whim. In love with a portrait! I used to think, my dear nephew, you had sense; but this is a proof of your utter insanity."

"But would you have me marry where I do not love?"

Now Mrs. Templeton, although a woman of the world, and placing perhaps too great a value on riches, had a good heart. This question for a moment staggered her. But at length she answered frankly.

"Certainly not. But then Miss Oxley surely is a loveable girl, and one any gentleman could love."

"Here you mistake, my dear aunt. Miss Oxley is a very sweet creature, I confess; and yet she does not approach my beau ideal. I cannot, therefore, love her. But, in this mysterious portrait, I behold every thing I could look for, since, not only does the mere physical beauty of the face equal my beau ideal, but there is all that evidence of a pure and sensitive, yet lofty soul stamped there, which I should desire. The original of that portrait, I *know*, is the noblest of her sex."

"Why what a rhapsody!" said the aunt with a quiet smile, "but seriously, I should like to see this portrait. Why," she asked a little archly, "didn't you bring it with you? It's not quite two hundred miles betwixt city and city; and then, you know, I could have hung it up in my parlor, and advertised all my friends to search for the original—"

It is impossible to say how long Mrs. Templeton would have continued in this half teasing way, but at this instant the street bell rang.

"Who can it be, at this hour and on such a night?" said she, breaking short off in her conversation.

"Miss Beckett has brought her work home," said the footman, "and she would prefer hearing your opinion of it, if you can afford her the leisure."

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Templeton, in a tone of commisseration, "send her up at once. She doubtless wants the money," continued the lady, "or she would scarcely have walked here through all this pelting storm. And she has seen better days too, or I am mistaken. Keep your seat, Edmund," she said, as her nephew rose to leave, "you can throw yourself in that chair where you won't be noticed; and besides I wish you to see my pretty sempstress," she continued in a gayer tone, "for I'll stake my new ponies against your hunter that she's quite as beautiful as your portrait. Indeed I know no one who equals her in loveliness, and you are aware there are not a few pretty girls among my acquaintance."

Edmund sank to his seat just as the door opened. Not wishing to intimidate the visitor, he did not look up until she had taken her seat and began conversing with Mrs. Templeton. At length, however, he cast his eyes toward her. The young lady wore a close cottage bonnet, and as her side was turned toward him he could not see her face. But he noticed that her form was one of exquisite proportions, and that her foot and hand were of the most delicate mould and size. He thought too that he had never heard a voice half so musical; and when he noticed the thin shawl which she wore, he could scarcely restrain his feelings. At this instant the young lady, not aware that a third person was in the room, turned her face in his direction. He started and uttered involuntarily an exclamation of delight; for there, exact in every feature and in the expression of the face, was the living counterpart of the UNKNOWN PORTRAIT! Yes! it was indeed the beautiful original who sat before him in her surpassing loveliness, seeming more lovely to Moreton's eyes from the obvious penury against which she so nobly strove.

We leave our readers to imagine the sequel. The agitation of Moreton forbade concealment, and his words, apparently so extraordinary to the young lady, but which were quickly understood by Mrs. Templeton, soon brought matters to a crisis. She took on herself the explanation, and with the tact and delicacy of her sex, acquainted the agitated girl with sufficient to account for her nephew's conduct.

We may suppose that the little family slept, that night, under a warmer roof than they had been accustomed to for many a long day; but in this matter, with an equal regard to tact and delicacy, Mrs. Templeton only appeared.

Alice could not long resist the earnest pleadings of Moreton. One who had loved her so long and faithfully in secret could not fail to make her happy; and besides her own heart, when she began to see her suitor's good qualities, pleaded powerfully in his favor. Before spring had ushered in her flowers, Alice was the happy wife of Moreton.

The portrait, which had first made her known to our hero, had been painted just before Mr. Beckett's failure, and when he became bankrupt he had been unable to pay the artist for the picture. It was sent to the exhibition to be sold; but as this was in another city no one knew who was represented by the UNKNOWN PORTRAIT.

THE UNLUCKY INCOGNITO.

BY B. B. THOM.

Once upon a time there lived, in the good city of Brussels, a certain charlatan, whose vanity was continually leading him into difficulties. To credit his own account no man had passed through greater perils or enjoyed a more extensive acquaintance with celebrated geniuses. He even ventured to boast that there was not a great personage who figured in the Revolution, or during the Empire, that had not been anxious to make his acquaintance. If you were to believe Robinson, Cambacéres forgot his title of Arch-Chancellor of the Empire, to chat with the Ventriloquist; the Prince Talleyrand declared the greatest pleasure in life was talking with the wonderful Magician; Marie Louise was never tired of looking at his phantasmagoria; while the Emperor and King spoke in the most familiar terms with Mr. Robinson, while he shuffled the cards, and had more than once slightly pinched his ears—a testimony of affection and familiarity that he only deigned to give but to two or three of his prime favorites.

But then, Mr. Robinson—that is, if you were to believe his own account of himself—was a man of simple habits, and decided literary taste; therefore it was that he preferred the society of artists, of poets, of authors of all kinds, to that of emperors, duchesses, marshals, dukes, and functionaries of the Legion of Honor. He dined regularly, *he said*, once a week with Lebrun; Andrieux consulted him as to his lectures at the College of France; Delille read his verses for him; Arnault let him have the first sight of his best epigrams; and, lastly, Marie Joseph Chenier could not live without him! If only two days passed without seeing him (Robinson,) he ran to his house, leaped upon his neck, and could not bear quitting him.

"Then you are about to enjoy a very great happiness," said the master of the hotel, "for M. Chenier has just arrived at Brussels. He has taken up his abode in this hotel."

"Marie Joseph Chenier!" cried out Robinson, with a noisy, joyous shout, in the accents of which, however, could be discovered a slight tincture of embarrassment.

"Yes, he himself wrote his name upon my register. Here it is—'*Chenier.*' I also remarked his name upon his portmanteau. Surely you can recognise in the register the handwriting of your friend."

"Perfectly well; it is he himself; the matter is no longer doubtful," resumed Robinson. "To-morrow morning I must certainly call upon, and pay my respects to him."

"To-morrow! What! wait until to-morrow to embrace your friend!"

"Ah, unfortunately, just before I left Paris we had a slight quarrel."

"Fie! a quarrel with the author of *Charles the Ninth*, of *Fenelon*, and of *Caius Gracchus*," interrupted a young man, who piqued himself upon his literary taste. "Ah! if I were the friend of such a man, as you have the happiness to be, I would press him in my arms, and ask his pardon for any wrong he supposed I might have done. This I would do, instead of standing upon ceremony with him."

"These are noble sentiments; sentiments that I approve of so much, that I mean to act upon them. I shall immediately wait upon Chenier—my friend, Chenier!"

"And we, gentlemen," observed the literary enthusiast, "what shall we do? Can we have in the city of Brussels one of the greatest writers of the age, without showing how much we admire him? Yesterday we applauded at the theatre a tragedy of Chenier's, and to-day shall not Chenier know how highly the people of Brussels appreciate great poets? We must give him a serenade."

"Yes, he must be serenaded; that is it," was repeated on all sides with enthusiasm. "A serenade, a serenade!"

Instantly all were occupied in arranging the musical fete. They affiliated Robinson, in despite of himself, in the joyous conspiracy, in order that he might harangue the Poet in presenting to him his numerous admirers at Brussels. Robinson wished to decline the honor, which he declared should devolve upon an inhabitant of the country. But they paid no attention to his scruples, and he was therefore compelled to go along with them.

In order that the reader may the better understand the scene that is about to follow, it is necessary to state the Belgians are the greatest serenaders upon the face of the earth. The Spaniards themselves are thrifty in their nocturnal concerts, when compared with the worthy Flemings. Every occurrence gives occasion to a serenade. Is any one leaving the country? There is a serenade. Does one arrive from abroad? A serenade. If it be a marriage, or a christening, or a birthday, the serenade is never wanting, with its bass, its three violins, its flute, its clarionet, its trombone, and its violincello. The compliment-givers take up their position in a silent and mysterious manner about nine in the evening. They range themselves, mostly, beneath the window of the person about to be feted, and then, "one—two—three"—the master of the little orchestra waves his bow, and out bursts some triumphant air. The crowd gathers together on hearing the noise; the windows open, and are filled with the curious; all shout, and all hurrah. All then ordinarily finishes with a speech from the balcony. The serenaded is often surprised in his *robe de chambre*, and while he holds his nightcap and grasps his loose dressing gown tightly about him with one hand, he gesticulates with the other, and tries, or pretends to try to "wipe away a tear."

While the admirers of Chenier were preparing for him an unexpected compliment, the object of all their solicitude had comfortably ensconced himself in an arm-chair, by the side of a good fire (for it was the month of November,) and seemed to be given up to all the ease and happiness of a tired traveller, who has escaped from some disagreeable rencontre, and wishes to compensate himself by the demolition of a quiet, well-dressed supper. This individual seemed to have cast off all care from his mind, until he saw the master of the hotel mount to his chamber, bearing a towel upon his arm, and evidently determined upon serving him, instead of leaving that task to the waiters.

To the horror of Chenier, he saw in the manner of the hotel-keeper, that there was something mysterious. There was an air of great shrewdness in the countenance and manners of the host, and there was certainly an affectation in the constant repetition of the name of his guest. That name, it must be added, seemed to act very disagreeably upon the nerves of the traveller.

"Does Monsieur Chenier wish for any thing? Is Monsieur Chenier satisfied? Has Monsieur Chenier any order to give? Did Monsieur Chenier like the roast fowl?"

He who was the object of so much attention followed with an unquiet eye all the movements of his host. Through the exaggeration of politeness, he thought he could discover something like irony. He sought to penetrate the secret of this enigma, and he had not long to search for it, when, on a sudden, the serenade burst upon him like a clap of thunder, with its first awful uproar and gigantic acclamation.

The fork fell from the hand of Chenier, and his face assumed the paleness of death, when the host cried out, "Monsieur Chenier did not expect such a fine reception as this, I am sure."

"How did any one know of my arrival at Brussels?"

"You owe this fete to one of your Paris friends, who has just recognized you."

"The madman! the thief!" cried the traveller. "I left Paris to avoid him, and yet he pursues me; and not only that, but he betakes himself to a tumult. A charivari! a charivari! What have I ever done to the man?"

"Let not Monsieur Chenier be angry," humbly said the hotel-keeper, who piqued himself upon his knowledge of Racine. "We can appreciate you, sir, as well in Brussels as they do in Paris. We cannot respect the incognito of a man like M. Chenier."

These words, so far from appeasing the anger and the feverish excitement of the hero of the fete, seemed but to increase them still more. However, the serenade continued with increasing magnificence. If the musicians paused but for an instant, the crowd uttered cries, in which the stranger could not but too well recognize his name—"Chenier! Chenier! Chenier!"

"After such an exposure," said he, "there is no retreating. I must resign myself to my fate."

He got up from the table, and took from his travelling trunk a brace of pistols, which, with trembling hands, he placed upon the mantel-piece. The host, who did not understand him, and who never could comprehend him, stole quietly out of the room, stupified at seeing, for the first time, a man enraged because he was honored with a serenade.

"Now," said the young literary man, who had given rise to all this commotion for the purpose of paying his homage to a brother poet, "now, I warrant, M. Chenier is going to make his appearance at the balcony, to harangue us and to thank us."

"I have no doubt at all of it," said Robinson, who contrived, however, to place himself in the darkest corner he could find; "but then we must call for him."

"Bravo! bravo! Chenier; Chenier!" exclaimed the crowd as if with one voice—"forward, Chenier! forward."

"Bravo! a crown of laurel! we must give him a crown," said some one.

The Belgians have the same ardor for giving crowns as for hearing serenades. The proposition was therefore accepted with transport, and they ran to search for a garland of laurels.

"Since he does not appear for our call, you must go to the chamber of your friend," said the young author to the mountebank, "and compel him to appear at the window—once there, I can clap a crown upon his head."

Robinson could not refuse to obey this command. Both, then mounted, to the chamber of the poet, and tapped lightly on the door. Chenier himself opened it.

"I know the motive of your coming," he remarked, "and also the person who has urged you on to this. I am at your command, only allow me to dress myself.

"There is no necessity for it—*the people* expect you with such a lively impatience, that they will never remark the negligence of your costume—a negligence, besides, that is quite excusable in a traveller like *you!*"

"But, who in the world could have told you of my arrival. To whom am I indebted for these persecutions?"

"What exquisite modesty—to designate as persecutions the honors that are justly your due! Besides, as you well know the fact, it was your friend Robinson who recognised your autograph."

"Robinson! Robinson! *my friend*, too, Robinson! I never knew Robinson—I never heard of Robinson."

"Yes—I—," exclaimed the charlatan in despair, and flinging himself into the arms of the traveller—

"But, Sir, I do not know who you are."

"Ah! pardon him," exclaimed the young Belgian

poet—"pardon him on this solemn and august occasion. Whatever be the wrong he has done to your feelings, he has openly confessed them, and has nobly expressed his sorrow for them. Do not, then, carry his punishment to the dreadful extremity of feigning not to know him."

"If I were not half foolish already, this persecution would drive me mad," roared out the poor little man in a passion.

"Chenier! Chenier!" shouted, or rather bellowed out a thousand voices beneath the window.

Chenier fell back upon the sofa, pale and fainting.

"This is, indeed, equal to assassination. Here I thought no one could know me—here I have offered injury to no man, and yet here is there gathered an entire population who demand from me my head."

"Yes—it is your head that they demand," interrupted the Belgian and misinterpreting the language he had heard.

"Do not refuse it to them any longer. Be pleased to present it to them."

"What is it give them my head? *Give them my own head?*" repeated the unhappy man, who flung himself about as if in a confused dream, and did not understand any thing of what was passing around him.

The young Belgian quickly opened his window—cast himself upon the Frenchman, and by main force, dragged him to the window. The latter thought he was about to be flung among the crowd in the street, and therefore clung with a desperate energy to the balcony. As soon as the spectators beheld him—touched with the modesty of the poet, and the resistance that he offered to their homage, they set up a huzza, so loud, so astounding, and so awful that it would have deadened even the roar of a park of artillery—and at the same instant the Frenchman felt something cold, damp, and clammy descending upon his bald pate.

At length the victim escaped from the hands of the Belgian, pushed him out of the room (Robinson had made his escape some time before)—bolted and barred the door, and in flinging himself upon the sofa, perceived something fall from his head.

"What, a crown, too! oh! oh!" It was as if he had said—"I am made utterly contemptible."

The poor man fancied that his troubles were over for the evening; but suddenly he heard a dull noise on the staircase. It was followed by whispering voices, and the steps of persons who were moving forward with precaution. The noise became more distinct as it approached the chamber. Persons stopped at the door—they tapped gently—no notice was taken of them, and then a voice bawled through the key-hole—

"Monsieur Chenier! open the door if you please. Do not any longer maintain an useless incognito. One of your friends has recognised you in Brussels. Mr. Robinson, Sir, the celebrated ventriloquist, knows you very well."

"I don't know you at all. I never knew Robinson —I never saw a ventriloquist. When will you have done with this nonsense? What more do you want with me?"

"It is to pray you that you will honor us by being present at a banquet, intended to show our respect for you."

"A banquet for me!!! why so? I don't know you, and you don't know me."

"What originals all these great poets are!" said one of those besieging the door to an assistant. "Never in my life did I see any thing to equal his obstinacy. Well, we must obtain by main force, what he refuses to do willingly. The same thing happened once to Rousseau, and that great man was delighted with the force that was used against him. We'll try the same now."

The speaker placed his back against the door. He bent his legs, made a bow of his shoulders—and crash! in went the door, and over it "the deputation" of the "good citizens of Brussels." They laid hold of the traveller, carried him away in their arms, amid loud shouts of joy from the mob assembled outside the banquetting hall. In five minutes afterward the stranger found himself on the right of the chairman, at a grand banquet. Next to him—and in compliment *to him*—was placed his dear friend Robinson. In vain did he protest against his being thus treated—in vain did he even ask permission to change his morning gown for a coat. They held him fast—a prisoner of war, and whether he would or not, he was forced to partake of an excellent supper.

At last, the dessert was placed on the table, and one of the entertainers arose. Troubled, agitated, it might be said excited, considering in whose presence he stood, he drew from his pocket a piece of paper, and then proposed the following toast—

"To Chenier—the great poet! The illustrious dramatic author, whose sublime talent, Belgium rivals France in awarding to him the full meed of admiration. May he ever bear in mind the hospitable reception that the city of Brussels is happy in having the opportunity of giving to him. To Chenier—to the great poet!"

The person to whom this compliment was paid then rose, and there was instantly a dead silence in all parts of the room.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am very grateful to you for your hospitality; but it is to me, in effect, a very great injury and annoyance. Perhaps there is a poet whose name is the same as mine—but thank Heaven! I never knew him, nor his stuff called poetry; I am Matthew John Chenier, a dealer in Bordeaux wines, and I have come here from Paris, on business."

A lively murmur of disapprobation interrupted him.

"Oh! this is going too far with the matter," said one of the hosts. "Does he take us for idiots?"

A person sitting next to Robinson said, "Come, Sir, you can put an end to this ridiculous foolery. Is he not the great poet? Is it not Chenier's eloquent pen that has written Charles IX.?"

"Chenier is a great poet," said Robinson.

"Are you not *his* friend?"

"The friendship of a great man is what I have always been proud of."

"But you don't answer the question directly," said the Hercules who had broken in the door. "Is that person Chenier the poet, or not? Have you been telling us lies—yes or no?"

"That person is Chenier the poet," stuttered out the scamp.

"Very well. Now, then, Monsieur Chenier," said this furious admirer of verses, "I declare to you in my own name, and in that of my fellow citizens, that your attempting to carry on this farce any further will be considered by me and by them, a personal insult, for which you shall become personally responsible."

"What! it is to fight a duel with *you?*" said Chenier.

"Yes, our friendship or our vengeance—make your choice."

"Oh! then since you will have it so—and *that* is the only condition on which I can escape—I am a great poet."

Thunders of applause followed this announcement. He had to shake hands with every man in the room. Some even embraced him, and many reproached him tenderly with his foolish obstinacy.

The Herculean orator at length asked permission to speak.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, "we must try and obtain a favor from the glorious Chenier. It is that he will recite for us some of his verses."

"But I never made a verse in my life!"

"What, again!" roared out the stentor, while indignation reddened the faces of those around, who were already warmed with wine.

"Gentlemen," said a traveller, who was modestly seated at the lower end of the table, and who had asked the permission of joining in the banquet, when he had learned, as he descended from his carriage, that the hero of the *fête* was Chenier, "Gentlemen," said he, "M. Chenier was so kind as to tell me some of the last verses he has composed; and if you permit me, I shall recite them. By this means harmony may be restored."

"Recite—recite!" was called out from all parts of the room.

Whilst M. Chenier looked on the scene around him, quite stupified, the traveller stood up, and recited the scenes on "Calumny," not then published, with so much grace, feeling, and beauty, that the unanimous and heart-felt applause of the meeting greeted him at the close of every strophe. Again and again was the hero of the fete congratulated upon his incomparable verses.

The morning sun at length beamed through the windows, and put an end to the noisy fete. The poet was permitted to retire; and however eager he was to do so, he could not quit the hall without shaking hands with the gentleman whose poetry had so happily delivered him.

"I repeat to you, Sir," he said, in thanking the stranger, "upon my honor I am not a poet—and I do not even know, nor ever saw M. Chenier who makes verses."

The stranger advanced to Robinson, and said to him, "Why did you not free this gentleman from his embarrassment?"

The conjuror blushed.

The stranger continued, "You are, Sir, with all your faults, a very amusing person, and I am obliged to you for a night's amusement. When you come to Paris, will you favor me with a visit? That is my address."

He gave his card to Robinson; and *whatever was the name* that the conjuror read on it, he grew pale—bowed down to the very earth, and—the next morning started for Germany.

As to M. Chenier, the traveller and dealer in wines—he set out for Paris the very next day. He applied for, and obtained permission from the Council of State, to insert an S into his name of Chenier, and also to designate himself by his native place. He for ever afterward signed his name *Chesnier de Macon.*

VELASCO, OR THE ELOPEMENT.

BY A. W. NONEY.

"'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague."

Dona Constanza de Tolosa sat by the window of her apartment gazing upon a rich and lovely landscape, whose summer verdure, slightly tinged with the golden bloom of early autumn, was then sweetly glowing in the mellow radiance of the moon. She held in her hand a beautiful half-blown rose that had been thrown unobserved into the room, upon one of the leaves of which was written the laconic communication—"*Le amo de corazón*—Velasco!" Over this she had long wondered without having the slightest idea whence it came, or for what purpose it might be intended, except to excite her wonder, as she was unacquainted with the name of "Velasco," and also unconscious of having ever attracted the admiration of a stranger. But her eyes were now tracing the course of the gracefully winding Tagus whose tranquil waters, glittering like molten silver, flowed within a few yards from beneath the casement, thence brightly onward amidst groves and vineyards until lost to her view in the distance; yet her *thoughts* were wandering back through the green vista of girlhood to those sunny hours when she, a gladsome child, roamed in careless gayety along its fertile banks, plucking bright flowers to wreath in her dear mother's hair, and dreaming of naught save the future joys that were in store for her. She was happy then, aye, truly so! She felt the reality now of those blissful scenes which had seemed only glimpses of happier days to come; for since then she had strown the last flowers she could bear to pluck thence over that dear mother's grave; and there was now neither parent or kin left in the wide world to love her. She felt that her fate was lonely and friendless, even though she remained the sole heiress of a proud and wealthy house, and was also possessed of beauty and attractions that might readily have enabled her to rank peerless above the loveliest maidens of Spain's sunny clime. Yet these were as nothing—for they yielded her no pleasure; while they were as dross compared to the wealth of affection pent up within her pure bosom, and yearning to gush forth in one clear stream of rapture at the feet of some beloved object.

Placed, while yet a child at her mother's death, under the care of Senor Lopez, a stern guardian, she had been kept as it were, a lovely flower to deck his own alcová with the watchful jealousy of a lynx-eyed Argus; who seemed ever fearful that the world might rob him of his treasure—the interest of her estate, his fee in guardianship. He had kept her almost estranged from society, with little more freedom than the privilege of gazing, as now, from the windows of her dreary prison-house upon the bright scenes around, from whose enjoyments she was tyrannically shut out; but when nearly placed by her years above this surveillance, he was fain to relax somewhat the vigilance with which he had hitherto guarded her from the snares and temptations of the world; and she at times ventured forth, like a bird from its cage, to taste the sweets of liberty, though ever accompanied in her wanderings, that she might not even then be free from restraint.

While thus enwrapt with saddened reflections of the past, joined with doubtful anticipations of the future, the tones of a guitar, playing a light and happy air, reached her ears, and attracted her attention. Turning in the direction whence they proceeded, she observed a small pinnace sailing gently down the stream, passing as she supposed from the villa above. To her extreme surprise, when arriving opposite her window, it turned in toward the shore, while its occupant observing her arose and bowed—then touched a few notes on his instrument and sang the following:—

A wand'rer return'd to my home once again;
In my own native valleys so dear,
I've found a rich treasure I sought for in vain,
Through all the wide world save my beautiful Spain,
Unconscious the jewel was here;
By the banks of her sweet flowing stream—
And pure as its wave's limpid gleam.

I've roved from the West to India's bright shore,
From North to the South ever free;
But ne'er had I seen when my travels were o'er,
As I turn'd to my home to wander no more,
A maiden so lovely as thee;
Thou brightest of earth's fairest daughters—
A queen by my own Tagus' waters.

I've gazed on the charms of the "Maids of Cashmere,"
And glanced in their "love-lighted" eyes;
Yet their light ne'er shone with a magic so dear,
Nor their beauty so sweet as thine doth appear,
Thou flower of my own native skies;—
Freshly blooming in fragrance and pride,
By the margin of Tagus' clear tide.

I love thee! I love thee! with heart and with soul!
And passion as ardent as free!
Which aye may endure without check or control,
Ever changelessly true while Tagus shall roll,
Its bright swelling waves to the sea.
Ah! tell me not in vain do I woo!
And bid me, sweet angel, adieu!

The Dona listened with delightful astonishment to the words of the song, deeming them very flattering, though perhaps a little extravagant. His voice had a manly sweetness in it that captivated her ear; while the graceful dignity of his bearing gave assurance that he was of a superior order to the common-place caballeros whom she usually saw passing and repassing up and down the river; and the fervent air and tone with which he sang, caused an undefinable sensation to arise within the breast, while her warm heart increased its pulsations, as if thrilling under some rapturous excitement.

He had scarcely finished, however, when she was

startled by a sudden knocking at her chamber door, and the voice of Senor Lopez, who bade her close the casement immediately and retire to her couch. Reluctantly obeying the imperious mandate, she waved a grateful acknowledgment to the handsome cavalier, who bowed with ardent respect as she vanished from his sight; and then she sought her couch—but not to sleep. Her thoughts had now a more agreeable subject for meditation, and she reflected upon it with sanguine and delightful anticipations. A new life seemed dawning upon her—a life of love and happiness, in which is comprised woman's chief existence; and a still small voice whispered to her heart that its yearnings were not all in vain—that it might yet pour out its treasures without reserve, and receive a grateful return, while the world would be no longer to her so lonely and dreary as it had ever seemed since her mother's death.

Slumber at length closed her eyelids, and her dreams were of a most blissful nature, for they imaged forth visions of love and lovers singing and playing amid rosy bowers, while her unknown "Velasco" appeared to be their king, and still paid all homage to her—choosing her out from among the loveliest to be his bride and queen. Her breast seemed thrilling with an almost suffocating feeling of rapture, and her heart swelling full, nearly to bursting with the intensity of its joys, until arriving as it were at the summit of bliss, those bright fancies were suddenly dissipated by the entrance of a hideous dragon amidst that fairy scene to fright her from its enjoyment. She awoke, and her thoughts reverted back to the incidents of the evening previous, while they seemed almost too delightful for reality, and she could hardly convince herself that they were not also a portion of her dream. But there lay the rose withering upon her toilet, to which she ran and read over and over again the sweet confession that "Velasco! *loved her with all his heart!*" She was satisfied *that* had been no delusion, and with an indescribable expression of delight and wonder blendingly depicted upon her sunny features, she pressed the mute messenger to her coral lips, and smiled as if its very fragrance breathed of love.

"He loves me! he loves me!" she exclaimed in the exuberance of her joy, which was, however, immediately checked by a more serious reflection. "But who is it that loves me?" she musingly asked herself. "Who *is* Senor *Velasco?*" She could not imagine whom he might be, for she had never heard the name, and was therefore unable to conclude whether he was a noble, or hidalgo—though he must be a perfect gentleman, or he would never have devised such an exquisitely romantic mode of expressing his passion to her. "And does he *really* love me?" She mused; but this, the more she reflected upon it, seemed as puzzling as the rest, for how was she to determine whether he intended it all as some mere passing act of gallantry, or was sincere in his professions? Yet even then it was bliss to believe the doubtful equivocation, that "lies like truth."

From morn till night, the image of that handsome cavalier, and the flattering words of his song, so occupied her mind that she could think of little else; while she sat humming over the pleasing air, and gazing upon the place where she last saw him wafting kisses toward her on the wings of night, and as intently as if he were still visible to her sight. Her wakeful fancies now conjured up dreams again similar to her midnight vision; but they were also doomed to be dispelled by a phantom equally as horrible—and appearing more like reality than the former.

Three days afterwards, Senor Lopez congratulatingly informed her that she was a betrothed bride! and that her marriage would take place in the course of a few short weeks! She was astonished! aye, utterly confounded by the unexpected intelligence; and sooth there was indeed ample reason, for this was the first intimation she had received of such being a probable occurrence. However, after the first shock of the startling communication had passed over, she began to console herself with the reflection that it must be "Velasco" who had thus suddenly proposed for her; but as her guardian continued, she nearly fainted with the sudden reaction which chilled her hopes.

"You see, my dear, Don Emanuel, who is a nobleman at Madrid, has written to me, soliciting the honor of your hand in marriage. Knowing well his state and importance, I returned him my consent immediately.'

"But you could not give him *my* consent!" said she in a tone of deep reproach.

"Oh, no! *you* will give that as a matter of course!" he replied, laughing, without appearing to think that she could have the slightest objection to so advantageous a match.

Dona Constanza felt ready to weep with indignation; but womanly pride sustained her, and she returned in a tone that was intended to signify her firmness, though her voice was tremulous with emotion. "Then, Senor, *as a matter of course*, I will *not* give my consent; but will rather enter a convent than marry Don Emanuel—even though he were the king himself!" And she turned quickly from the presence of her mercenary guardian toward her chamber, there to give relief to her sorrows and vexation by a flood of tears. She was very angry with him for such impertinent officiousness; as indeed what young maiden would not have been, thus to be disposed of, like a horse or a slave—to have a husband selected and agreed upon, and her own approval and consent to an arrangement, usually the most important of any in woman's life, deemed of very little account—but to follow, however, as a "matter of course." She knew nothing of Don Emanuel, except that his name

had been casually mentioned once or twice in her hearing as a gentleman of high rank in Madrid, but who had spent of late some years abroad. He might be old and ugly for all she knew to the contrary; and his very *name* sounded as if it belonged to a cross and stupid old bachelor. "What care I for his state and importance?" she exclaimed, pettishly, as these words recurred to her mind, "I could not love him if he were made of gold and jewels!"

Nor could she have loved him while her heart was pre-occupied by the graceful image of another—that of her mysterious serenader; whom, however, she had not seen since that eventful evening of his first appearance. This seemed very strange to her, as she nightly watched eager and anxiously hour after hour for his dearly anticipated reappearance; but in vain. She felt it indeed singular, yet she could not believe that such a noble looking gentleman would play falsely merely to deceive a simple maiden—kindling an undying flame in her bosom, and then vanishing as mysteriously as he came, leaving it to rage and consume her heart unheeded. Some accident must full surely have befallen him, or he would have sought an interview with her long before;—and she wept with deep anguish at the thought.

But whether "Velasco" came or not, she was fully resolved to oppose her tyrannical guardian's plan, even though the laws of her country might leave her no alternative between a compliance with his wishes and a living burial within a convent's walls, if he chose to enforce her marriage before she was free from his control. She rightly deemed that he had sinister views in thus contracting her without her own consent, and to an utter stranger; for he shrewdly inferred that the magnificent Don, from the immensity of his own wealth, would be more than likely to overlook some few discrepancies which had occurred in the management of his ward's estate, either through negligence or design on his part.

However, he said nothing further to her upon the subject, knowing that it would but increase the evident antipathy she felt towards the match; while the Don himself could perhaps better second his efforts, when he arrived, by the splendor and pomp of his state—and a very little gentle enforcement, if the necessity of the case should strongly demand such proceeding. Yet he deemed it proper to inform him that his ward manifested a *slight* reluctance in agreeing to such a sudden proposition, from being doubtless a little piqued that he had not addressed her at the first. Still that gentleman's reply expressed no discouragement; but rather increased ardor, as if her maiden spirit raised her worth in his estimation, and he was therefore resolved to win her if possible.

It was on the evening previous to the day when the presumptuous suitor to her hand was expected to arrive, that the Dona sat in her chamber with her spirits weighed down by the most gloomy reflections. She had given up all hope of ever seeing "Velasco" again; and yet she could not banish from her heart the lasting impression that his manly beauty, assisted by the romance attached to his actions—had made upon it. In the fervid clime of Spain love does not require years of sunshine and showers to arrive at maturity. It is there in her verdant fields, amidst orange groves and rosy bowers, a flower of magic growth, and requires neither care or attendance; but springs at once into bloom, seeking its own nourishment of the soil from whence it takes its life. From sad imaginings with regard to the stranger who was the object of her affections, her thoughts reverted with loathing to the still stranger person, who was equally the object of her abhorrence; and with whom her guardian would heartlessly force her to wed, if she did not take some decided step to thwart his purpose. Though she had not yet determined upon any definite plan of proceeding, she was fully resolved that the haughty Don should not even *see* her when he did arrive, and he might return again to Madrid, if he chose, as wise as he came, and quite as empty, for all he was likely to gain of her.

While thus sitting and revolving in her mind the woes that afflicted her soul, she heard, as she imagined, the same tinkling notes which had sounded so sweet to her enraptured ears upon the night when "Velasco" sung to her of his admiration and love. Rushing to the window to assure herself, she saw him floating gently by; and, carried away with the enthusiastic transport of her feelings she waved her hand toward him in greeting, while her throbbing heart swelled full with delight. He kissed his in return, and then, signifying by a gesture that they might not speak through fear of being overheard, he approached toward the shore, and tossed a letter attached to a pebble, into her apartment. Catching it eagerly up, she read by the light of a taper its contents; and then, with an almost overpowering feeling of joy, she returned to the window and waved him her unhesitating consent to the proposition contained within; while he passed silently away, wafting kisses toward her until lost to view in the obscurity of night.

The letter was signed the same as his previous message to her, with the simple word "Velasco!" but its contents informed her that he was a gentleman of birth and station in life; and that having accidentally seen her one day in the villa, he had from that moment loved her with devoted ardor: yet he had been compelled to leave for Madrid at an early hour the next morning, and it was not then possible to seek an interview other than the serenade to which she listened one evening a few weeks previous. And now he deemed it too late for such unless she would consent to fly with him and thus avoid the union which her guardian wished to

force upon her. He seemed wretched with despair, and implored her with all the deep and restless eloquence of true affection to comply with his wishes, and he would then ever love her, truly and fondly;—saying, also, that he had in his power every means of happiness, without the assistance of those which her guardian might unjustly withhold from her. And he concluded by requesting that if she consented to his dearest desires, to postpone with some plausible excuse the dreaded ceremony for a day, and he would be at her window on the succeeding night, ready to convey her with all possible speed to where the holy sacredóte should be in waiting to unite them forever.

After he was gone she returned and read and re-read those sweet lines, which seemed to her like a reprieve from a doom worse than even death itself, until every letter was engraven upon her memory—never to be effaced; and then she folded it upon her heart and held it there, while she dreamed all that blissful night of love again and her dear "Velasco."

The next day an unfortunate accident, as it was understood, delayed the arrival of Senor Lopez's expected guest; for which occurrence Dona Constanza felt duly thankful, while she made secret preparation for her intended flight.

She did not feel any regret at the step she was taking, for she was bound by no ties to Senor Lopez, and he had ever been to her a cold-hearted and selfish oppressor. It was the climax of this course of conduct that now drove her forth, to find a protector in one who loved her, and to seek a refuge from bitter oppression; but as the evening approached, she felt nervous and sick at heart through doubt and anxiety. She had, however, a trusting confidence in the honor of Velasco, for every gesture and every word of his which she had read or listened to, bore the impress of love and sincerity. True, her acquaintance with him was very slight; but she was rendered desperate through love and constraint, and therefore proceeded to an extremity, which under other circumstances she would have hesitated in doing. While awaiting the arrival of "Velasco," she labored under the most gloomy forebodings, and half repented her hasty promise; but then as she thought of her hopeless situation, an occasional shudder would thrill over her frame, and renew again her failing resolution.

It was about nine o'clock in the evening, that she heard the whispered signal underneath her window, while her heart seemed ready to leap from her throat with trepidation. Summoning up, however, the little energy she could command at the moment, she stepped timidly forth over the balcony, and thence descended into her lover's arms, who quickly placed her on the boat in waiting, and pushed from the shore. He seated himself by her side and pressed her to his heart without speaking, while they were rowed swiftly toward the Villa in whose suburbs her guardian's residence was situated; but had not proceeded far ere lights were seen and voices heard in pursuit, and they knew their flight had been discovered.

Too frightened to speak, Constanza clung closer to her lover, as if to implore his protection; but he merely smiled, in derision of their danger, and bade her fear nothing, for all would yet be well. They were too far advanced to be immediately overtaken, and thus reached the church in safety, where the reverend priest was in waiting to perform the nuptial rite. He commenced in haste, well knowing the urgency of the case; but the ceremony was soon interrupted by the stentorian voice of Senor Lopez, echoing in thunder to the lofty dome of the church, and reverberating amid those deserted aisles, as he shouted,

"Hold! on your life, holy father! and beware how you profane thus your sacred office!"

Then, drawing his sword, advanced to confront the bold abducter of his ward, who stood calm and unmoved, supporting her fainting form; but paused in utter amazement as he recognized his features, exclaiming, "Good God, Don Emanuel! Is it possible that you have resorted to such ignoble means to win your lady?"

"It is, Senor," replied Don Emanuel, smiling, "for I despaired of winning her otherwise. You know that she refused the proposal made through her guardian; therefore, I deemed it proper to gain my desires in the best manner possible. She is mine now, by her own free will; and I love her none the less, for thus proving to me the faith of her affection."

"Well, as you have won the perverse maiden against her desires, even though with her own free consent, the ceremony may proceed; and I wish my dear ward much pleasure, in thus having her own way in this important matter."

The parties were married; and then of course came an explanation of the mystery to Dona Constanza. Don Emanuel de Velasco, having seen her, as before stated, was immediately captivated with her beauty and sweetness; but being imperatively called away to Madrid, he was obliged to submit by letter, a proposal for addressing her, to Senor Lopez, who closed at once with his desires; and unexpectedly, even went so far as to fix upon a day for the marriage, which he seemed to think, without doubt, would follow in a very short period. This surprised, while it gave him much pleasure, and he joyfully acquiesced in the arrangement; but when he understood that she firmly opposed the union, shrewdly deeming that she might be ignorant of his latter title, and encouraged by her seeming gratification at the previous manifestation of his love, he resolved to win her, if possible, under that name alone; and thereby assure himself not only of her free will, but of her affection for him also. The good priest was his only confidant,

while he trusted to have accomplished his design undiscovered.

It is needless, perhaps, to mention that the result of the elopement was gratifying to all the parties concerned, as it united Dona Constanza to her "Velasco," as well as to her guardian's "Don Emanuel;" and she had never reason to repent the hasty step, which, to appearance, was forced upon her.

THE WIFE'S COUNSEL.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"Why are you so gloomy, Edmund?" said a happy wife and mother to her husband, as they sat together one evening after the tea things had been removed, "Why are you so gloomy? I have noticed it growing on you for some time past. Tell me," she continued, looking fondly up into his face, "for if trouble causes it, I can share, even if I cannot alleviate, your sorrow."

The husband looked at her a minute with changing emotions of countenance, and replied,

"I *will* tell you, Ellen, although I am almost ashamed to do so. I have been speculating again, and—and I fear it will turn out to my loss."

There might have been seen, for a moment, by a close observer, an expression of reproach on the countenance of the wife; but the look was involuntary; and perhaps unperceived by the husband, for it faded like a sun cloud, almost as quickly as it came. She replied with a smile,

"And why should that make you gloomy? Are we not still comfortable? Shall the loss of a few dollars make you unhappy?"

"Alas! it is not the loss of a few dollars," said the husband deeply affected, "but of thousands, which I deplore. And all this might have been prevented if I had only taken your advice. Again and again have you besought me not to engage in these gambling roads to riches, but I have blindly," and he spoke with the deepest agitation, "gone on, disregarding all you have said, until now I have ruined you and our sweet babe. God forgive me for it," he said, bursting into tears, "but I have, by my folly, reduced you to poverty. Would that I had never been born!"

The wife's cheek paled, for she had not dreamed that her husband's fortune had been impaired to such an extent, but although she saw herself and her darling infant reduced to beggary, no words of condemnation rose to her lips, not even a look of reproach was turned on her husband. Even had she wished to censure him as the cause of their ruin she could not have done so, when the lover of her youth was sobbing before her. It is not often that a man weeps, and deep indeed must be that agony which can wring tears from his eyes. Ellen gazed on her husband, and as she saw the violence of his emotions she felt that he was sufficiently punished, that the torture of his spirit was teaching him a lesson, by which she hoped he would profit. We said she felt this, but we mistake—it was not until afterward that she thought on the subject; for at the sight of her husband's tears, at the sound of his penitential words every other emotion but that of sympathy was chased from her bosom and throwing her arms around his neck, she soothed him by kind words and bright hopes for the future.

"And what if we are beggars, dear Edmund?" she said, "have we not our little Henry still left to us?—are we not yet all in all to each other? Our heavenly father will not suffer us to want, and we can easily part with these luxuries that surround us. Believe me, we shall still be happy—perhaps happier than we have been here."

"No—no," said the husband with emotion, "I can never forgive myself for what I have done. For a week I have known this dreadful truth, and yet dared not tell you. But you are an angel. Oh! why did you not reproach me? I could have borne that better than this meek, this forgiving, this more than mortal kindness. God forgive me for having made you a beggar!"

"Oh! talk not thus wildly, dear, dear Edmund," said the wife, "for you cut me to the heart. Let what has past be forgotten. Willingly, aye! gladly will I surrender these useless luxuries if it will only restore your peace of mind. We will—I know we *will* be happier in poverty than we have been in opulence, for the cares that have constantly harrassed you will then trouble you no longer. Sweet little Henry," she continued, turning to the infant in its cradle, "see he has awoke and smiles on you. Let him not see a cloud of sorrow on his father's brow."

By such words did that sweet wife soothe her husband's troubled mind, and endeavor to reconcile him to the fate that was now inevitable.

Ellen Massey had been the only daughter of a widow. Her mother had brought her up with unusual care, early instilling into her mind correct principles, and teaching her that in religion alone would she find a guide in prosperity and a comforter in adversity. Ellen grew up accordingly with devout but unpretending piety. At the age of eighteen she saw her mother descend to the tomb, leaving her an orphan and almost friendless. Before her death Mrs. Massey had been induced, by the advice of some friends, to invest her little fortune in a stock company that promised enormous profits, and, at the time Ellen was left an orphan, the stock of this company had risen to such a height as to command double its original value. Mrs. Massey died, therefore, with the belief that her daughter would have a fortune sufficiently large to afford not only the elegancies but the luxuries of life. Alas! for the delusions of the times. A crisis came, and the company was suddenly reduced to insolvency. Ellen now became penniless. But, in this strait, her religion supported her, and instead of sitting down in useless repinings, she determined to earn her livelihood by becoming a governess. She soon found a situation, and here met Edmund Warren, a young gentleman of fortune and worth. Her modest demeanor attracted his notice, and he sought the acquaintance of the retiring governess. His friends laughed at him for his intimacy with one whom they

thought in a lower station of life, but Warren knew that it is worth only which bestows true rank, and he paid no attention, therefore, to the sneers of his gay advisers. Above all, he saw that Miss Massey was pious, and piety in a woman was necessary to ensure his love. This may sound strange in some ears, for Warren was confessedly a man of the world, but his mother had been truly religious, and he always pictured to himself a woman of like character as the one whom he would choose for a wife. There were many other estimable traits in him which Ellen could not fail to see, and she soon learned that her affections had been cast almost involuntarily upon Warren. The lover, at length, won a confession of this from the blushing girl. They were married, and Ellen found herself the bride of one of the wealthiest young men of the city.

But there was one foible in the character of Warren, which Ellen discovered a few months after their marriage, and which, had she known in the first hours of their acquaintance, might have prevented her from learning to love him. *He was ever thirsting after increased wealth.* Rich as he was, he longed for greater opulence, and was continually engaged in schemes to add tens of thousands to his already large fortune. It was a season of great financial excitement, and men dreamed of amassing fortunes as the early discoverers of America dreamed of reaching El Dorado, of drinking from the magical fountain of life. A hundred speculations were afloat, all promising incredible returns to the adventurer. Into these speculations Warren plunged. His wife, remembering the loss of her own fortune, shuddered at any thing bearing the name of speculation, and besought her husband to rest content with what he had, and not risk all in striving after more. Warren yielded, in a measure, to her entreaties, embarking but a few thousand dollars in what appeared the most promising of various speculations presented to him. In some cases the venture proved fortunate, in others not. But on the whole he rather won than lost. He adduced this as an argument to convince his wife, but she shook her head, and by her entreaties again induced him to forego his intention of embarking nearly his whole fortune in what promised to be an unusually lucky adventure. The wife contended that speculation was but a legalized gambling, in which a few won while the great mass was ruined. "They had enough," she said, "why should they wish for more?" Thus, again and again she prevailed, and more than once saved her husband's fortune. But on the birth of his boy the eagerness of the father to possess inordinate riches grew on him so that he could no longer resist it; and just at this crisis too a speculation presented itself which he fancied had no chance of a failure. Concealing his intentions from his wife, as he knew that she would not approve of them, he embarked his whole fortune in the undertaking. For nearly a year every thing went on prosperously, and Warren calculated that he had doubled his fortune. Still he said nothing to his wife, for the favorable moment to sell out had not, he thought, yet arrived, and he was resolved to say nothing to her until all was concluded, and he could surprise her by his success. "The end has not come yet," said he smilingly to himself. But the end came too soon and with it ruin. Warren woke up one morning to find that he had been the dupe of sharpers; that the speculation had failed; that he was penniless. We have seen how he concealed the misfortune for a while, and how he at length confessed it to his wife.

Ellen was indeed an angel in this crisis. She gave up her luxurious house, her rich furniture, even many things that she had learned to consider comforts without a sigh. She saw that her husband was penitent. She doubted not that he was cured of his folly. The price indeed was fearful, but so long as his love remained to her she could be happy.

They removed to a small house, having but one room on a floor, but every thing was neat and as comfortable as the place would allow. Ellen was her own cook, and her husband when he came home from his work—for he had obtained a situation as a clerk—saw in her smiles a surety that she was happy. How then could he repine? He did not. He thought Ellen more beautiful in her common chintz dress and her tidy apron, than in the rich silks which she had once worn in still richer saloons; and thinking thus, and witnessing her content, and feeling that she was happy in despite of his folly, his heart melted, and he enjoyed a felicity such as he never could have attained in his days of opulence. Still that little family had sorrowful hours; for often, when their babe was sick, they had to deny it comforts that wealth could have commanded, and once, when Warren himself fell ill, and was confined for months to the house, their scanty funds melted away, until the wife was compelled to take in sewing to support them. In that dark hour the religion of Ellen again came to her aid, and her husband learned to emulate her piety. But when the father recovered from his long illness, they were so deeply in debt that they were forced to relinquish their house, and content themselves with a single room. To such lengths had the insane thirst for money-making reduced that innocent wife and child.

Long, long years passed away, and although at length Warren struggled up from poverty into a competence, it was not until his brow was wrinkled by toil and care, nor before the threads of silver began to appear amid the beautiful tresses of his wife. When, finally, he was once more above want, and had secured enough to keep his family for the remainder of his life, the first lesson which he taught his children was to beware of making haste to get rich, and of its attendant curse, the thirst for speculation.

And to this admonition the silver voice of the mother was never wanting.

This is no tale of a disordered fancy. It is a sad story of life as it is. It presents, too, the bright side of the picture; for alas! how many, who have heen ruined by this demon speculation, have never been able to struggle up from poverty, but have seen their wives and little ones, perish piece-meal before their eyes, when forced to suffer hardships for which neither their habits nor constitutions had adapted them.

THE WIDOW'S GRAVE.

BY EDWARD WOOLF.

INTRODUCTION.

Our village church is truly a venerable edifice, and I experience no small gratification in paying a daily visit to this ancient relic, to gaze upon its grey and crumbling turrets, or sit beneath its low and ivy covered porch, or wander among the tombs of the mouldering dead. I fancy I am somewhat singular in that respect, for—with the exception of one solitary instance—I seldom, if ever, meet with a companion actuated by a similar propensity.

The old sexton is acquainted with my peculiar disposition, and often joins me in my rambles through the churchyard. He is familiar with every inch of ground surrounding the church, and points with a degree of pride and importance to certain mounds, covered with thick grass, and sweet scented flowers, as being the spots where he performed the first melancholy duties of his office; and often sighs whilst with sorrowful accents he alludes to the approach of that day, when his own form shall mingle with the dust of those whom he has consigned to the bosom of the cold earth.

He is a reverend old man, and his locks are silvered by the frost of age; for seventy winters have passed over his head; yet he is hale and strong. I have conceived a pity and veneration for the old man, because I observe that he is shunned by many persons who are acquainted with his calling. Indeed a public executioner could not be treated with more contempt, or viewed with greater disgust, than this poor harmless and inoffensive creature both by the vulgar herd, and persons whose education and situation in life, should teach them to observe the respect due to honorable old age.

This kind hearted man frequently reverts to the disrespect he encounters from persons acquainted with his calling, and a tear will sometimes moisten his cold grey eye, and roll down his furrowed cheek. He has not a relation in the world to cheer him in his declining years, for Death has hurried his kindred from a life of poverty and wretchedness, and they lie buried in that churchyard, where the old man has performed the office of sexton for the last half century.

We frequently visit the graves of his kindred. They are situated in a retired spot, rendered somewhat gloomy by certain dark cedar and yew trees, that cast a broad and deep shadow upon the green sward around; and he derives a melancholy satisfaction, from removing the weeds and briars from such spots of earth, as conceal the remains of those, whose smiles and affectionate assiduities, would have rendered his old age happy.

I believe that I am the only being to whom he is really attached, and I never approach the churchyard without beholding him leaning over the white painted palings, looking anxiously for my arrival; and no sooner does he recognise me, than a smile of satisfaction illumines his countenance, and he hastens to open the wicket, and welcome me.

There is an elm tree, beneath whose friendly shade we often sit, and hold our friendly converse. It is from beneath this tree, that I view the venerable church, and hear the deep and sombre tones of the old turret bell quiver upon the breeze, and gaze upon the green sward dotted with memorials of the dead. How calm, how tranquil is that spot of earth! The awful stillness of death reigns there. So profound is the silence, that the very beatings of one's heart fall perceptibly upon the ear; and should this silence be interrupted, it is only by the solemn voice of the old bell, or the wind moaning through the branches of the elm trees that shade the avenue. From the crevices of the mouldering tombs the lizard creeps forth to bask in the rays of the sun; leaving his damp unwholesome cavern, concealed amidst rank weeds to inhale the pure and refreshing breeze, and the genial warmth of the atmosphere, when the white frost of winter has disappeared, and the verdant carpet of Nature, enamelled with varied colored flowers, welcomes the approaching spring.

It is during my rambles with the old man among the tombs, that he relates certain anecdotes connected with the past lives of those persons whose names, ages, and days of their deaths are recorded upon the tablets erected to their memories.

It happened during one of our rambles, that we arrived at a mound covered with long and soft grass. A plain looking tablet of inferior workmanship placed at the head of the grave, informed us of the names and ages of those who slept below.

The inscription ran as follows:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF
MARY ANN WALTERSON,
Who departed this life, February 6th, 18—
Aged 48 years.
ALSO OF
JOSEPH HENRY WALTERSON,
Son of the above,
Who departed this life, February 5th, 18—
Aged 20 years.

Upon our arrival at this grave, the old sexton clasped his hands behind him, and contemplated the tablet with a sorrowful expression of countenance: he then sighed, and shaking his head mournfully, exclaimed,

"Alas sir! this mound conceals the remains of two persons whose sad history I am too well acquainted with; for the remembrance of that misery a fond and doting mother endured, when bereaved of her only child, who met with an untimely end, can never be obliterated from my memory. Come! let us return to the seat beneath

he old elm tree, and I will relate the sad story to yon for I am well acquainted with the facts, having resided near her dwelling, when the sad catastrophe occurred."

Anxious to become a listener to his narrative, which promised to awaken much interest, I accompanied the old man back to the elm tree, where after seating ourselves upon a rustic bench, erected beneath the friendly shade of its wide spreading branches, he proceeded as follows with

THE STORY OF THE WIDOW'S GRAVE.

"I remember the time when Mrs. Walterson first arrived in this village; it was about seventeen years ago, and she took up her residence with her infant son in a small white cottage, situated upon a green knoll, close to the meadows. The self-same cottage is standing there even now; but it is sadly dilapidated. The latticed casement—over which the honeysuckle and sweet briar were wont to twine their pliant arms, and shed a fragrance around—is now rusted on its hinges, and its broken panes are choked with ivy and wild vine. Its neat porch of trellis work—which had been erected by the widow's son, under her immediate superintendence—has fallen to decay. The garden is overgrown with weeds; and the white painted palings, which surrounded the cottage, have been pulled down, and destroyed by our village urchins, who have made the garden a place of rendezvous, to carry on their mischievous frolics; and you may frequently observe three or four of those curly headed little fellows swinging upon the garden gate, and listening with apparent delight to the creaking of its hinges.

"In a corner of the garden, near the rear of the cottage, is a small wooden house resembling an ark; it is the residence of "Ceasar," once the trusty house dog, and an especial favorite of Master Joseph. Sometimes a group of children may be observed, examining that wooden tenement at a distance, with looks of suspicion, not unmingled with fear; and it frequently happens, that one of those chubby little fellows—upon being urged by his companions—will advance a step or two, and whistle, or chirp, in order to invite Ceasar to come forth; and then the poor animal—who rarely quits his cell, unless it be to visit the grave of his former mistress, and young master—will thrust forth his grizzly head, and growl at his tormentors. Poor Ceasar! he will never forget his mistress, nor the master who cherished him. He is supported by the kind-hearted neighbors, and cannot be induced to quit that spot, for it was there the widow and her son used to caress him. He has visited the old church-yard regularly every day since he lost his mistress, and I believe he will continue to do so until death prevents him. Upon the death of the widow and her son, he took on sadly, and for several days refused food; and he would start off for this church-yard, and moan over the grave, and burrow up the ground. Poor fellow! it went against my heart to drive him from that spot; but I was compelled to do it, and finally to shut him out altogether; and then the faithful animal lurked round the palings, and whined for admittance: I would fain have gratified him, but, as he destroyed the mound, I thought it was best to exclude him. For days, weeks, nay for months, did he hover around this place, and take advantage of every opportunity to gain admittance: at length I ventured to gratify him, and opened the gate for him, whereupon, he bounded towards the grave, and whined and moaned as he was wont to do before. I was pleased to observe that he did not disturb the earth, and suffered him to continue there as long as he pleased. Since that time he has been a daily visitor. But to return to his mistress.

"It was a glowing afternoon in the month of August when Mrs. Walterson first arrived with her son. He was a little rosy-cheeked fellow; and his auburn ringlets fell clustering over his shoulders. I thought that Mrs. Walterson was the most beautiful creature I ever beheld. She was above the middle height, with a complexion so delicate and clear, that the small blue veins in her neck, resembled those which appear in the purest white marble and her cheeks were tinged with the blush of the rose while her dark chesnut hair, braided upon her snowy forehead, descended in luxuriant ringlets upon her shoulders. Her hazel eyes, and finely arched brows, rendered her countenance the most expressive, imagination can picture. You doubtless feel surprised, to hear an old man speak in terms glowing with the fervor of youth: If I am led away, it is only by the recollection of Mrs Walterson's worth, beauty, and rectitude of conduct.

"It was understood, upon Mrs. Walterson's arrival, that she was the wife of a captain who commanded a merchant vessel of which he was part owner. He was said to be a wealthy man, and respectably connected. It appeared that Mrs. Walterson had married him, in opposition to the wishes of her friends; and for that rash step, they had discarded her. It was in vain that Captain Walterson and his wife, solicited forgiveness from her incensed parents: their letters were returned; and once the affectionate wife—but erring daughter—ventured beneath her father's roof to crave his blessing and forgiveness: she had been spurned at, and driven from that father's presence with loud imprecations; and the servants at the hall were commanded upon pain of instant dismissal, never to admit her or the Captain beneath that roof again.

"Having thus forfeited all hope of being reinstated to the affections of her parents, Mrs. Walterson passed her days of solitude in the white cottage which her husband had chosen for her residence.

"Captain Walterson was absent from home for the greatest part of the year, during which time, Mrs. Walterson—to relieve the monotony of her solitary life, and beguile her tedious hours—undertook the instruction of

Master Joseph; and it was a delightful thing, to behold the young mother, bending over her infant son: her dark ringlets shadowing that face upturned towards her own. And the glance of intelligence from the large expressive eyes of that child, as he received instruction from her lips, or when listening to her gentle admonitions, can never be forgotten by me.

"If Mrs. Walterson possessed any one failing—and none of us are exempted from the frailties of humanity—it was a tincture of pride, approaching to a seeming haughtiness: probably the secluded life she led, or the remembrance of the slights she had received from her family, might have wrought some change upon her sensitive mind. God forgive me, if in thought I wrong the poor widow!—but I have often imagined, that, had she been more familiar with her humble neighbors in her prosperity, nay, even in her poverty, many hours of wretchedness would have been spared her; but, notwithstanding all the misery and distress that fell heavily upon her, after the death of her husband, she still retained her wonted pride, so, that her neighbors—who were really anxious to relieve her wants—were fearful of meeting with a repulse.

"I have already stated, that Captain Walterson was absent from home for the greatest part of the year; and when he returned from sea, his wife appeared an altered creature—for she was then all life and gaiety; and I have seen her leaning upon his arm, whilst walking round the neat little garden attached to the cottage, and smiling upon him with looks of affection. And oft did it gladden my heart, to behold the Captain fondling his little son, or contributing to his amusement, by joining him in his youthful sports. Ah, sir! if there was ever an affectionate husband, and doting father, Captain Walterson was that man.

"I shall now pass over the events of about twelve or fourteen years, in order to narrate a sad domestic affliction that befell Mrs. Waterson. Intelligence arrived—and alas! it was but too well confirmed—that Captain Walterson's vessel had foundered at sea, and every soul on board had perished. It was truly grevious to behold poor Miss Walterson when she first received the dreadful tidings. It was known in the village, and many an anxious eye was directed toward the cottage.

"I was in the habit of paying a daily visit to the cottage, where I used to trim the garden, and keep the fences in order, and was frequently invited by the old house-keeper to enter and take refreshment. It happened on the same afternoon that Mrs. Walterson had received the dreadful intelligence, I was partaking of my usual refreshment, and had an opportunity of seeing her, and never, no never shall I forget her as she then appeared!

"She was seated in the parlor; the letter containing the afflicting intelligence had fallen from her hand; her eyes were upraised to Heaven—but not a tear flowed to relieve the deep anguish that assailed her heart. Her face was pale as marble; her lips trembled, and there appeared an expression of vacancy in her countenance painful to behold. Master Joseph, (who was then about seventeen or eighteen years of age, and a fine tall youth) clasped her right hand, whilst he endeavored to cheer her with words of comfort; and he imprinted a kiss upon her cold white forehead; but she heard him not, nor felt his tear of affection bedew her pallid cheek.

"The appearance of Master Joseph—for his age—was manly, and noble in the extreme. His countenance was handsome and expressive, and bore a great resemblance to that of his mother's. His eyes were black, piercing, and brilliant. His fine black and glossy hair, hung in small ringlets upon his shoulders; his limbs were firm, and well set, and gave evident tokens of a superior strength to be developed in riper years.

"It was many weeks before Mrs. Walterson recovered the shock inflicted upon her sensitive nature, by the disastrous occurrence already mentioned; and when she appeared abroad, leaning upon the arm of her son, it was difficult to recognize her for the same person. The bloom of health had deserted her cheek; her eyes were sunken, and her lips bloodless, and traces of care and anxiety became more visible upon her countenance every day I beheld her.

"It happened, unfortunately, that Captain Walterson's vessel was not insured; and, as he had devoted a great portion of capital to the purchasing of a valuable freight, but little remained for the support of Mrs. Walterson and Master Joseph, who had never been put to any trade, or profession. However, by a prudent management of the proceeds, arising from the disposal of her stock of jewelry, Mrs. Walterson was enabled to invest a sum in the funds, the interest of which, tended to support her and her son, so, that they had nothing to apprehend from the miseries attending absolute poverty; and, as Captain Walterson had purchased the White Cottage, they were in the possession of a comfortable residence.

"I have already stated, that Master Joseph was the idol of his parents; but alas! in their fondness, they had neglected to instil into his youthful mind, those precepts of morality, which are so essential for our ultimate happiness through life. By their excessive indulgence, he had been taught to imagine that he could do no wrong; and as his education had been neglected, his mind was not prepared to resist the false impressions of those allurements, with which vice so often entangles her victims; and, although his behavior for the two years succeeding his father's untimely death, was all that his fond mother could wish, and such as to merit the admiration of the whole village—yet, at the end of that time, a perceptible change was observed in his conduct, which

caused the Widow to experience some uneasiness. At first she attributed his irregularities to that eccentricity which so often accompanies youth; but, as his misconduct daily became more apparent, she began to have some misgivings as to his sense of propriety, and regretted—alas! when too late, that her excessive fondness had been instrumental in causing him to swerve from the paths of duty, and of virtue.

"His disposition—which hitherto had been characterised as gentle and loving in the extreme, was now morose and sullen. He would return from his daily rambles with a flushed brow and a frowning aspect, and sit for hours in a thoughtful mood. In vain did his fond mother endeavor to elicit from him the cause of this change in his behavior; to her enquiries he was stubborn and silent,—nay, he often exhibited a degree of petulence approaching to anger; yet her tears and gentle admonitions sometimes prevailed, and he would throw himself upon her bosom, and weep; but to all her remonstrances and entreaties appertaining to the perceptible change in his behavior, he preserved an obstinate taciturnity, and whilst the fond mother's heart was torn with anguish, that of the erring son was daily becoming hardened, and insensible to all those humane feelings, which are implanted in our bosoms by the hands of Virtue.

"I have previously stated, that Mrs. Walterson was thought to possess a proud disposition; it might not have been so; at any rate she did not seek the advice and friendship of our village dames; on the contrary, she seemed inclined to shun them. Now I do believe, that had she imparted the cause of her grief to them, they would have afforded her much consolation, and proper council to reclaim her son; but those who really sympathised with her, and were anxious to lessen the weight of her afflictions, became fearful of incurring her displeasure, and she was doomed to undergo all those miseries which the misconduct of her son was daily bringing upon her, without that friendly advice, of which she might avail herself. Indeed my good dame frequently opportuned me to allow her to visit the widow, for the purpose of consoling her; but I was apprehensive that such a visit would be deemed impertinent and obtrusive by Mrs. Walterson.

"The misconduct of Master Joseph, at length began to excite alarming suspicions in the mind of the widow. He was frequently absent from home two or three nights in the week, and his distracted mother knew not where to seek him. Many, aye, many a night, have I beheld that poor widow standing by the gate of the cottage, watching the return of her son; and every distant footstep would cause her to start, and look eagerly forward for his approach. Often have I heard her sob and moan in that gloom and solitude, until I thought her heart would break. Sometimes I have seen her, by the faint light of a candle, traversing her chamber, and weeping sadly. Alas, poor widow! callous indeed must that heart have been, that did not throb with pity for misery like thine.

"I will relate an occurrence I witnessed; it may tend to impress you with sympathy for the sufferings of a mother so devotedly attached to an unworthy son—It was on a gloomy and chilly night in the month of November, that the widow had stationed herself us usual at the gate, to watch for the arrival of her son. The dark clouds were driven swiftly onward by a sharp north wind, that howled and whistled through the leafless branches of the trees, whilst the slanting rain mixed with hail, descended with great impetuosity. The widow was muffled up in a shawl and bonnet, looking anxiously toward the high road for the arrival of her son. Unmindful of the cutting rain, and sharp chilling wind, there she stood amidst the rude elements by which she was assailed. It was indeed a pitiless night! I heard the old gates slam to and fro by the violence of the wind, and creak upon their hinges; and the foaming torrent of the swollen brook lashed to fury, rush madly onward: yet there she stood, looking earnestly toward the road by which her son usually returned home. The faithful Ceasar stood by his mistress, eyeing her wistfully, and bounding forward when a footstep was heard; but when he discovered it did not proceed from Master Joseph, he returned to his mistress and whined piteously.

"Long did the anxious widow continue upon that spot, drenched with the rain, and chilled by the northern blast: she heeded them not. What were the assaults of storm or tempest, compared to the anguish, that lacerated her bosom for the absence of her son. At length a footstep was heard, and Ceasar bounded forward—his bark of recognition and joy proclaimed the approach of his young master—nearer and nearer came the footsteps, and Master Joseph was at length discerned through the gloom, walking with an unsteady gait toward his home. The fond mother uttered a cry of joy, and rushed forward to meet and embrace her son. Oh, God! never shall I forget the scene that followed, and would that I had never witnessed it, the remembrance even now causes me to shudder; for, when the widow rushed forward with outstretched arms to embrace that loved son who had caused her to experience so many hours of anguish—he threw her rudely from him, and with such force that she was dashed to the ground in a state of insensibility. I ran from my cottage, from the window of which I beheld this scene, and hastening to the spot where she had fallen, raised her in my arms, and bore her to her residence, into which her cruel son had already entered, and I placed her gently on a chair, when she soon recovered, and beholding her son—who was seated in an arm-chair, gazing upon her with a countenance expressive of stupor and astonishment, for he was

evidently inebriated—she clasped her hands, and whilst the tears gushed from her eyes, exclaimed,

"'Oh, Joseph! it was cruel of you to treat me with such harshness. If you but knew how miserable I have been during your absence, and the anxiety I felt for your safety, you would indeed pity me—but thank heaven, you have returned, and I am happy!'

"Her son made no reply, but stretched forth his legs, thrust his hands into his pockets, and regarded the widow and myself with a vacant stare. Good God! what an alteration had a few weeks of intemperance wrought upon him! His hair that was wont to curl luxuriantly, was now dishevelled and matted: his eyes had lost their brilliancy: his cheeks were hollow and sunken, and his lips black and parched from the effects of habitual intoxication. His dress was disordered, and bespattered with mire, and in fact, his whole appearance calculated to raise emotions of loathing and disgust in the bosom of the spectator. Ah, sir! it seems but an occurrence of yesterday, that I beheld the widow in her faded mourning dress; her dark glossy hair parted into plain bands on each side of her white forehead, whilst she leaned upon the arm of her son, whose eyes beamed with affection, and whose deportment, as he walked up yon shaded avenue, bespoke the pride and joy of his heart, in being thus chosen the protector of his fond mother in her declining years. And many were the blessings bestowed upon that son as he entered the church on the Sabbath day, supporting his mother, and bearing a small clasp bible in his hand. The village dames smiled, and nodded to each other with looks of admiration upon beholding them walk up the aisle; and the old squire of the manor would often greet them with friendly salutation as they advanced, and point them out to his lady, as though he experienced a gratification on viewing the calm and happy countenance of the mother, and commendable bearing of the son; little did I then imagine, that he would become so disobedient and wayward a youth—but to proceed with my sad narrative; and it will soon be concluded.

"A discovery was made that Master Joseph had joined a set of dissolute companions, who had by the most artful stratagems lured him to their toils, and by degrees had induced him to assist them in all their evil practices. From the vices of gambling and inebriety, he had been led to commit the crime of theft, for, at the instigation of his wicked companions, he had broken open a bureau belonging to his mother, and stolen from thence a sum of money together with a quantity of plate, and some few jewels, with which he had absconded; nor could the poor widow gain any intelligence of him, until that sad adventure occurred, by which he met with an untimely end. It happened in the following manner:

"Those dissolute companions whom Master Joseph had joined, were known as a most desperate gang of ruffians. Orchards and hen-roosts had been robbed with impunity, for these depredators were said to be so strong in numbers, and so determined, that the villagers were afraid to attack them; so, whilst rewards were offered for their apprehension, they committed the most flagrant and daring acts of robbery unmolested; and perceiving that no person ventured to attack them whilst pursuing their lawless deeds, they had become bold, and had now concerted a plan to rob the manor house, at the earliest and most favorable opportunity that should offer, in order to obtain the rich service of plate and jewels which the mansion was said to contain. For the purpose of carrying this plan into execution, enquiries were made by certain members of the gang, and it was ascertained, that the squire had gone to his town residence, in order to spend the winter there, and had left the manor house to the care of the old steward, who, with his wife, son and a servant girl, were the only persons that inhabited it. This information inspired the desperadoes with great joy, and a determination to effect their object without loss of time.

"It was a dark and gusty night in the month of February, that the burglars set out upon their expedition; and Master Joseph, who had been elected a sort of chief or captain over this desperate gang, undertook to conduct the enterprise.

"It was about two o'clock in the morning when they arrived at the gate of the manor house, and a trusty spy was sent forward to reconnoitre, who soon returned, and reported that everything was favorable for their plan of attack: thereupon the gang forced the gate, and moving along noiseless and upon tiptoe, concealed by the thick glooms that shrouded the earth, they proceeded along the path that led to the principal entrance; and when they arrived there, Master Joseph beckoned to one of his companions, who carried a small canvass bag, containing implements for house-breaking, and taking from thence a centre-bit, a screw-driver, and a pick-lock, he commenced operations upon the shutter, whilst his companions prepared their weapons of defence, in case of an attack. Master Joseph having cut a hole in the shutter, large enough for him to thrust his arm into, retired to procure the dark lantern, held by one of his companions, in order to direct him where to find the bolt. At that moment a window of the upper story was thrown suddenly open, and a blunderbuss discharged upon the burglars. A cry of agony was heard, followed by oaths, and execrations, when the discharge of another deadly weapon from the same unseen hands, caused the gang to disperse with precipitation, for numerous lights appeared at the distance, hurrying towards the scene of action, where a great number of villagers soon arrived bearing lanterns, and weapons of defence. They proceeded to the manor house, at the door of which they

discovered a man laying prostrate upon his face. They turned him upon his back, and the red glare of light emitted from the lanterns, discovered Master Joseph, pierced near the heart with a bullet. Life was not quite extinct, for upon raising him in their arms, he said with a faint voice—'I am guilty—my mother!'—and so expired.

"Oh! never shall I forget the day, when the lifeless body of that unfortunate boy was brought to the dwelling of the poor widow, or the shriek of anguish that burst from her bosom, when she beheld the pallid form of her son, who, notwithstanding his vices, and the cruel treatment she had received from him, was still dear to her heart. Poor widow! she was now indeed desolate, for, whilst he lived, she cherished the hope that he might be reclaimed to virtue and honor, and become the solace of her old age; but now that he was dead, what charms had life for her? She clung to the body, and kissed its cold lips: then gazed upon its rigid features, whilst she smoothed the matted hair from its cold forehead, bedewing it with her scalding tears. She spoke to it with the most endearing expressions, and pressed her lips to its mouth, as though her warm breath might recall it to life. We endeavored to force her from the body, but in vain, for she clung to it with a power of grasp, that defied our exertions: and continued to weep over it for some hours, refusing the consolation we offered. At length she became exhausted, and fell upon the body of her son in a state of insensibility. After she had remained in that apparent situation for a few moments, we ventured to remove her gently; but alas!—we found her dead. A small stream of black gore issued from her mouth, dappling the bosom of her son." Here the old sexton's voice faltered, and became almost inaudible, and he turned away his head and wept.

Shall I be accused of weakness, when I confess, that my eyes became dim with the tears of sympathy?

"She was buried," resumed the old sexton, drawing his hand across his eyes—"on the following day, beneath that mound, and the tablet over her grave was erected by the Squire of the Manor, who, with his good dame, often pays a visit to that spot of earth, to drop a tear of sorrow to her memory."

The old sexton having concluded his narrative, I arose, and pressing his hand with silent emotion, took my departure from the village churchyard: and I intend to visit it frequently, in order that I may gaze in silence, and in solitude, upon The Widow's Grave.

Neatness in Dress.—It is part of a woman's duty to be neatly and becomingly dressed according to her station in life; and a clever woman who neglects this duty proves that her mind has been imperfectly cultivated.

WHAT IS DUTY.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"MOTHER, do not ask me," sobbed a weeping girl, clasping her hands and looking up into her parent's face. "Oh! could you know my heart you would see that I am not disobedient. But I cannot love Mr. Bartlett—indeed, indeed I cannot. Death would be more preferable to me than such a union."

"Really, Miss," said the step-mother, "these are fine times when a daughter thus sets at defiance the wishes of a parent. I will not, however, submit to such disobedience. I *command* you now to prepare for your marriage with Mr. Bartlett," and with these words she turned to leave the room. But her daughter clung to her robe.

"Oh! mother, dear mother," she said, "retract those dreadful words. Never have I disobeyed any command of yours, but this I cannot obey. If my heart was my own, I might school it perhaps to love even Mr. Bartlett; but I love another, and cannot follow your command."

"What!" exclaimed the step-mother, turning on her daughter like an angry tiger, "you dare to love another—to love without my consent! and though her passion choked her words, she still glared on the trembling and supplicating girl at her feet, shaking her hand at her as if she would strike her. This then is the reason you will not have Mr. Bartlett. This is why you refuse wealth and station. Oh! I have found you out, have I? And who pray may be this fellow?—some wandering music teacher, I suppose, whom you have met at boarding-school, for no one but proper persons have I suffered you to associate with since your return."

"It is no wandering music teacher, no improper person," said Mary, with sudden spirit, "but one whose fair name is as unsullied as that of the best and brightest in the land. Nor is he wholly unknown to you. It is with Henry Alford I have plighted my troth," and as the daughter thus spoke, her eye kindled, her form became erect with conscious pride, and there was a sudden firmness in her tone that contrasted finely with her late supplicating demeanor. For an instant the step-mother was overawed by this transformation. But she soon recovered from her surprise.

"Hoity toity, Miss," she exclaimed, "a pretty pass things have come to, when daughters talk this way to their mothers. Henry Alford indeed!—a poor, starving, unknown physician, who, I dare say cheats his landlady and washerwoman out of their bills, and who is never heard of in good society! We'll see whether you'll plight your troth to him, a beggardly fortune-hunter, who, if he could get your money wouldn't care how soon he saw you in your grave."

"He is no fortune-hunter," indignantly replied Mary, "and for his family, it is as good as our own. If he sought what *you* call good society, its doors would be thrown wide open to him. If he is poor, is that a crime? *I* have enough for both," and then changing her tone, and bursting again into tears, for her overwrought feelings would be no longer controlled, she continued, "Oh! dear mother, forgive me if I talk thus, for Henry Alford is the noblest of men, and your own heart will assure you that you wrong him. I learned to love him years since, when we were both children, and he was yet a ward of my father. I intended to have told you all long ago, but—but you favored Mr. Bartlett so much that I delayed it from day to day. If you will not consent to my union with Henry," she continued, speaking so rapidly and eagerly that her mother could not interrupt her, "at least do not force me to marry Mr. Bartlett. I can never love any one but Henry, yet I will promise not to marry him without your consent—only do not compel me to give my hand where I cannot bestow my heart."

"I have heard quite enough," said the mother, speaking in those tones of forced calmness which extreme anger affects, "and now go to your room. We will see who is to conquer. Go, I say."

Mary did not reply, but silently left the room, though the hot tears rolled down her cheeks, and her tottering steps could scarcely support her, for well she knew by by those calm tones, and by the ominous eye of her parent that her fate was decreed, and that her mother was inexorable.

While this conversation was going on in the luxurious mansion of Mrs. Swanson, two persons sat in a sparely but yet decently furnished physicians office, in one of the principal streets of the city. The youngest speaker was one whose ample forehead and intelligent eye bespoke him possessed of more than ordinary intellect. He was on the point of speaking.

"In this emergency, Penrose, I look to you for counsel. You know Mary—you know also how deeply I love her, and that the dear girl has promised to be mine. But I fear we will never win the mother's consent—and Mary will never marry without it. I know that Mrs. Swanson has fixed her heart on a union between this Mr. Bartlett and her daughter, and that every thing that can, will be done to bring about the marriage. But I know the sweet girl on this point will be firm, though her mother's entreaties should change to persecution. Mrs. Swanson, however,—for I know her character—will say when she learns all that I am a fortune-hunter, and nothing more will be necessary to prove the charge, in the eyes of most persons, than the mere fact that I am poor and Mary is rich. My only heritage is a good name, and shall I sacrifice it, even though innocent?"

"I scarcely know what to advise," replied Penrose, "for though we ought to pay some deference to the world's opinion, yet I should never hesitate to act whenever I thought I was right. Perhaps, in your situation,

I would await the turn of events. In Mary's circumstances I would disregard a step-mother's commands without a minute's delay; for though, as a general rule, we are bound to obey our parent's, yet, in the matter of marriage, where the happiness of our whole life depends on our choice, we ought to exercise, in a measure, our own will, and if we have given our love to a worthy object, and the opposition of our parents is factious and tyrannical, we ought to follow our own judgment and not theirs. It is true young persons are very apt to bestow their affections on unworthy objects, and to imagine that their parents oppose their love unreasonably, and we should, therefore, be very cautious in marrying against the wishes of natural advisers. But in your case there can be no doubt. I am older than you and married. I may advise you, therefore, with the more freedom. But you come of a proud spirited race, and I predict that since Mrs. Swanson has called you a fortune-hunter, you will not marry Mary, when, if she were poor, and could be brought to elope, you would wed her to-morrow."

"That, Mary, will never do; and though no doubt you are right in all you have said, yet I would rather my wife should obey than disobey her parent, even when that parent's injustice and tyranny is clear."

"And I honor you for it. I should not, under the circumstances, blame Mary if she was to elope, but I love her the more foi her refusal," and with these words the conversation closed.

Time passed. Now that Mrs. Swanson had learned that Henry Alford was her daughter's lover, all interviews between them were rendered impossible by her Argus eyes. Mary was closely confined to the house, and allowed to see no one unless in the presence of her mother. The persecutions to which the poor girl was now subjected, would have subdued many a weaker heart, but Mary, though yielding in little things, had a latent firmness which greater emergencies called forth; and she rose superior to all the taunts and vexations to which she was subjected, for the consciousness of rectitude cheered her amid all. Her constancy was the more self-sustained because she had not heard from her lover for weeks, and because there was no female friend on whom she could lean in her distress; but left alone and unaided, she could only think of Henry, and resolve to suffer all for his sake. It may seem strange that Mrs. Swanson should possess such power to tyrannize over her step-daughter, but Mary's now deceased father had married his second wife late in life, and the bride, thus brought into his household, had soon managed to obtain such control over him, that when he died he left her a large portion of his fortune, and the unlimited guardianship of his child. Perhaps, if her step-mother had not been thus specially invested with her father's authority, Mary would have paused ere she promised not to marry without her consent; but now she felt called on, as it were, by a voice from the tomb, to obey her mother's commands to that extent, though she could not make herself unhappy for life by marrying Mr. Bartlett.

Many were the attempts made by Henry Alford to obtain an interview with Mary, or even to convey to her a letter, but in every instance without success. At length, conscious that Mary would never marry without Mrs. Swanson's consent, and unable longer to endure the misery of being so near and yet not beholding her, Henry left the city for the far west, determined there to accumulate a fortune, and return and claim Mary's hand. With this resolution, he found, at length, means to acquaint her, and received in return assurances of her fidelity.

Years elapsed. Henry Alford was now a distinguished man, and rapidly acquiring wealth, when one day he was called to a neighboring village inn, to see a sick lady. What was his surprise, on entering the room, to recognize Mrs. Swanson, now pale and emaciated and evidently dying. The room in which she lay—a scantily furnished garret—betokened that a change had befallen her worldly circumstances. Henry's heart fluttered, and he glanced his eye around the room, in search of a well known form. Mrs. Swanson was equally surprised with himself. She was, however, the first to speak, and it was in a humble and penitent tone.

"God be praised for this unexpected meeting," she said, raising her eyes to heaven, "for I can now repair a grievous wrong ere I die. Your eyes tell me that you seek my daughter. She is here," the sufferer exclaimed, as Mary entered the room. "God bless you both, my children, and forgive me for the evil I intended you."

We will not attempt to describe the meeting of the loving separated lovers. A few words of explanation will close our narrative. Mary had remained firm to her troth under every persecution, and, at length, Mr. Bartlett withdrew in despair, though it was said that the loss of all Mrs. Swanson's fortune and that of her daughter, which about this time occurred, had no little influence on his determination. Misfortune softened the mother's heart, and she repented of all the wrong she had done Mary, and would willingly have bestowed her on Henry. But, in pursuance of his resolution, he had kept his residence a secret, even from Mary, intending only to reveal it when he could claim her as his bride. At length increasing poverty forced Mrs. Swanson with her daughter to seek a refuge in the far west, and we have seen how opportunely they met with Henry. We have only to add that she saw the lovers united at her bedside ere she died, which event took place in a short week after her journey had been stopped by her illness.

"Was I not right?" said the young bride to her husband, "for now we have no reproaches to make to ourselves for a want of duty."

"Yes!" said he, fondly kissing her.

THE WIDOW.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY BENJAMIN B. THOM.

I WAS once journeying between Tours and Poictiers. The day was hot, and the road one I had often travelled before. I had been alone in the diligence for many miles, when we took up a young man, of extraordinary manly beauty, and having the air of a Spaniard. We soon fell into conversation and became intimate. Among other things he whiled away the tediousness of our journey by the following story:

"Mr. Delaunay was a merchant of Poictiers, with two children who were the pride of his heart. These were a son and a daughter. The son's name was Maurice—the daughter's Mariette. Without stopping to draw for you a portrait of the son, let me present you with a slight sketch of the daughter. Mariette was exceedingly beautiful. But why, when I say that, enter into particulars? How can I attempt to do so, when her large, full black eyes, beamed a tenderness and kindness that no painter could copy—and her rich, long chesnut-colored hair fell over her shoulders in thick ringlets, and were so abundant that they could have shaded her neck and shoulders like a mantilla? What need to tell you that she had the smallest feet and the prettiest little hands in the world—that her forehead was broad and fair—that on her mouth rested a bewitching smile, or that in its very repose, there was mind and eloquence? At the age of seventeen, Mariette was the soul of the family. Each was eager to oblige her, without her commanding or ordering any body. They saw her wishes in her looks, and unspoken they were executed. Her intellect was as inexhaustible as her charity. She cast here and there money and ideas—as if she were the prodigal child of nature and of fortune—in short she was an absolutely perfect creature.

"Now, could you think it, Sir, that there was nothing in the miraculous beauty of Mariette that had enchanted the heart of a young man named Pascual—he was almost insensible to the charms of her face, her figure, and her manners. He did not conceive an inordinate affection for Mariette, by reason of her natural graces. He disdained to admire in her that which all the world, in common with himself, could admire. He preferred to all the outward attractions of this most lovely girl, her firmness, her enthusiasm, her happy turn of mind, and the noble resolution of her character. But now I think of it, you do not as yet know any thing of Pascual himself. I did, indeed, forget what the exigencies of every tale require—namely, a hero; and, therefore, I must tell you of Pascual, and where he comes from, what he has to do with the story, and what too happened to him.

"Pascual, then, had come into France from Spain—that unhappy country. There he had been the President of a Royal Court, and at the age of twenty-three years he was required by the Political Governor of his province to condemn by the most summary process, his countrymen, who were suspected of being opposed to the new order of things—to rid the soil of Carlists that they were not able to surprise with arms in their hands. Pascual refused to obey an order which required from judges a sentence, and not an investigation. It appeared to him that a court of law ought not to be converted into a slaughter-house, where men, principles, and humanity, were to be all massacred together. He tore to pieces the patient conferring upon him his office, he stripped the ermine from his shoulders, and he bade adieu to the rash zeal of the legal tribunals of Spain, and betook himself as an exile to France, where, in the town of Poictiers he waited for better days, and the return of justice to his own country.

"Once at Poictiers, Pascual was introduced to the family of Mr. Delaunay; for that introduction he was indebted to chance, which may be designated the Providence of the unhappy. Mr. Delaunay deigned to receive him with a truly paternal goodness. He gave him clothes, food, and money—the very best advice for the wretched—and he also gave him the situation of a clerk in his counting-house. At last, Pascual had the happiness of being educated, if I may so say it, by the friendship, the cares, and the intelligence of Mariette; she taught him to read, to write, and to think in French. What followed, think you? In the exuberance of his gratitude the pupil profited so well by the advantages conferred upon him by his enchanting instructress, as to reverence, to adore, and to love her.

"Mariette and Pascual were young, handsome, ardent, full of spirits and generosity—were they not formed to appreciate, to esteem, and to fall in love with each other? They did so, and that with an ardor, an intoxication, it might be said of affection, that yielded only to a sense of duty, and a hope of the future.

"You have learned that it was not the admirable beauty of Mariette that had captivated particularly Pascual; and, on the other hand, it was neither the aspect nor the personal bearing of the young Spaniard that presented attractions to her. That which most pleased the young girl was the courage, the reckless daring, the poetic imagination of her lover. She admired in him, with a species of respect, his disinterestedness, his bravery, that alike despised death and life; his eloquence when he spoke of the wicked, of traitors, of cowards, and, above all, of his country.

"What a strange circumstance occurred! Mr. Delaunay, in learning of the mutual love that existed between Pascual and Mariette, had not the courage to employ against them either complaints, or menaces, or any of

the generally very noisy resources of domestic authority. In place of reproaching him with the innocent wrong of paying his homage to the beauty, sense, and virtues of a pretty girl, Mr. Delaunay promised to protect, and to forward his interests in life. Instead of insulting, and driving him out of the house, as if he were a faithless servant, Mr. Delaunay most kindly declared one evening, when surrounded by a large party, to whom he introduced Pascual—'My friends, in this gentleman you behold another child of mine.'. In truth, Mr. Delaunay was so exceedingly good as to permit an alliance that had been projected without his permission.

"Happiness sometimes travels across this world with the speed of a railway, to reach the chosen ones of the earth, that he sees from afar, that he protects, and who await his peace-giving visit. Sometimes, when he is near approaching the end of his journey, and he is about to touch with his magic wand the people that he seeks and loves, he seems to fall asleep; he becomes careless—he lies down—he slumbers—and then he awakes again, still goes onward, and arrives—perhaps, too late.

"And all that I have told you as occurring in the house of Mr. Delaunay was not long a secret. Already all the little gossips of the street, rue des Deux-Pilers, jokingly designated Miss Mariette as 'Madame Pascual.' All amused themselves in marrying, by anticipation, the daughter of a wealthy trader with a Spanish emigrant —with a poor forlorn exile. These honest people had excellent hearts; and doubtless their secret thoughts, their sympathies, and their kind intentions had never taken into calculation the injustice of fortune, the vicissitudes of commerce, the mysterious power that guides, controls, and directs us, like the merest infant, that totters as it tries to walk.

"Already the marriage had been settled. The family arrangements had been completed—the first publication of the banns had been made—they were about to sign the contract, and yet—adieu, marriage! farewell happiness! a long farewell to the happy prospects of Pascual and Mariette!

"One day—and a sad, sad day it was—Mr. Delaunay called together his wife, his son, and his daughter. He prayed them to sit down beside him, and to listen to him in silence. He spoke to them of his affairs, of his speculations, of unforseen disasters, of sudden failures, of a sinking credit; and the heart of his listeners told them that he was ruined, dishonored, lost. Mr. Delaunay added, hesitatingly and with extreme embarrassment, that one only hope remained to him; it was opulence united with the friendship of Baron Grandet.

"'My father,' answered Mariette, 'do not hope for any thing from that person—as a fiend; for the Baron Grandet is an inexorable old man; his greatness does not interfere with his memory nor his bad temper. You know, father, that I have a hundred times refused to receive his hand, his title, and his fortune; and he now, in return, will refuse you his money, his countenance, and his advice.'

"Mr. Delaunay remained utterly dejected; his wife became like one distracted, and his children miserably wretched. At length the father of his family stood, sighed aloud, and addressing Mariette said, 'You are right, my child, you are quite right. Let us think no more of it.'

"It was lucky for her father that Mariette's thoughts were greatly occupied with the thought of his opulence, and the disposition of Baron Grandet. That very evening she mounted up to the very highest story of the house, and proceeded to the chamber that belonged to her lover—to him who was, it might be said, to be her husband the next day. Pale, suffering, but resigned, she told him, without trembling and without tears, that which had passed to her father's misfortune. She spoke to him of her duty, of her filial piety, of the imminent ruin and impending dishonor of Mr. Delaunay. From her noble devotion came to her the firmness and the resolution to propose to Pascual a separation, that she believed to be not only necessary but indispensable. She dared even to tell him of the project that otherwise would have been absurd, and in different circumstances ridiculous—of an alliance with the Baron Grandet. The wretched lover divined the immense sacrifice that was imposed upon his probity, his virtue, and his love; and not being able to express his thoughts by words, he could only show that he approved of her project by his looks and his gestures.

"'My father is saved! I am happy!' cried Mariette.

"'Heaven hear your prayer!' murmured Pascual.

"And having said this, the two lovers began to seek out, and to imagine extreme means, and to be, for the future, nothing in the world to each other. They preferred, as if it were by a species of immolation, the denouement of this cruel episode in private life, and I can assure you that it was a comedy that had in it all the sublimity of a tragedy.

"Three days after this very scene, there was for the family the duty of examining in secret the marriage contract that had been drawn up by the solicitor of Mr. Delaunay. The merchant was seated in an arm-chair. His wife was busily engaged or appeared to be so, with a piece of embroidery, the better to conceal her tears; the son was chatting tete-a-tete with Pascual, and the daughter amused herself with laughing or singing, as if she was the happiest little idiot in the world. What an admirable, noble-minded actress!

"Mr. Delaunay took advantage of the first reading of the contract to show himself a truly honest man in his dealings with Pascual, with him that he was about to call his son-in-law. He bravely told what had been his losses, and what his reverses of fortune, and which as

yet were a secret to the entire city. He looked like a man who was asking a favor, when he argued that, owing to a change of circumstances, he must ask for some alteration in the settlement that he intended to make.

"Entirely absorbed in the desperate part which he had been called upon to play by Mariette, Pascual began to reject with an assumed arrogance the views and the reasonable offers of Mr. Delaunay. Trembling he pretended to require the last farthing that had been first mentioned should be paid to him! and he inflicted upon himself the misery—the poor wretch!—of higgling about the most paltry details, about shillings, pence, and even farthings, and he did this so well, that the merchant at last started out of his chair, rushed toward him and said in a terrible passion—

"'God forgive me, Sir, but you seem to me to chaffer about the hand of my daughter!'

"'Sir,' replied Pascual, while cold drops of agony poured down his face, 'marriage I have always looked upon as a matter of business, and I want, therefore, to make the best bargain I can.'

"'Very well, Sir,' observed Delaunay; 'but this I have to say, that this is a merchandize in which I do not deal, and therefore I can strike no bargain with you. Begone, Sir!'

"'I go,' stammered forth Pascual.

"At the same moment Maurice, the brother of Mariette, ran toward him, either for the purpose of striking him, or of preventing him from leaving the room, when the young maiden stopped him, by crying out in a feigned tone of indignation, mixed with contempt—

"'Do not touch him, Maurice. He is neither worthy of your anger, nor of mine. Let him go; for I now love him no more.'

"Pascual ran from the hall of Mr. Delaunay to betake himself to a small hotel in the environs of Poictiers. The next morning he received a message from Maurice, and, as he never thought of defending himself, was wounded. It was intimated to him that, wounded as he was, he should instantly quit Poictiers.

"One night, and a few hours before his departure, a woman veiled, and followed by an old nurse, entered secretly into his chamber. The young man, astonished by this mysterious visit, uttered first a cry of fear, and then of joy—and then he knelt down in tears at the feet of Mariette!

"'Pascual,' said Mademoiselle Delaunay, 'swear to me that you will have patience and courage.'

"'I swear it,' answered Pascual.

"'Swear always to love, and without seeking ever again to see me.'

"'I swear it.'

"'Farewell, then, and haste away. You are a noble being, and I love you.'

"'Mariette,' timidly asked the wretched young man, 'will our sacrifice repair the wrongs that fortune has done to your father?'

"'Yes.'

"'Will your hand save his honor?'

"'Yes."

"'And will it make your mother's future life happy?'

"'Yes.'

"'Will your brother's name be respected?'

"'Yes.'

"'And will you all yet esteem me?'

"'Yes.'

"'You have then no more need of me. I go.'

"As Mariette was about to depart she stopped at the threshold of the door, and turned toward Pascual, whose sobs of grief reached her ear.

"'Pascual, friend,' said she, 'long since, you heard from me the first whisper of love—receive to-day my first and my last kiss of affection.'

"Pascual knelt before her, and he kissed the forehead of the neophyte. The two martyrs embraced.

"The following week Mariette became the Baroness Grandet. The wife, or rather the nurse, of a husband, whose only struggle in life was to postpone, amid pains and sickness, the final moment of his departure for another world. Pascual, however, kept the frightful promise he had made; he never again saw her, he never sought to see her again. And this Pascual—about whom I have told you such a long and tedious story is—myself!"

"You; and what then brings you back to Poictiers?"

"For the first time for three years—three long years, I received yesterday a letter—one single word from Mariette. She has deigned to write to me, '*Come*,' and here I am. She suffers, perhaps. She is unhappy. In short, Mariette, calls me, and I am—*here*."

We arrived at the moment in the town of Poictiers. The horses advanced with slow paces up the street of the Deux-Piliers; in that pretty street in which Pascual had adored Mariette. I began to look at the number on each house, and I was not long in decyphering "No. 15." At that moment there occurred something very extraordinary. A young lady of ravishing beauty appeared on a sudden at one of the open windows of the habitation of which I speak, and the first sight of this angelic being made my fellow traveller tremble with emotion.

"Mariette!" It was Mariette, who was dressed in black, and who wore the weepers of a widow. What a misfortune! what happiness!

Poor Pascual wept with joy. Almost motionless from astonishment and delight, he placed his hand upon his eyes, upon his mouth, and then stretched it toward Mariette, as if he would send to her a kiss impregnated with his tears. At the same instant the lovely widow

took from her dress, from her mourning robe, a sparkling rose. She pressed it gently to her lips, and then flung it upon the banquette, even into the very arms of the enamored traveller.

All this was the affair of an instant, and no one, excepting myself, could divine the dramatic denouement —the mystery of the heart, which was enclosed in tears —a kiss—a black dress—and a rose upon the banquette of a diligence.

Is it necessary for me to proceed with my story, or to apprize my readers that "the maid" did not continue all her life "a widow?"

WINNING A COUSIN;

OR, A SECRET OF FORTUNE TELLING.

BY A. W. NONEY.

CHAPTER I.

"There are more things in heaven and earth
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

"Oh, Isabel, do look at this beautiful bouquet!" exclaimed a gay young lady, running into the parlor where her cousin was seated—"*such* a sweet little one! I wish I knew who sent it to me!"

"Some of your admirers, very likely," returned the more staid Isabel, "and you get *all* the pretty presents," she continued, affecting to pout at the idea. But the other was too much engrossed with her bouquet to notice this playful jealousy.

"This rose is splendid!" said she, turning up the petals with her taper white fingers, and inhaling its delicious fragrance—"isn't it perfectly lovely, coz? And how tastefully all are arranged! Oh, I *do wish* I knew who sent it to me!"

Had Sarah Williams chanced to notice the embarrassed air of Isabel's brother, who was sitting on the sofa at the moment, to appearance particularly engaged in studying the variegated figures of a Saxony carpet, she might have conjectured with her sex's intuitive shrewdness sufficient for her own satisfaction on the subject, without having occasion to push the enquiry farther. But in the haste to show Isabel her flowers, she did not observe that there was any other person in the room, and therefore continued in her extravagant admiration and expressions of wonder, with all the buoyant gaiety of a light and careless heart, and partly in the roguish design of teasing her amiable cousin with the tantalizing sight.

"Isn't it *beautiful?*" she continued, "smell of it, dear, it is *so* fragrant!"

"I would not be in such an ecstacy with it, Saade," said Isabel, gravely pushing the bouquet to one side. "People will imagine you never had the present of a pretty bunch of flowers before."

"Nor have I ever received such a lovely one, I am sure," she returned gaily—"why how curiously it is made up! It must be a love-letter, certainly! *Now if* I *only* knew the language of flowers! How provoking! Isn't it, coz?"

"Yes. But perhaps Frederick will read it to you," replied Isabel, "he understands their language."

"Oh, do, cousin Frederick, if you please," she exclaimed, turning suddenly around, causing him to start up and stammer—"yes—no—I don't understand—that is"——

"Oh, don't be frightened, sir," said she, bursting into a laugh at his confusion, "it won't bite you! Did you never hear of a young lady's receiving a flowery love-letter before?"

"Yes, certainly I have," he answered, recovering his faculties, "I only meant to say that I do know the meaning of some flowers; but I would not presume to read a young lady's correspondence."

"Suppose she cannot read it herself, as I have heard of being the case with even vulgar foolscap blotted with ink, and she wishes you to read it to her; you would not be so ungallant as to refuse?"

"By no means; especially when my pretty cousin asks me," said he, smiling as a slight blush rose on her cheek at the last sentence.

"Well, then, Mr. Flatterer, what does this one say?" she asked with affected seriousness, turning out the leaves of a beautiful little tulip.

"I love you"——

"What do you say, sir?"

"It intimates a declaration of love, Saade," interposed Isabel, knowing that her brother meant more than his manner indicated.

"Oh, I knew that before," said she, with a haughty toss of her head.

"Nay, then, Miss Pertness, you do not need my assistance," returned Frederick, a little fearful he might unwisely betray himself before the proper period for a certain disclosure he had to make.

"But the tulip is the only one that I know the meaning of, I assure you, and I had forgotten even that. So you will please to proceed; *Que signifie les autres?* as we say in New Orleans."

"Taken as a whole, cousin, the bouquet declares a secret, yet undying passion for you," said the interpreter, bending his dark eyes upon her own with a thrilling expression, which caused her to blush deeply, although she affected not to notice him.

"But flowers are emblematical of a passion which will soon decay, notwithstanding. Don't you think so?"

"They are like the heart's deep and best feelings, which, if they are not cherished must wither," answered Frederick, with a suppressed sigh.

"You don't say so! how melancholy, to be sure!" returned Sarah jeeringly. "But if the gentleman's love is as sweet as his message is fragrant, he must be a *dear* little fellow."

"And isn't love ever sweet? Remember how the poets describe the passion—'redolent with bliss'—'perfumed with sighs'—'honey-dew kisses'"—

"That's quite sufficient, sir; sweet enough in all conscience!"

"Sweets to the sweet, you know, cousin Saade."

"Hush, you simpleton! Here, you shall have a rose to pay for your gallantry. But, do you remember,"

continued she, turning again to Isabel, "do you remember the lady we are to call upon to-morrow afternoon?"

"No; who do you mean?" asked Isabel.

"Why old"—here her voice sunk to a whisper, not so low, however, but that Frederick's acute ear detected sounds similar to "Old Margaret, the fortune teller," and he readily divined the nature of their intended visit.

"You don't call her a lady?" returned Isabel, smiling.

"Hush!" said she in a whisper, "I would not have your brother know we are going for the world."

Frederick, however, left the room as if to give them opportunity to complete arrangements for the call on "Old Margaret," a withered hag who had acquired some notoriety among the young ladies of the city for her shrewd conjectures and predictions, with regard to the all-important object with them, a happy marriage.

Sarah Williams was a beautiful girl! Her's was the dark featured loveliness of the sunny south, of which clime she was a native. Here eyes were full, lustrous orbs of a midnight blackness, which, when she was animated, flashed with an expression that thrilled to the heart. Her hair was of the like color, and usually bound up in luxuriant folds at the back of her head, or flowing down her neck in long wavy tresses, and her brow was as bright and sunny as her own native sky. Her teeth were of a pearly whiteness, and her cheeks, though wearing the "shadowed livery of the burning sun," were of such a transparent hue as to reveal the bright blood gleaming through, and tinging their darkness with a roseate light, as the setting sun gilds the shadows of early eve. Her figure was petite, but graceful—and its outlines were full and symmetrically rounded. Her step was light and free as the wild gazelle's, and her laugh broke upon the ear like her voice, with a clear, ringing tone, melodious as the swell of an organ. She was an orphan; her parents both dying of a prevailing epidemic, while she was in her twelfth year of her age, leaving her almost penniless. By this calamity her deceased mother's brother became her guardian, and she left the south to become a resident of his family in this city. Here her loveliness and sweet disposition won her many friends, and her relatives almost idolized her, while she in return loved them, and strove in every manner to manifest her grateful feelings for their many kindnesses. From their unrestrained intimacy she had unconsciously won the heart of her cousin Frederick to a deeper feeling than that warranted by their tie of relationship, which, although she herself remained in ignorance of it, was observed with pleasure by her doating relatives, and they were delighted at the idea of her becoming, at some future day, their daughter and sister as well as cousin and neice.

CHAPTER II.

About four o'clock on the succeeding day, two young ladies might have been seen walking with hesitating steps down one of the narrow lanes of Kensington, as if unused to the location, and hardly confident of being in the proper path they wished to pursue. They were dressed in elegant and fashionable style, and their air and manner plainly bespoke them residents of some more notable street than the one they were at the time traversing. Their figures were erect and graceful, strongly contrasting with the thick waists and round shoulders of the coarse and vulgar-looking females who jostled rudely past them, with an occasional expression of ridicule at the fragile forms and sylph-like motions of the two strangers. They kept their features closely veiled, however, and glided on, too timid to bestow even a glance in return, and passing down the entire length of the street, turned into a still more narrow court or alley, where, with a few steps, they stood in front of a low, dark, mysterious looking frame house, which, to say the least of it, bore evident marks of Time's decaying fingers over the whole extent of its exterior.

Here they paused, and whispered together for a few moments, and from their gestures and looks of mistrustful curiosity at the low entrance to the humble dwelling, each seemed anxious that the other should have the honor of pioneering the way within; but, however, through the modest diffidence usually attending real merit, or from some other more cogent reason, both timidly persisted in declining the acceptance of such distinguished priority. At length they ended the generous contest by both advancing at the same time and together—one knocking *noiselessly* with her fingers at the panel, while the other clung tremblingly to her left arm as if for support and protection. They now listened for some minutes in breathless anxiety; but hearing no sign of life inside, she was constrained to knock again—and again, thrice repeated, each time the weight of her blows *slightly* increasing as she acquired from the delay a little fresh confidence, until they sounded three distinct lady-like taps, when the noise of shuffling feet was heard, and the door was slowly opened by a short, withered old yellow woman, who, with a scowl on her features, in a gruff toned voice inquired their pleasure.

"We wish to speak with the woman who foretells fortunes," was their timid answer.

"Then please to step in—I am her," said the old hag relaxing the frown upon her face, as far as the dignity of her profession would admit.

The young ladies,—whom the reader has ere this surmised to be our two cousins,—advanced and seated themselves upon a sort of wooden bench, which served for the accommodation of visiters in lieu of a sofa, when she entered an adjoining room, and gave them ample time to wonder what she could be about, or what had become of her. At length she returned again and briefly asked which of the young ladies would like first to learn

her future destiny; adding "I never tells any body's fortin' when there's any body else in the room besides *him* who tells me."

This speech served to increase their apprehensions, and the same contest as before arose between them, when the woman rather impatiently interrupted it.

"Never you be afeard, young ladies, *he* will not let you see him, and he never hurts any body. You'll only hear us talking; so cum along one of ye!"

"Go, Isabel," whispered Sarah, "you go first and then I will go."

"No, my dear cousin," returned the other, "I think you ought to go first, for you wish to hear your fortune more than I do mine."

"But then I expected she would tell us both together," said Sarah, when the old woman manifested her increasing impatience by exclaiming, "don't be afeard, Miss, nobody'll hurt ye!"

"Go, coz!" said Isabel again; "you coaxed me to come up here, and now I think you ought, certainly, to have your's told first; besides I don't care for my part whether I have mine told at all, without you have a good one."

Thus constrained, Sarah rose to go, when the sybil holding out her shrivelled hand, intimated that her fee was fifty cents, to be paid in advance, and then led the way into the other apartment.

The room into which they entered had been purposely darkened by some articles of wearing apparel hung over the only window in it, and on the table in the centre was placed a small iron kettle, out of which arose a pale blue smoke, filling the room with a strong sulphurous scent, and occasionally emitting a broad lurid flame, glaring fitfully upon the ceiling, and rendering the prevailing darkness doubly hideous. After going through a kind of incantation, the sybil approached Sarah, and requested that she would remove her veil.

"Now," she continued, as it was reluctantly thrown aside, "would ye like to know what's to cum, or what's bin, Miss?"

"The future," whispered Sarah, too frightened to speak aloud.

"Yes, that's what all young ladies want to know; and I needn't av axed the question. You want to find out when you'll git married, and who's agoin' to be your husband, I spose. Well, Miss Sarah Williams, I'll tell ye all about it in a few minutes."

Sarah could not speak to answer her question, for she was frightened and confounded that the old woman should know her name without even making an enquiry; but tremblingly watched her every motion, as she went to the iron dish, and then followed a confused muttering as of two voices, for the space of nearly five minutes.

At length the old woman returning, commenced her prophecy by saying—"you'll git married, Miss, before this year's out, and at your uncle's house, mind. I musn't tell your husband's name, but he is a tall young gentleman, with black hair, and dark eyes, high forrard, and very rich. He loves you dearly, and you love him more than you tell on; and you will live very happy together, cos he will make a very loving husband. You will have three children—two girls and one boy, and your husband will die first, and you"——

"Stop!—stop!—good woman!" cried Sarah, half frightened out of her wits at the old woman's words, and the solemn and unearthly tone in which she delivered them, "I have heard enough; I do not wish to hear any thing farther. I do not desire to learn when I am to die, because it will make me unhappy. I will go now, if you please."

"Darter," she returned slowly and sternly, "you've begun to hear your fortin' and you *must* hear it all! you shouldn't have come if you were afeard. Your husband will die first, and as I said before, and you will also die a little while arter, cos you'll take his death so much at heart—and all before you're forty years old. There, that's all," saying this she took her hand and led her back, nearly fainting, into the room from whence they came.

Isabel, who sat anxiously awaiting their re-appearance, seeing her cousin's pale features and agitated manner, refused to have her own fortune told, in spite of old Margaret's assurances that there was "nothing to be afeard of," and Sarah was nothing loath to leave the house as quickly as possible.

On their way home Isabel was all curiosity to know what the "old witch" told her cousin, and Sarah, with some reluctance, related in strict confidence, all that had been said.

"Why, it's Frederick—my brother!" she exclaimed with astonishment at the co-incidence, and then burst into a loud laugh at her accuracy of description, and at the idea that he should be the one foretold by old Margaret. Though Isabel could not but believe that the old hag possessed the power of foretelling occurrences, yet it appeared singular she should have described one so as to be recognized. Had it been an indistinct description of some dark and mysterious stranger, it would have been more in accordance with her ideas of fortune-telling.

With Sarah, however, the reality of all she had listened to was forcibly impressed upon her mind; every word sunk into her heart, carrying conviction along with it. She felt it impossible to doubt even the slightest portion of the information received, and she was fairly overcome with astonishment. "How," thought she, "could a total stranger have learned my name thus readily, except by supernatural means! How could she have known that a gentleman, answering the description of my cousin, was in love with me? And

still more surprising, how came she to be aware of that secret, which has been scarcely breathed even to my own thought, much less to another? It is certainly strange—very strange!" She pondered over it long and intently; yet she could not wish the prediction false. The veil seemed now lifted from before her eyes, and the whole prospect of futurity lay within view, while all was fair—bright as her most ardent hopes could wish; she loved her noble and generous-hearted cousin; but till now had not cherished the remotest idea that they would ever be married, for her dependent situation upon the kindness of her friends forbade the thought, and she had for this reason ever treated him with more reserve than she really felt toward him, deeming it a duty to refrain from encouraging his evident affection for her.

CHAPTER III.

A FEW days after the visit to old Margaret, Sarah sat alone in her uncle's parlor, leaning her head upon her hand, and gazing listlessly from the window toward the sky. Her thoughts were wandering far away to her own native clime, and she sighed as the remembrance of the scenes of her early youth passed before her mind. She saw the home of her childhood, looking like a fairy palace amid the orange groves, beneath whose fragrant shade she had strayed, and plucking bright blooming flowers in the unclouded gaiety of a glad heart that had known no sorrows, or felt no ills; and it seemed to her an elysium, from which she had been driven by the relentless hand of fate, to wander alone, as it were, unprotected and dependent over a cold and selfish world. From thence her thoughts reverted to her uncle's kindness—and her cousins' manifested affection for her, a penniless orphan, living upon the bounty of their father, while her heart overflowed with a deep and yearning sense of gratitude toward them all, and her eyes became suffused with tears. But suppressing these emotions, she strove to divert her thoughts to another subject, for she knew it would deeply pain any of her friends if they should chance to find her weeping.

The prediction of her future marriage with Frederick Somers made a deep impression upon her mind, and had a contrary effect from what might have been expected upon her actions. She became suddenly distant and reserved in her manner toward him, for she feared that Isabel might imagine that she endeavored to assist in the fulfilment of the prophecy, and might not perhaps approve of it. But these thoughts wronged her amiable cousin, who was even then looking forward with delight in the anticipation of being endeared to her sweet Saade by nearer ties than those which bound them at present.

Frederick was pained by her change of manner, and sought his sister to learn the cause of it, if possible from her. Isabel unfolded to him the whole story of their late visit to the fortune-teller; but to her surprise he manifested little satisfaction at the circumstance, though she was well aware he was deeply in love, and did not desire a greater boon than the hand of his lovely cousin. She, however, attributed it to his ignorance of the sex, supposing, as was the case, that he disbelieved in the supernatural wisdom of old Margaret, and augured unfavorably for his suit, from Sarah's apparent disapproval of the fortune laid down for her. But she advised him, however, not to despair, for she felt assured he was not all indifferent to her cousin; and, perhaps, if he urged his passion in connexion with the prediction which she appeared to believe, he might not fail to win her. Encouraged by his sister's advice, he resolved to hazard his fate upon a single cast; and by chance entered the parlor while Sarah was thus alone, and interrupted her musings. Such a favorable opportunity was not to be lost, and he determined to improve it to the best advantage.

"Have you discovered the donor of that boquet, yet, cousin?" he inquired, advancing with a smile.

She started at this question, but assuming an indifferent tone and manner, replied—

"Oh, no; I have not troubled myself at all about it. It was sent by some of my friends, I suppose, as a jest. I do not know what else it could mean."

This gave a dash to his spirits, for he fondly imagined, his beautiful offering had found unbounded favor in her sight, and he could scarcely repress a sigh that struggled for relief in his breast. But bearing up, he continued.

"I thought you were very much pleased with it, and eager to learn who sent it you, as it appeared to be such a rare one."

"I would like to know well enough; but I receive so many gifts of the kind, that I forget all about them in a short time."

"And do you never think afterwards of the givers?" he inquired mournfully.

"Why should I care about them?" asked Sarah coldly, "they are nothing to me."

He now began to fear more than ever that the thought of becoming his wife was displeasing to her; but he felt it was time to learn the truth, for his impatient spirit could not brook suspense.

"Would it displease you," he commenced, hesitatingly, "to know that I took the liberty of sending you that bunch of flowers?"

"*You*, cousin Frederick!" she exclaimed, starting and blushing deeply, while her eyes sparkled with pleasure. He, however, stupidly attributed their flashing brilliancy to another cause, though he could not exactly understand what reason she had to blush. "*Did* you *really?*" she asked with evident interest, forgetting at the moment her self-command.

"I did, cousin, and in the hope that it might intimate to you, what I had not then the confidence to tell with words—that I love you. Hear me, dear Sarah," he continued imploringly, "do not scorn me—for if you knew how deeply I love you, you would not treat me thus. You turn away—then I may not hope," he said despairingly. As he thus spoke, the witch's prophecy recurred to her mind, and the singularity of the circumstance, induced her, despite her responsive feelings, to smile.

Frederick started up angry and excited at her heartlessness, as he deemed such extraordinary levity of conduct, and said bitterly, "Can I believe my senses, Miss Williams! I little deemed my sweet and gentle cousin would ever treat me thus, even though she may not have the same feelings toward me, which I profess and bear toward her. But I am answered, and henceforth all the bright hopes of love and happiness which I have so long and fondly cherished, are thus carelessly crushed, even without their cold hearted object feeling how much I would have loved her, and how deep is the despair to which she has doomed my poor heart."

"Pardon me, Frederick," said she, recovering her seriousness at his words, "that I was unable to command myself. I did not mean to offend, I assure you. And now, therefore, from this very unfortunate circumstance, I am induced to confess to you, what I still should have hesitated in saying, had I been able to have maintained a proper decorum, as you told me of your affection—that I am not as you imagine indifferent to it. Yet, you must not urge me farther."

"And why not, dearest? will you not love me? Will you not marry me?"

"It may not be, Frederick, your parents and sister would disapprove of it, and deem me no more than a fortune-hunter."

"Do not speak thus, dear Sarah," he interrupted, "they as earnestly desire our union, as I do myself. Do not offer any such trivial objections; but say that you will become my wife. Oh! then I, and all of us shall be truly happy."

Sarah, would not, or could not reply, for she deemed it insincere and useless to offer farther opposition. Ere they parted, Frederick had imprinted the kiss of an affianced lover on her lips.

* * * * * * * *

"I have often thought on the ridiculous figure you cut while popping the question to me," said Mrs. Frederick Somers to her husband, one evening about six months after their marriage. "You remember my laughing, do you not, Frederick?"

"Yes, I remember it very well," replied the husband, "and also how excited I was at it. You have not entirely forgotten *that*, either, I imagine, for you must confess that you gave me provocation enough to be very angry, Saade."

"I acknowledge that I did; but I could not help it, certainly. You will be surprised to know the cause of my laughing, and you would have laughed, too, had you known that we were to be married, and that I knew it at the time. There you were on your knees, half dead with doubt and anxiety—looking as woe-begone as a criminal at the bar, when if you had been aware what an old fortune-teller told me a few days before, you might have saved yourself all that trouble to obtain my consent."

"Yes, I *might* have saved myself all my misery and anxiety, if I had suspected *that* was what you were so pleased about," returned the husband, vexed at the idea of having been himself the cause of all the anguish he had experienced at the time, while he had the power of turning the tables upon her; "but," thought he, "better late than never, and I will have my revenge even now."

He commenced in a grave tone,

"Why, my dear, I did not believe you were superstitious?"

"Nor am I," she replied, "but the old woman told me my name when I first went into her room, without either of us mentioning a word, and then she told me other things that were true, and that I should be married within the year, and also described you so plainly, that I was forced to believe her."

"And who do you think, my dear, told the old witch all this?"

"I don't know, surely, but I suppose it was her familiar, as I heard them talking together."

"That familiar, Saade, was neither more nor less than your present husband. What do you think of that, my dear? I overheard you talking about your intended visit to old Margaret, one day, and I immediately called upon her myself to give her timely notice of the honor. I bribed her pretty well, and requested that she would favor you with an especial good fortune, and even dictated the supreme happiness, which it was my particular wish you might realize. Was it any wonder then, that she should be able to describe your future husband so accurately, eh? Whose turn is it to laugh now? Am *I* not *the* fortune-teller, of a verity? say my sweet cozened?"

"Oh *you!!!* if I had but suspected!—how I should have hated you."

"Never mind, my dear, it's all past now; and she might have conjured a worse fortune for you, had I not prepared one for the occasion. You ought to be grateful, to be sure, for my consideration—don't you think so?"

"On one condition, I will. That you do not breathe a word of it to Isabel."

THE YOUNG MINISTER.

BY EMMA ST. CLAIR.

As Mr. Melville and his wife were one day travelling in the country, chance (if that be not an unmeaning word) led them by an obscure hovel, whose squalid appearance attracting the curiosity of the lady, she expressed a wish that the servant might stop the carriage, while they amused themselves a few moments by entering the dwelling. Mr. Melville consented. They entered, and beheld around a sort of table, seven children and a mother partaking of their meagre fare with the zeal of epicures. Every thing in the room bespoke the most abject poverty; and the lady, though a votary of fashion, found her idle curiosity put to flight by the awakening of benevolence, which birth, wealth and luxury had too long permitted to slumber. But the gentleman's attention was particularly arrested by one of the little boys, who struck him as bearing a peculiar resemblance to the son of his hope, whom the grave had but recently wrested from him. He remarked this to his wife, and suggested taking the boy away with them, and adopting him into their family. The lady at first objected, but the native goodness of her heart triumphed, and she acquiesced in her husband's wish—"though," said she, "he has not a spark of intelligence in his countenance, and I fear never will have other than that vacant look which appalls me."

"Hush!" said the husband, "he has a head of the finest moulding, and if spirit cannot use the materials nature has stored there, it will be because her artificial forms deny it."

The proposal was accordingly made to the mother, who was easily prevailed upon to part with the child by assurances of kind treatment, and some assistance given to help her along in her rugged path. The boy apparently took no notice of any thing around him until reaching the home of his benefactors, (a beautiful residence on the banks of the ———,) when he clung to the gentleman as if oppressed with awe at the undreamed of splendor of things around him; while a little girl, (the only child of the parents) bounded into the arms of the mother like a little cherub. At seeing her the boy clung still closer to the gentleman, as if a being from another sphere had met his vision. The little girl at first gave him but a curious glance, but when arrayed after the manner of her little brother, she ran up to him saying, "why didn't you kiss me, Frank?—I didn't know you, you been gone so long! Do you love me, now? you kissed me when you went away." The mother sobbed audibly at the thought so vividly renewed of her lost Francis, but was glad to see the child so happily deceived.

Francis Melville (for such was the name they gave

him) soon became a handsome boy, and the heart of his protector was drawn out toward him with all the fervor it would have been for his own son, as he witnessed the "early stirrings" of a mind which he deemed cast in no common mould.

When his *portegee* had attained the age of ten years, Mr. Melville resolved on sending him to a public school, as he could not devote that time to the boy which he knew should be devoted to him.

The time soon came when he was to depart for the academic groves of ———, and sad was the day to the whole family circle—especially to its youngest member, whose tears flowed fast as he gave her the parting kiss with unusual fervor. "Now, my dear Arabella," said the father, when he had left the parental roof, "now we will see who in seven years will make the most improvement—who at nineteen will be the most accomplished in the truest acceptation of the term."

Kind, frequent letters came from the boy, which showed the true and generous heart, as well as the rising scholar. The time at length came when he was to be removed to the University of ———, at which, after spending the usual time, he was to choose whatever field of action his talent and inclination might lead him to; for his benefactor, though never disclosing to him that he was other than his own son, had always impressed it upon him that he had his own fortune to make in the world, and that he had nothing to expect from him in his own life-time at least, but enough to enable him unfettered to pursue the path to usefulness and honor—the path which by securing to him these riches which are beyond fortune, might give him the means of obtaining for himself these which are within its reach. And never was that path pursued with more unwavering industry—never were the honors of our University bestowed upon one with a more prodigal hand.

When his collegiate term had expired, he returned to the generous home of his adopted parents, which he had visited but once since leaving it for the first time, when he found, as now, his sister absent in town, where she was receiving her education. This was severely trying to him, for his mind released from study, he had depended much upon the presence of his sister to restore the tone of his feelings, which a too severe application had in a great measure impaired. But necessity was imperative; and he left again to pursue a Theological course (which he had long been bent upon) without seeing her, whose image in its hallowed brightness had hitherto preserved his thoughts from wandering. Mrs. Melville expressed much regret that the children could not see each other; but her husband had too much sincerity of heart to express any regret at what was but the effect of his own design. Arabella had often wondered and wept that she could see no more of an only

brother, but she had so many resources for thought and amusement that her tears were soon dried. Her parents too assured her that he had grown so very dignified she would find but little companionship with him. Melville had, in fact, not only prevented their seeing each other, but had kept them as far as possible ignorant of each others' progress. And when he looked upon his daughter, now a blooming girl of nineteen, with her womanly though simple manner, he felt quite sure that no one would recognize in her the sportive child he had fondled upon his knee. Nor less difficult did he imagine it would be to detect in the pensive dignity and urbane manners of his adopted son, the shy and absent boy whom his fostering hand had reared to a hopeful manhood. He looked upon both with a father's pride—nor was that a false discernment which had seen in the boy, "the father of the man," the promise of greatness, or now beheld in the daughter one of earth's most lovely beings. With almost every endowment that nature could lavish, she had grown up amid all the advantages which wealth, directed by the judicious father and fond mother could procure. And had she possessed none of what the fashionable term "accomplishments," her deep-seated goodness of heart must have won the affection of all who knew her. But she would have passed with that class for "an accomplished girl," while the discerning few would have applied to her the epithet in its deeper signification. She was indeed alive to all the beautiful and excellent on the earth. Genius she reverenced with idolatry; and her taste found peculiar gratification in the contributions of L. K. which appeared in some of the first periodicals of the day; and by her urgent request, her father had several of the pieces set to music, the peculiar beauty of which, when chanted by her sweet voice, and played with the ætherial harmony of all her executions, struck the fountains of every heart where beamed a ray of sensibility.

It was in the autumn of the year ——, when Melville proposed to his wife and daughter a journey to the South. The proposal was a joyous one to the enthusiastic girl, for her dreams had long been of that sunny climate. The journey was accordingly taken, and on their way they stopped during a Sabbath in the town of ———, where Arabella received a polite invitation from an acquaintance from New York, to accompany him to the ——— church, where a student of rising fame was to address the society for the day. The invitation was accepted, and Arabella waited with intense interest to see the young speaker ascend the pulpit. And every eye was in fact turned toward him as in "life's green spring," he appeared in the desk with his high forehead and pale face to administer to their spiritual and truest interest. His manner was peculiarly felicitous, and the deep harmony of his voice, while giving utterance to high and holy thoughts, won the almost breathless attention of the audience. "Whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light; and that which ye have spoken in the ear in closets, shall be proclaimed upon the house-tops," were the words from which he spoke: and never was there a more fervid, logical, and eloquent discourse uttered. The important bearings of even the most trivial actions, the infinite consequence of every thought we cherish on all time, and the surety that the coming of time or eternity will shew all in the strongest light, were insisted upon with irresistible eloquence. But when the sermon was ended, and all were held in awe at the truths elicited, the alarm was made that a lady had fainted; and the young minister inferring from the countenances of those around her that the affair was serious, came to express his interest, an interest which was visibly increased when the fair being before him opened her dark hazle eye with an expression in it such as thrilled every fibre of his soul. He felt indeed that his visions of loveliness were there embodied. And when sufficiently recovered, he saw her borne away in the carriage, he felt she had touched a chord in his heart that had never before vibrated. And what were his emotions as she gave him a parting glance, and returned to the inn from which she was to depart on the morrow, perhaps never again to listen to a voice like that! But "who was the lady?—perhaps the wife of the gentleman she was with." He, however, thought that the circumstances of the day would justify his enquiries about her, and he ascertained the circumstance of her being on a journey with her parents, but nothing farther.

As they pursued their journey, Arabella was more pensive than usual, and expressed little of her natural enthusiasm even at the mingled splendors of our autumn woods; for the image within had eclipsed all other beauty; and Frank, and all preference for others alike forgotten, she surrendered herself to the pleasing contemplation of the eloquent stranger. Her parents rallied her, and assured her that on their return she should be introduced to the young orator, whom they rightly conjectured was the object of her thoughts.

And not too fast did the hours pass till their return to the town of ———, when it so happened that an invitation was received from an old acquaintance of Mrs. Melville's to a general party. But Mr. Melville felt obliged to decline going from the urgency of business, and his lady not wishing to go without her husband, Arabella therefore went alone. Almost the first person she was introduced to was a Mr. Reed, in whom she immediately recognized the young minister. At first she was greatly embarrassed, but this soon subsided, and they conversed together as though bent upon an acquaintance. They talked of our present literature, and spoke of their particular preferences among its

young aspirants. Arabella showed herself an enthusiast for the poetry of L. K. which she said was so after her own heart, that it seemed to her it must have emanated from it; Mr. Reed colored slightly at this remark, and returned an equivocal answer. But the young lady was not to be put off thus, and she asked him directly for his opinion of the writer.

"I fear," said he, "I should be a partial judge, as he happens to be a particular friend of mine."

"Indeed," said the young lady, "do tell me what you know of him?" Just then their host joined them, and wished Arabella to be seated at the piano, and to accompany it with her voice. She hesitated, and would have refused, but her New York acquaintance assured them she had not a shadow of excuse, and with a beating heart she complied. As Mr. Reed handed her to the piano, she whispered "you shall now hear one of your friend's songs." Thus was it for the first time that he exulted in his own productions, as he heard from the sweetest voice in the world some of his juvenile rhymes. When she had finished, he again offered his arm, and whispered that he "now thought his friend a poet."

"Do you leave town soon?" enquired he, as loitering behind the rest of the company; he waited upon her to the supper-room.

"To-morrow, I suppose," returned she.

"To-morrow," echoed he, imprinting a kiss upon her delicate hand, and adding as if abstractedly, "that thou could'st know, fair being."

"Surely I have been dreaming," thought she, as she returned to her parents—"that deep soul could never descend to love any earthly being—a stranger especially. I deceive myself—but no, that glance, those words but half audibly uttered." But the morrow came, and Arabella and her parents left for home.

Time passed on, and each succeeding month hallowed but more deeply the image of the transient acquaintance, whom Arabella in all probability should never again behold.

Letters came from Frank as usual, though there seemed something a little mystic about them, as though his mind was "ill at ease." This rather alarmed the parents, and feeling that his health was suffering from a too close application, they wrote proposing for him to come and spend the summer with them. This proposal he gladly accepted, but was much disappointed on coming home to find his sister absent on a visit; for he had hoped that in her presence he should forget the image that interferred so boldly with his progress. The time, however, soon came when the sister returned, and was met by one of the domestics at the door with the news of her brother's arrival. She was soon in her father's arms, expressing her joy at the near prospect of seeing her long absent brother, when her mother entered from the garden, followed by Frank.

"Arabella," said the father, "your brother Francis." Frank receded a few steps in amazement, and Arabella, equally bewildered, leaned back upon the sofa without making any response. The parents left the room, and with a death-like paleness Frank gave a brother's kiss to the cheek that heeded it not. But as she at length gave him a conscious look, he whispered,

"Truth is stranger than fiction, is it not, my sister? But let us forget the romantic past (if indeed reality is here) and be happy in our discovered relation My heart has once given out its full music for you, and never again can woman touch a similar chord."

"Dear, dear brother," said the girl, "the thought of you hath given me nobler being."

"Now play to me one of my friend's songs," said the brother, "and I will one day introduce you to him."

"Dear Francis," said Arabella, as one delightful afternoon of that happy summer they had wandered to the woods to enjoy the beauty of its pencilled leaves and murmuring waters, "dear Francis, there was a feeling about our interview at ———, that might have made me more than suspect I had known you before; but to speak the truth, I r ferred it to some strange reminiscence of an earlier being. I suppose you will *think* me visionary—father says I have a good deal of the German mysticism about me."

"O call not the idea of a pre-existence mere mysticism," interrupted the brother, "unless indeed you would class all the higher truths of intellect under some such head. The poet speaks my inherent conviction, that

> "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
> The soul that rises with us, our life's a star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar."

"You always agree with me," replied Arabella, "and thus make my treasured thoughts doubly dear to me. And you will pardon me if I am a little metaphysical this afternoon—plodding, mother would call it. Do you think, Francis, we are free beings—that we are an impulse to ourselves?"

"That is a subject which has baffled too many sages to cloud thy lovely brow. The poet (earth's best philosopher) tells us that the freedom of the universe consists in that *active* principle which 'from link to link doth circulate the soul of all the worlds.'"

"O, Francis, I sometimes wish I could strip the veil from things, and know something of the 'great first cause least understood.'"

"I have often thought," replied her brother, "if there was a fault in your character, it was that restless and unnatural—at least uncommon propensity to press your enquiries upon the unknown and the unfathomable. Be assured, dearest Arabella, that

"Enough to know is given,
Clouds, winds, and stars their part fulfil,
Our's is *to trust in Heaven.*"

"I would," she answered, "I do unhesitatingly trust in a kind Providence; but I see so much misery in life at which the heart of sympathy recoils, that I sometimes wonder at the economy of that Providence."

"But you know, my dear, it is but a small part of the system of things that we can discern, and while it is thus (as here it ever must be) it would be madness in us to make aught an argument against the divine superintendence. If all was happiness around us there would be no room for *active* benevolence, and if our faith were put to no test, 'the night that lurks within her must forever slumber.'"

Thus happily passed the summer away, and the young minister left again the home of his youth, to watch over the spiritual interests of an enlightened society, who entertained for him the truest affection. Yet when thus settled would he often sigh that the endearing ties of domestic life were not for him; for well he knew, after the communion he had enjoyed with his sister, that his heart must revolt from all meaner preference. For he understood not how so many men of cultivated intellect could bind their fate to the trifling and empty spirit of ——, alas! too many of earth's fair daughters.

Meanwhile Mr. Melville seeing that his children had become all the world to each other, and feeling that no insurmountable obstacle existed to their union, resolved to make a full disclosure to Frank of his early history, and leave him free to become indeed his son. The disclosure was accordingly made, and Mr. Melville's heart was melted within him by the overflowing gratitude of the young man, whose sorrow to find that he was not indeed the son of those whom he had loved so well, was more than compensated by the thought that he might now offer that hand to the daughter, which he knew would once have been with joy accepted. He then related to the father what had passed between him and his daughter while unknown to each other—the circumstance of his bearing at that time the name of "Reed," which arose from his offering some articles to the public while at the University under that assumed name, articles which met with such very unexpected success, that he resolved, on leaving there for a distant part of the country, to adopt the name which had won his youthful laurels. The father was amused at the recital, and assured him it was the first wish of his heart to see him united to his daughter. Frank accordingly wrote to Arabella, adverting to the place he had held in his heart while unknown to her—to the perfect similarity of their taste, and the full confidence she possessed in his judgment; and then spoke of the long friendship he had with her favorite author, and of his desire to promote an union between him and his beloved sister; and assured her that she should love him with all the ardor she had felt for the stranger orator, or the late unrecognized brother; that his friend had seen and loved her, and would offer her through him the hand which alone was not yet hers. He then urged her to accept the gift, and assured her happiness if the union of kindred hearts could give it.

Arabella at first thought it hard that her brother should wish her to accept the hand of any one; but one whom he esteemed so highly, and as he had exerted such power over her spirit, was not to be discarded without reflection; and she wrote her brother she would be guided by his will. The parents signified their full approbation, and as the day appointed for the marriage drew nigh, young Melville, with a joyful heart, came to his generous home to resign his right to his long known friend. Arabella, with an unusual paleness, gave him but a silent greeting; yet never looked she more lovely—never shone her pure spirit more brightly. Yet felt she at heart a dread misgiving; and when they were left alone she threw herself into her brother's arms, telling him that she never could consummate the vows she had permitted him to make; and entreated him as he valued his happiness, to save her from the embrace of his love, whose spirit she confessed seemed but one with her own. Then with a triumph known only to reciprocated love, he told the tale her father had given him of his early childhood, his identity with her favorite writer, and declared himself the happiest of men.

The overflow of gladness on her part is not for our pen to trace. A house in his chosen parish which had been fitted up with the most refined taste, was ready to receive them. The most perfect order was observed in every department of it—and a rich treat it was to pass an hour in their well selected library, the window from which commanded an extensive and most romantic prospect. And seldom passed there a day in which was not made by the happy family that moral and intellectual advancement, for which alone to those "whom rational we call," life should be coveted.

Shortly after their marriage, Melville, with his beautiful wife, visited the spot where once stood the shattered hovel; but no traces of it could be found, nor could any intelligence be had of those who had once been its inmates. But the genuine principles of that religion of which he was the able and faithful champion, as well as the early circumstances of his own life, led him to recognize that native equality in the human family which accidental circumstances so completely destroy. The spirit of his wife was in perfect unison with his own. To every benevolent cause she gave her aid; and every act of kindness was performed as a matter of course, and not with the air of those who seem to possess the consciousness of conferring a favor.

Many a child by their benevolent hand has been

rescued from a hopeless ignorance, who, in their turn, we trust will diffuse the seeds of benevolence, which shall spring up again in other bosoms, sure to be multiplied in the same way forever.

THE YOUNG MEMBER.

BY MRS. M. V. SPENCER.

CHAPTER I.

It was a cloudless summer night. A light breeze rustled the leaves, with a low musical sound that disposed the mind to dreamy reveries. The moon was high in heaven, sailing on through the undimmed ether, silvering hill, plain and tree top with her effulgence, and trailing a long line of light across the dark waters of the river that rippled at the feet of two individuals, who, yet in the first blush of youth and beauty, sat on a rude bench under a giant oak on the very verge of the pebbly shore. One was a lady who might have numbered eighteen summers, though she had the easy grace and assured air of a woman of twenty-five. Beautiful both in face and form, the sole child of a very wealthy man, and possessing a vivacity and intellect to which few of her sex could lay claim, Kate Eldrington had been early welcomed into society, so that, at an age when others were still at school, she was the favorite belle of the season. But with all her loveliness her character was radically defective. Flattered from her childhood up, and accustomed to have her every wish acceded to, she learned at length to act as if her own gratification was to be sought at the expense of every one with whom she was thrown into contact, and became accordingly selfish and wilful as well as vain, thoughtless, envious and deceitful. But though such was the real character of Miss Eldrington, few, except the members of her family, were aware of it. Her queenly style of beauty, her finished manners, her exquisite tact in conversation, and the taste and art with which she dressed, rendered her the theme of continual admiration; and wherever she appeared, she was surrounded by admirers. Living thus in a constant atmosphere of flattery, and delighted with herself and all around her, she had little temptation to betray her bad qualities; and if, at rare intervals, she felt envious of any one, it just sufficed to add a double spice to her wit. Kate Eldrington was, therefore, a prize for which none felt themselves too lofty to strive.

The other individual was a young man who might have been two years older than Miss Eldrington, but it needed only a glance to reveal that in manners and feelings he was still a boy, though a high-souled, and romantic one. Edward Howell was also an only child, but unlike Kate, he had been left an orphan in infancy. His father had died enormously rich, and the whole of his vast fortune having accumulated for nearly twenty years was now grown to an almost incredible size, rendering the son one of the wealthiest *millionaires* in the country. But the young heir was not more gifted by fortune, than endowed in mind. Hitherto nothing had

occurred fully to arouse his slumbering intellect; but in the vague dreams that visited his boyhood, in the wild aspirations that haunted his later youth, in a thousand wildering fancies and emotions that crossed him daily, he experienced the stirrings of the unborn but living genius within him. Howell had never yet written a line, but he had thought a world of poetry. Often would he go out in the calm moonlight, and sit for hours gazing on the placid landscape before him, lost in a reverie too deep for words; and often would he launch his boat amid the surf, when the lowering clouds portended a storm, experiencing a strange joy in battling with the tempest. He knew it not; but it was the soul within him, that now led him to be an idle dreamer, and now impelled him to brave the ocean hurricane; and every one who has felt the cravings of an unsatisfied intellect within, has acted as Howell did, though like him they may often have been unconscious why they longed, now for quiet, and now for excitement, but ever for novelty. Genius is like the troubled ocean: it can never find rest.

From the first moment that Howell saw Kate Eldrington he loved her; for a character like hers was the very one to captivate his romantic mind. He loved with all the ardor of youth—with all the intensity of a first affection—with all the passionate earnestness of his thoroughly poetic nature. Nor did Kate repel his attentions. To win the heart of one so rich and gifted as Howell, was a triumph even for her. Perhaps her heart was incapable of truly loving any object besides herself; but the poetry which Howell breathed in every compliment he paid her at least dazzled her fancy, while the *eclât* of possessing the rich young heir for a lover, captivated her vanity. Still she was in no haste to receive a proposal, and surrender her train of admirers; but was, on the contrary, very willing to await Howell's majority, when his fortune would come into his possession. She found it not difficult to manage as she wished. The very poetic nature of Howell had led him to avoid society—whose cant, shallowness, and hollow heartedness he could not help despising—and he was consequently a mere child in the hands of so practised a coquette as Kate. But, on this evening, she had imprudently consented to accompany Howell alone on a walk, and he had led her to this romantic spot on the river side. Kate soon found that her arts would not avail her here. The scenery around, the mystic moonlight, and the poetry that Howell breathed in every word insensibly influenced even her heart, and she found herself almost before she was aware of it gliding into a strain of sentiment. Then she would have checked herself, but it was too late. Howell had now obtained the mastery, and in burning language he poured forth his passion; while Kate, no longer the imperious beauty, actually listened with a beating heart to his eloquent appeal, and when he had finished sank weeping on his bosom.

"God bless you, dear, dear Miss Eldrington—or let me henceforth call you Kate, my own sweet Kate. Again—God in heaven bless you for thus assuring me of your priceless love."

Kate was now completely subdued; and still hiding her head in her lover's bosom, she murmured a reply, which induced Howell to clasp her to him in even greater transport, while tears of unutterable joy gushed from his eyes. And for the remainder of that evening it seemed as if Kate had caught a portion of her lover's passionate and poetic soul, while she replied to his fond endearments in words equally full of love.

CHAPTER II.

A WEEK had passed when, in a luxurious apartment, where Persian carpets, damask curtains, and other magnificent furniture attested the wealth of the owner, sat Kate Eldrington, and her distant and dependant relative Edith Bellanger. A greater contrast could not have existed than that between the two cousins. Kate was tall and queenly, with thick glossy tresses of black, eyes that vied with the ebon darkness of midnight, and a countenance and port which reminded the spectator of a Juno. Edith Bellanger, on the contrary, was rather *petite*, though her figure was exquisite, and she moved with the grace and airiness of a dryad. Her eyes were of a deep blue, soft and melting as the azure of a twilight sky. Her hair was golden and fell in laughing tresses on either side her face. No one had ever seen Edith's fair countenance distorted with passion, though her amiability was by no means the placid repose of a phlegmatic constitution. Beneath her usually quiet and retiring manner she had a mind of no ordinary power, and a bosom keenly sensitive to all the holier emotions of the soul. Had Edith been rich like her cousin she would have won nearly as much admiration, though of a different character; but now, known as a dependant on her cousin's bounty, and feeling that shrinking modesty which always, in circumstances like hers, attends a sensitive mind, she almost wholly avoided society. Kate felt no disposition to alter her cousin's determination, and was very well content that Edith should play the part of a humble dependant rather than that of a rival.

Edward Howell was, therefore, one of the few gentlemen of Kate's acquaintance, to whom Edith had become even casually known. His enthusiastic and romantic character had ever been her admiration, and though she rarely exchanged a word with him, she delighted to sit unnoticed by and hear his conversation with Kate. Sometimes when Howell chanced to detect how eagerly she listened to him, a burning blush would shoot over her face; and if, at any time during the remainder of

the evening, he addressed but a single word to her, she would be almost too embarrassed to reply. And then she would retire to think over all he had said, and how he had looked when speaking to her; and perhaps she would dream sweet dreams, from which she awoke with a sigh. Alas! poor Edith, ignorant of love and all its various disguises, she little deemed that she had unconsciously given her heart's dearest affections to Howell.

A week, we say, had passed since the moonlight *tête-à-tête* between Kate and her lover; but it had been a week of changes. In that little week the whole vast estate of Howell had been swept away by the combined villainy of his guardians, and of the officers of the bank in whose stock his fortune had been invested. The young heir was now a penniless orphan.

"And you do not intend to see Mr. Howell at all," said Edith, as if continuing a conversation with her cousin, "oh! Kate," and her voice quivered with emotion, "how can you treat him so?"

"How can I, child?" said the proud beauty, with a toss of the head, "why, easily! The infatuated boy cannot dream that now, when he is not worth a dollar, he can aspire to my hand. Perhaps I did very foolishly make him a sort of promise one evening last week, but really he was so romantic and sentimental and all that, that I could not, for the sport of it, refuse him then. For my part," and she laughed merrily, "I hold that words said at moonlight, by a river's side, to a poetic youth just from college, are nothing more than the mere sweetmeats one trifles with—the spice of a harmless flirtation."

"Their disavowal may torture a noble heart," retorted Edith with feeling, "oh! shame, Kate, that you should be so selfish and unjust to your better nature."

"Indeed, Miss," said her cousin, while her cheek grew red with anger, "and who asked *you* for a homily? I declare I believe you have fallen in love yourself with this crack-brained boy," and, as she spoke, noticing that Edith blushed to the very brow, she continued sneeringly, "you may take him and welcome—he will not be the first of my cast-a-ways you have worn."

At this unfeeling speech—unfeeling both as coming from a woman and in view of Edith's dependant condition—the poor girl turned deadly pale, then burst into tears, and rising from her seat rushed hastily from the room. As she reached the hall she met Howell, who, entering unobserved, and finding no footman to announce or rather to forbid his ingress, had been on the point of opening the door when he heard Kate's voice. The mention of his own name induced him to pause, and shame and indignation had kept him, as it were, spell-bound, until Edith rushed out. At sight of him the poor girl felt as if she would have sunk through the floor, but, rallying her fainting energies, she sprang past him. Howell's delicacy forbade him to arrest her progress, but he could not avoid saying, in a voice tremulous with emotion,

"God bless you, Miss Bellanger! I can bid you, at least, farewell!"

When Howell rushed into the street his tumult of passion threatened, for a few moments, to deprive him of reason. Love for his heartless mistress contending with indignation at her faithlessness produced a tempest within his bosom which choked his utterance, and rendered him insensible as to whither he was going. His first return to consciousness was on finding himself in his own room with the door locked and double locked behind him. For hours he walked the floor in a state of mind approaching to phrenzy. At length pride attained the mastery.

"Oh! the vile Circe—the double-dyed deceiver," he exclaimed passionately, "to think that, but one short week ago, she reclined on my shoulder and whispered assent to all my ardent protestations of affection—ay! that her lips were yielded unresisting to my kisses, that her hand faintly returned the pressure of my own. God of heaven and can this woman now sneer at me as a beggar and a boy? A boy—yes! that was the word, and I feel it is too true a charge, for what have I done in the twenty long years of my life? Nothing absolutely nothing. I have been a drone and a dreamer—but that time is past. A penniless orphan, I must carve out my own fortune, and I feel here," and he struck his forehead energetically, "that which shall make or mar me. She despises me, does she? because I am a boy—then here I swear, henceforth from this hour, to devote myself day and night to study—to give every energy to the pursuit of glory. And when I have won renown," and a proud joy lit up his classic face, "when I have won renown, then shall come my revenge!"

That very night saw Howell begin the fulfilment of his vow. It was soon noised through the circles he had once frequented that Kate Eldrington had received a proposal from him which she had rejected, and that immediately afterward his bankruptcy had been made public. The majority said that he already knew his poverty when he asked Miss Eldrington's hand, and that she had made a lucky escape from the wiles of a designing fortune-hunter; and it was only a few, who, noticing the exultation with which Kate heard this rumor narrated in her presence, suspected the truth, and even gave her credit for originating the false report. The rumor further said that Howell had left the city, and gone no one knew whither. A few only of his old friends were aware that he had commenced the study of the law on the scanty pittance which had been saved from the wreck of his fortune.

A second rumor also found its way into the great world. It was said that Miss Eldrington finding it

impossible longer to endure the increasing presumption of her dependant cousin, had been restrained only by pity from turning her off, when a distant relative happening to die and leave Edith a few thousand dollars, Kate had at once spoken her mind. The truth was that Miss Bellanger, after the unfeeling remark of her cousin, had resolved to leave Mr. Eldrington's, and was already, though much against his wishes, seeking the place of a governess, when an uncle of her mother died and left her a competent, though not large estate. She instantly left for her new possessions, leaving behind her regret in every heart but that of Kate, who, with the malignity of the injurer, entertained feelings of the bitterest hatred for her cousin.

CHAPTER III.

Alone, in his chamber, sat the midnight student. The apartment was comfortably but not richly furnished. The most prominent article in the room was a book-case which stood in a solid mass of shadow in one corner. A tall, shaded lamp, flinging its glare only across that portion of the chamber where sat the student, and mingling its light with the pale moonbeams that struggled in at the window, enabled him to pursue his laborious task; for he sat before a desk at which he had been writing. There was a deep, awful quiet in the apartment at that hour, and as the student at his solitary vigils, surrounded by his papers and the huge folios which he ever and anon consulted, he would have reminded the spectator of those mighty sages of old who watched, long after the stars had set, at their lonely studies, imbibing knowledge with which to rule the destinies of worlds. Never indeed did Howell—for he was the student—wear a more lofty air than now, when engaged in his midnight labor. As the clock chimed the hour of twelve, he finished a glowing sentence, and leaning back in his chair, with that triumph which none but an author feels, carelessly pushed back the thick hair from his broad, ample brow. At that moment there was something almost godlike in his looks. The proud flashing eye—the free gesture of the hand—and the firmly compressed lip told that the mind within was revelling in the full consciousness of its powers; and that Edward Howell felt, at that moment, the wild, deep, seductive excitement of a master intellect triumphing in its divinity.

Again he bent to his task. He was writing a work which was to determine his reputation. Political excitement, at that period, ran unusually high, and the two mighty parties which then divided the country were engaged in their last, deadly struggle for the mastery. All the talent of the nation was enlisted on either side, and pamphlets daily poured from the press. Into this troubled vortex Edward Howell had fearlessly plunged. He was young indeed; but with a fine education, no common talents, and the desire to win renown and be avenged on his false mistress, he leaped into the contest as fearlessly as Curtius of old sprang into the abyss which threatened to engulph Rome.

"I will try," said he mentally, "if I fail—well. If I win—why then for glory and revenge!" and he sat down to his work.

It was long past midnight. The deserted streets without were silent; for the hush of death hung on the mighty city, yet that solitary student still sat at his lonely task. His lamp burned dimmer, but he saw it not. The pale moonlight coldly crossed his brow, but he felt, he recked it not. His whole soul was wrapt in the work before him. As he proceeded, his brow knit, and his dark eye shot fire with the excitement of his theme. He took down a volume of Burke and turned hastily over its pages. Long and deeply he pondered on the philosophy of that greatest of political sages, and when he closed the volume, and returned it to his library his dark eye dilated with the consciousness of triumph, and thrusting his papers into his port-folio he folded his arms and strode proudly up and down his room. He was fevered with the excitement of long composition. His brain seemed beating madly in his forehead, and yet the tempest of his feelings, wild, deep, and rushing as they were, he would not have given up for worlds. Oh! there is nothing like a student's life. Pain and sorrow and unrequited toil may indeed be his lot—he may watch at his lonely vigils when all mankind is at rest—he may struggle amid poverty and sickness for a scanty livelihood; but there are moments of intellectual triumph which amply repay him for all he has suffered, by firing him with the consciousness of a more exalted existence than belongs to others, and stirring to its lowest depths the divinity within him. Oh! there are minutes in a student's life which are worth an eternity of toil. And one of these minutes had now come for Howell.

"This is glorious," he said, pausing at the window, with folded arms, "I feel now that my revenge is certain —my destiny about to be fulfilled. *My* day is coming fast, false Kate," he continued, as if apostrophizing her, "and you, who affected to despise the needy, bankrupt suitor will hear men talk of him as the triumphant orator. Ah! it seems but yesterday, instead of four long years, since you sneeringly called me a boy—am I a *boy* now? They tell me that you have married a wealthy southerner, a haughty, purse-proud man. Are you happy? I credit it not. There was that in your eyes—in every tone of your voice, that moonlit night by the river side, which assures me that you loved me then as much as your nature was capable of loving. You affected to despise me afterward—and your train of fawning worshippers echoed your pretended contempt —well, I can bear it like a man. The despised Howell has—thank God!—some of his forefathers pride in him

—and by his halidome! he will carve out a station for himself to which these cringing hounds never dared to lift their eyes. I feel the victory at hand!" and he strode proudly to and fro under the uncontrollable excitement of the moment. What stirs a proud man more than the insults of inferiors!

At length he paused and threw up the window that the cool night air might fan his fevered brow. Calmly and sweetly the moon was flooding that solitary city with her silvery light, dimming with her unclouded brilliancy the stars that gemmed the azure canopy of heaven. Not a sound broke on the air. The angel of peace and purity seemed hovering over the scene. The student gazed long on the quiet prospect; and as he gazed his feelings grew calmer, and he mused with himself.

"What crime and innocence," he said, "what hope and despair, what poverty, sickness and death throng in this mighty but now sleeping city! How many wretched beings lie on their fevered beds—how many famished families look to the sickly artizan for bread—how many widowed mothers are even now toiling at the morning lamp to earn a scanty subsistence for their starving little ones. Oh God! who can tell the misery that lies hidden in the lanes and courts, ay! and in the palaces of this mighty town—and yet yon calm moon sails placidly on, as if all was joy, and health and long life beneath!"

As the student mused thus a calmer mood câme over him. Gradually the lofty fire faded from his eye—his brow settled into its usual placid expression—and the storm of passion died away in his breast. Closing the window he sought his couch with a melancholy smile. And thus night after night he toiled. But the end was nigh!

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE YOUNG MEMBER.

BY MRS. MARY V. SPENCER.

Concluded from page 94.

CHAPTER IV.

The work was at length published, and produced a sensation more extraordinary than any which had been created by a discussion of like character for years. At first Howell's name was not known in connexion with it; but every body was enquiring after the anonymous author. Merchants paused in the Exchange to wonder from whose pen it proceeded; lawyers beguiled the leisure moments in the court-room by admiring the pungency of the wit and the soundness of the logic; and gray headed statesmen, who were opposed to the pamphleteer's views, trembled lest his next production should unmask their hollowness and hypocrisy. The success of the work was triumphant. Edition followed edition in rapid succession; and the hostile journals, instead of endeavoring to crush this new writer, avoided him with a dexterity which evinced their fear of his powers. Wherever Howell went he heard his own praises, until, at length, he was forced to acknowledge the authorship of the book, to free himself from the imputation of being unwilling to do justice to this unknown but extraordinary genius.

There is nothing more delicious to a young man than the first blush of success, especially in literature. Praise is ever sweet, and, when administered by the really worthy, intoxicating. And now Howell quaffed the delicious chalice to its bottom. He was courted by all classes of society—by the rich, by the learned, by the talented, and by the powerful. Fair women smiled on him, and hoary statesman congratulated and courted him. Had he been one whit less than a man of genius, had he been destitute of a just estimate of his own powers, or had he been weak enough to yield to the seduction of flattery he would have been ruined; but conscious of the exact scale of his own abilities, he only smiled courteously at the lavish compliments heaped on him, totally disregarding those which were extravagant, and taking as his right those which were just. He well knew that his warmest adulators would be the first, in case of a reverse, to abandon him, and that it was only those who now spoke the truth in whom he could confide.

He had been admitted to the bar preparatory to the publication of his book, and his success in his profession was rapid and decided. Clients flocked on him from every quarter. The signal ability with which he managed and gained a case that had attracted much public attention on account of the vast interests involved in it, swelled his legal reputation to an extent such as had never been

enjoyed by any barrister of his years. He was now as celebrated in the forum, as he had been before in politics. Wealth poured in on him. His services were required in every case of importance, and his party undertook no measure unless it had met his concurrence and was sure of his support.

The next Congress was regarded by all men as the one on which hung the destinies of the nation; and in every section of the Union the most talented members of each party were placed on the ticket. Howell was solicited to run in the district where he resided. At first he declined on account of his youth, modestly replying that there were many older and wiser heads which could much better uphold the party, and advance the interests of the people. But no denial would be taken, and he was placed on the ticket. Howell's extraordinary personal popularity secured his own election, though the other officers in the district in the gift of his party, fell to the lot of the opposition. Here was another triumph sufficient to have made most men dizzy; but it produced no effect whatever on the calm, self-sustained student.

Men, as well as members of our own sex, had often wondered why Howell had never been in love; for his former history was unknown in the place where he now resided. What made his apathy to the charms of the other sex remarkable, was the fact that no person was less unsocial. Indeed men wondered how Howell could discharge the multiform duties of his profession, and yet find leisure for the relaxation of *salons*. Yet so it was; and except the professed followers of fashion few were more often found in society than the student. He did not, however, become one of the crowd, but rather stood aloof, the observer of others. The company of scientific men, of historians, poets, and authors in general, he especially courted; but he would also often trifle with the belle of a ball, though he never suffered his attentions to become those of an admirer. No man could excel Howell in the delicacy of his compliments, and when he choose to stoop to pay them, the usually elegant but inane flatterers of the ball-room had to retire from the field. Many were the fair hearts that beat for his conquest, many were the nets spread for him by designing mammas; but all in vain. He remained callous to every effort, still continuing to be admired, but indifferent alike to admiration or censure, for his was a soul above the petty *eclat* of fashion.

When the session began, and Howell repaired to Washington, one of the first items of intelligence he heard was that the husband of Miss Eldrington had been returned a member from the south, and was said to be the leader of a contemplated movement, to which Howell particularly was known to be opposed. Mr. Stratton, for such was the new member's name, had never before been at Washington, but his reputation stood high at home, and a rumor of his eloquence and talents had preceded him to the capitol.

"If Stratton pushes his measure," said one of Howell's friends to him one day, "you will have to reply to him—for, indeed you are the only one of the party sufficiently acquainted with the subject to attempt it. He is said to be a powerful man—his society is certainly much courted, and his wishes deferred to by his party. By the bye, have you seen his wife? She is a magnificent woman, and, though it is said she does not love her husband, she is as proud of him as if he were a demi-god."

"I have seen her," quietly responded Howell, "but when did you say Mr. Stratton will be likely to bring forward his measure?"

"Oh! it is uncertain, but rumor says in about a fortnight. Mind—we shall depend on you."

"Ay! I will be ready," said Howell when left alone, "my hour of triumph approaches—false Kate! You do not love your husband, but are proud of his talents. If I can humble this haughty man, who ruffles it so bravely every where, I shall be more bitterly revenged on you than I had ever thought possible. We will try," and he turned to his toilet to prepare for a magnificent party which was to be given that evening by the lady of the Secretary of State.

CHAPTER V.

When Howell entered the magnificent suite of rooms, which Mrs. H—— had that evening thrown open for her guests, his eye was, for a moment, dazzled by the brilliancy and variety of the scene. The walls blazed with lights; music from unseen performers floated around; gay laughter and happy voices were heard on every hand, and the array of female loveliness was such as had never before been collected even at the capitol of the nation. Nor was the company wholly composed of the gay and trifling. Learned scholars, who had pored over all the erudition of the past; orators whose eloquence had thrilled their hearers with a power that seemed that of a god; and gray-haired statesmen, to whom had been confided the destinies of nations, were there—there with their time-honored knowledge—there with their flashes of genius—there with their deep insight into the human heart, and their anecdotes of courts and of the world. Poets, authors, artists, ambassadors; men of science, and men of wit; philosophers and dreamers; artificers and actors, in short every one who had become distinguished in his peculiar walk, had been gathered together at the magic summons of the fair mistress of the revels. Many came to see other celebrated individuals of whom they had heard; and not a few came to study human nature—for, after all, there are worse places than a ball-room to read the great book of man.

Distinguished as were most of the guests, Howell's entrance attracted a general buzz, for his reputation had preceded him, and his youth made his celebrity more remarkable. The first glance around the rooms assured him that the queenly figure and inimitable step of a lady not far in advance of him belonged to Mrs. Stratton. She was magnificently attired, and followed by a crowd of suitors. It might have been supposed that Howell would have experienced some emotion at meeting her, but it was not so, for he had so completely learned to despise her for her heartlessness, that all love had long since vanished from his heart, and with love ceased the cause of embarrassment. No one would have suspected that the young member had ever loved, with such intense earnestness, the splendid creature who divided with one other the suffrages of the night.

But who was that other? What one, however fair, however accomplished, however admired, could pretend to rival the hitherto all-conquering Mrs. Stratton? A few steps revealed her to Howell. Seated on an ottaman, around which had gathered all the most brilliant of the other sex in the room, sat one of the most exquisitely lovely beings that the young member had ever seen. Her style of beauty was rarer, and far more poetical than that of her rival. A complexion of the most delicate character; a face and features faultless in every respect; dark blue eyes that were moist with a sensitive soul; and golden tresses that fell on either side her face, and even strayed down to her ivory shoulders and divine bust. For an instant, as Howell stood regarding her, she rose to acknowledge a presentation to the Vice-President, and by the movement displayed a figure which, though *petite*, outshone in grace and faultless proportions, all the young member had beheld or imagined. To Howell, indeed, there was something irresistably fascinating in that Madonna-like face: it seemed as if he had seen it somewhere before, though where he could not recollect—perhaps in a dream of heaven when a child. So rapt was he with it that he forgot how many eyes were on him, until one of his friends approached, and whispered,

"The bolt has reached your heart at last—eh! Howell? But do you know what observation you are attracting? Here are a dozen ladies wondering what there is so beautiful in this stranger to attract your *particular* notice—*you* who have been unscathed by Cupid's darts hitherto."

"Who is she?"

"Faith! its more than I know, since I've not been here but three minutes, and this goddess did not much precede me. She is a total stranger—reached the city only last evening—and but few here know her name, though before the evening is over it will ring loud enough I warrant. How completely she has eclipsed Mrs. Stratton, who, by the bye, can scarcely conceal her chagrin."

"Shall I introduce you to Miss Wharton?" said the fair hostess, approaching Howell, as his friend moved off.

When the young member's name was mentioned Miss Wharton rose in some embarrassment, the blushes dying her face and neck; but, after a moment's hesitation, with a sweet smile, and a bright eye, she curtsied to him. Her manner somewhat surprised Howell; but he soon forgot it in the fascination of her conversation. Few women could equal her in this respect, and the young member put forth all his powers, so that, before long, they had gathered around them the largest portion of the guests. When Miss Wharton saw this she blushed again, and gladly accepted Howell's hand for a quadrille.

"Do you know," said he, during a pause in the dance, "that you seem like an old friend to me?—though perhaps it is presumption in me to say so. Your looks, your voice, every thing about you recall some one I have known or dreamed of years before."

Again she blushed, hesitated, and at length said with sudden archness.

"And have you then really forgotten me?"

In a moment the truth flashed on him. And yet how came the change of name?

"It is Miss Edith Bellanger! How could I have forgotten you. And yet I do myself injustice," he continued, sinking his voice into a whisper, "I have thought gratefully of you every day for years."

This time Edith blushed deeper than ever, and her eyes sought the floor. She was happily relieved by the re-commencement of the dance.

Edith informed her partner before the evening was over that her change of name had taken place in consequence of the will of another uncle, who had wished her to adopt his name; but it was from others that Howell learned how vast was the fortune of which she had now become possessed. Edith had come to Washington with an old friend, now the wife of a member of Congress.

From that night the star of Mrs. Stratton's popularity waned, for in accomplishments or conversation she was no rival to Miss Wharton. From that night, too, Howell was drawn by an irresistable impulse toward Edith, nor was it long before he became satisfied that his love was returned. His passion now was different from that which he had experienced for her cousin. Then it was wild and irresistable, the growth solely of the fancy; now it was a love based on esteem as well as admiration, the only love that is enduring.

"Ah! Kate, false Kate," Howell could not resist saying one evening, after his return from a brilliant party at the English ambassador's, where Edith had shone the star of the night, "much as you have wronged me, I pity you, so stung do you appear to be by your cousin's *eclat*. You live on adulation, and its loss to

you is a bitter draught. Happy is Edith in despising such things."

CHAPTER VI.

Congress was now at the most exciting period of its session, and the galleries were thronged daily with anxious listeners. In both the Senate and House measures of the most vital importance to the nation were under discussion, and the votes often ran so close that it was almost impossible to calculate on the result. All was excitement. Rumors were continually afloat respecting the defection of this one, or the accession of that: in short a session so deeply absorbing, had not occurred for years.

At length Stratton brought forward his contemplated measure. It was one involving vast interests, and as strenuously advocated by one party as it was opposed by another. For some days before the bill was reported, the public curiosity became excessive to know who would reply to its framer. Nothing, however, was known on this subject, for whatever was understood behind the scenes, no intimation whatever had reached the public ear. This very uncertainty heightened the interest usually felt on such occasions, so that when the day arrived, the Hall of the House of Representatives was crowded to excess, and at an early hour. Prominent among the audience, and occupying seats on the floor of the House, were the two most beautiful women of the day—Mrs. Stratton and the still more admired Edith Wharton.

When the mover of the bill rose to advocate it, the buzz of conversation which had ran through the hall hitherto subsided into silence, and every ear was inclined to hear the first words of the orator who was now to make his *début* on that floor. Stratton soon proved that his reputation had not belied his powers. His mind was one of considerable range, and his eloquence was by no means overrated. His opponents were astonished, and even some of them alarmed at the impression he was visibly making on the House, and uneasy glances were, from time to time, directed, by various members of the party, to their champion. The subject was unquestionably one in which the speaker had taken great interest, and he had deeply studied not only what arguments to use, but how to present them to his hearers. Few speeches of greater power had been heard for years in the House. In fact, it was well understood that, on the success of this favorite measure, depended Stratton's standing with his constituents, and therefore his schemes of ambition—to him it was a matter of life or death.

"A magnificent oration, by the gods," said a mercurial member of Howell's party, when Stratton sat down, "see with what exultation that proud woman, his wife, looks around the house. Would to heaven Howell was a few years older—great as are his talents I almost fear for his success against one so much his senior, and who has devoted years to the consideration of his subject."

"Hist! he rises," said his companion.

Every eye was directed to the young orator, as he slowly rose in his seat; and a murmur of astonishment ran through the House that one so young should have been chosen for so difficult a task. Stratton, who was now receiving the congratulations of his party, looked with a smile of exulting triumph on his rival, and turned to receive the compliments of the crowd around him. At this instant his wife raised her glass, and took a long stare at Howell. The looks of both stung the young man to the heart, and the momentary flutter, which he had felt at first, on rising to make his *début*, and before such an audience, passed away. He was calm and collected, but with every faculty sharpened, and every indignant feeling aroused. He had not spoken a dozen words before the looks of triumph from the opposition began to be exchanged for uneasy glances; for the strain of scorching invective in which he began, assured them that an enemy had been aroused whom few could quell. They became even more uneasy, when, gliding with consummate tact into the argument, he began dispassionately to examine and refute the sophistry of his adversary. Again he resumed his tone of invective, now giving vent to the most keen and polished sarcasm, and now denouncing his adversary and his clique in direct terms. As the speaker proceeded, Stratton turned white as ashes, and would have started to his feet, had not his friends interposed; but Howell, notwithstanding he saw all this, proceeded in the same scathing strain, until he had completely annihilated his opponent. There was, indeed, in the young member's mind, no motive to spare him. Howell sat down amid murmurs of applause from the galleries. As he resumed his seat every eye was turned, as if instinctively, to the haughty wife of his rival. She was deadly pale, and notwithstanding her efforts to conceal her emotion, all saw in her compressed lip and blanched cheek, the agony of the heart within. In that hour Howell was revenged, ay! how bitterly revenged. As his faithless mistress looked at him, and noticed the curious eyes fixed on herself, she felt that she was utterly degraded, and that too in the sight of the whole nation. Nor was the torture of her situation lessened, but rather tenfold increased, when she saw the glad tears gathering into Edith's eyes, and beheld the crowd who so lately flocked around her, hurrying to her rival's side.

"You have done wonders—your fame is established forever," said the gray-headed leader of Howell's party —"your antagonist is annihilated. During thirty years experience I have never heard such a speech on this floor."

The encomiums lavished on him would have made any other man dizzy; but they had no other effect on

Howell than the praises before lavished on his work. The smile and tears with which Edith greeted him that evening were worth, to him, more than all the rest.

What more have we to add? The union of the lovers soon occurred, and was hailed with universal congratulations. It needed only the marriage of Edith and Howell to make Mrs. Stratton completely wretched, because completely mortified. She seized the first occasion to leave Washington, and has never since visited the capital. Howell is still high in his country's councils, and Edith is as beautiful as ever.